THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

JULY 18, 1914 — 5cts. THE COPY

The Smart Aleck—By Irvin S. Cobb

"LOOK PLEASANT, PLEASE."

Painted by W. V. Cahill for Cream of Wheat Co.

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THE SMART ALECK

By Irvin S. Cobb

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

CAP'N BUCK FLUTER, holding his watch in the approved conductor's grip, glanced back and forth the short length of the four-five accommodation and raised his free hand in warning:

"All aboard!"

From almost above his head it came:

"If you can't get a board get a scantlin'!"

Clustered at the White or shady end of the station, the sovereign Caucasians of Swango rocked up against one another in the unbridled excess of their merriment. Farther away, at the Colored or sunny end of the platform, the assembled representatives of the African population guffawed loudly, though respectfully. To almost any one having the gift of spontaneous repartee it might have occurred to suggest the advisability of getting a plank provided you could not get a board. It took Gash Tuttle to think up scantling.

The humorist folded his elbows on the ledge of the window and leaned his head and shoulders out of the car, considering his people whimsically, yet benignantly. He wore attire suitable for traveling—a dented-in gray felt hat, adhering perilously to the rearmost slope of his scalp; a suit of light tan, with slashed seams and rows of buttons extending up the sleeves almost to the elbow; a hard-surfaced tie of pale blue satin; a lavender shirt, agreeably relieved by pink longitudinal stripings.

"You Fellers Needn't Think You're So Darned Smart—I Know Jest Exactly How You Done It!"

Except his eyes, which rather protruded, and his front teeth, which undoubtedly projected, all his features were in a state of active retreat—only, his nose retreated one way and his chin the other. The assurance of a popular idol who knows no rival was in his pose and in his poise. Alexander the Great had that look—if we may credit the likenesses of him still extant—and Napoleon Bonaparte had it, and David Garrick, to quote a few conspicuous examples.

Alone, of all those within hearing, Cap'n Buck Fluter did not laugh. Indeed, he did not even grin.

"All right, black boy," he said. "Let's go from here!"

The porter snatched up the wooden box that rested on the earth, flung it on the car platform and projected his person nimbly after it. Cap'n Buck swung himself up the step with one hand on the rail. The engine spat out a mouthful of hot steam and the wheels began to turn.

"Good-by, my honeys, 'cause I'm gone!" called out Mr. Tuttle, and he waved a fawn-colored arm in adieu to his courtiers, black and white. "I'm a-goin' many and a-many a mile from you. Don't take in no bad money while your popper's away."

The station agent, in black calico sleeve-protectors and green eyeshade, stretched the upper half of his body out the cubby-hole that served him for an office.

"Oh, you Gash!" he called. "Give my love to all the ladies."

The two groups on the platform waited, all expectant for the retort. Instantly it sped back to them, above the clacking voice of the train:

"That's all you ever would give 'em, ain't it?"

Mr. Gip Dismukes, who kept the livery stable, slapped Mr. Gene Brothers, who drove the bus, a resounding slap on the back.

"Ain't he jest as quick as a flash?" he demanded of the company generally.

The station agent withdrew himself inside his sanctum, his sides heaving to his mirthful emotions. He had drawn a fire acknowledged to be deadly at any range, but he was satisfied. The laugh was worth the wound.

Through the favored section traversed by the common carrier to whose care genius incarnate had just committed his precious person there are two kinds of towns—bus towns and non-bus towns.

A bus town lies at an appreciable distance from the railroad, usually with a hill intervening, and a bus, which is painted yellow, plies between town and station. But a non-bus town is a town that has for its civic equator the tracks themselves.

The station forms one angle of the public square; and, within plain sight and easy walking reach, the post office and at least two general stores stand; and handily near by is a one-story bank built of a stucco composition purporting to represent granite, thus signifying solidity and impregnability; and a two-story hotel, white, with green blinds, with porches running all the way across the front; also hitch rails and a Masonic Hall.

Swango belonged to the former category. It was over the hill, a hot and dusty eighth of a mile away. So, having watched the departing four-five accommodation until it had diminished to a smudgy dot where the V of the rails melted together and finally had vanished, the assembled Swangoans settled back in postures of ease to wait for the up train due at three-eight, but reported two hours and thirty minutes late. There would still be ample time after it came and went to get home for supper.

The contemptuous traveling man who once said that only three things ever happened in Swango—morning, afternoon and night—perpetrated a libel, for he willfully omitted mention of three other daily events: the cannon-ball, tearing through without stopping in the early forenoon; the three-eight up; and the four-five down.

So they sat and waited; but a spirit of depression, almost of sadness, affected one and all. It was as though a beaming light had gone out of their lives. Ginger Marable, porter and runner of the Mansard House, voiced the common sentiment of both races as he lolled on a baggage truck in the sunshine, with his cap of authority, crowned by a lettered tin diadem, shoved far back upon his woolly skull.

"Dat Mistah Gashney Tuttle he sho is a quick ketcher," stated Ginger with a soft chuckle. "W'ite an' black—we suttinly will miss Mistah Tuttle twell he gits back home agin."

Borne away from his loyal subjects to the pulsing accompaniment of the iron horse's snorted breath, the subject of this commentary extended himself on his red plush seat and considered his fellow travelers with a view to honing his agile fancy on the whetstones of their duller mentalities.

On the whole, they promised but poor sport. Immediately in front of him sat a bride and groom, readily recognizable at a glance for what they were—the bride in cream-colored cashmere, with many ribbons; the groom in stiff black diagonals, with braided seams, and a white lawn tie. A red-faced man who looked as though he might be a deputy sheriff from somewhere slept uneasily one seat in the rear. He had his shoes off, revealing white yarn socks. His mouth was ajar, and down in his throat he snored screechily, like a planing mill.

The youngest member of a family group occupying two seats just across the aisle whimpered a desire. Its mother rummaged in a shoebox containing, among other delicacies, hard-boiled eggs, salt and pepper mixed and enveloped in a paper squill, blueberry pie, leaking profusely, and watermelon-rind preserves, and found what she sought—the lower half of a fried chicken leg. Satisfied by this gift the infant ceased from fretful repining, sucking contentedly at the meat end; and between sucks it hammered contentedly with the drumstick on the seat back and window ledge, leaving lardy smears there in the dust.

Cap'n Buck—captain by virtue of having a regular passenger run—came through the car, collecting tickets. At no time particularly long on temper, he was decidedly short of it to-day. He was fifteen minutes behind his schedule—no unusual thing—but the locomotive was misbehaving. Likewise a difference of opinion had arisen over the proper identity of a holder of mileage in the smoker. He halted alongside Gash Tuttle, swaying on his legs to the roll and pitch of the car floor.

"Tickets?" he demanded crisply.

"Wee gates, Cap," answered the new passenger jovially. "How does your copperosity seem to sagashuate this evenin'?"

"Where goin'?" said Fluter, ignoring the pleasantry. "I'm in a hurry. What station?"

"Well," countered the irrepressible one, "what stations have you got?"

Cap'n Buck Fluter's cold eye turned meaningly toward the bell cord, which dipped like a tired clothesline overhead, and he snapped two fingers peevishly.

"Son," he said almost softly, "don't monkey with me. This here ain't my day for foolin'!"

Favored son of the high gods though he was, Gash Tuttle knew instantly now that this was indeed no day for fooling. Cap'n Buck was not a large man, but he had a way of growing to meet and match emergencies. He handled the Sunday excursions, which was the acid test of a trainman's grit. Coltish youths, alcoholically keened up or just naturally high spirited, who got on his train looking for trouble nearly always got off looking for a doctor.

As regards persons wishful of stealing a ride, they never tried to travel with Cap'n Buck Fluter oftener than once. Frequently, for a period of time measurable by days or weeks, they were in no fit state to be traveling with any one except a trained nurse.

Gash Tuttle quit his fooling. Without further ado—whatever an ado is—he surrendered his ticket, receiving in exchange a white slip with punchmarks in it, to wear in his hatband. Next came the train butcher bearing chewing gum, purple plums in paper cornucopias, examples of the light literature of the day, oranges which were overgreen, and bananas which were overripe, as is the way with a train butcher's oranges and bananas the continent over. In contrast with the conductor's dourness the train butcher's mood was congenially inclined to persiflage.

After an exchange of spirited repartee, at which the train butcher by an admiring shake of the head tacitly confessed himself worsted, our hero purchased a paper-backed work entitled, The Jolly Old Drummer's Private Joke Book. This volume, according to the whispered confidences of the seller, contained tales of so sprightly a character that even in sealed covers it might be sent by mail only at the sender's peril; moreover, the wink which punctuated this disclosure was in itself a promise of the spicy entertainment to be derived from perusal thereof. The price at present was but fifty cents; later it would go up to a dollar a copy; this, then, was a special and extraordinary rate.

The train continued on its course—not hurriedly, but with reasonable steadfastness and singleness of purpose. After much the same fashion the sun went down. The bride repeatedly whisked cindery deposits off her cashmered lap; the large-faced man, being awakened by one of his own snores, put on his shoes and indulged in fine-cut tobacco, internally applied; but the youngest passenger now slept all curled up in a moist little bundle, showing an expanse of plump neck much mottled by heat-rash, and clutching in one greased and gritted fist the denuded shank-bone of a chicken with a frieze of gnawed tendons adhering to its larger joint.

At intervals the train stopped at small way stations, bus or non-bus in character as the case might be, to let somebody off or somebody on. Cap'n Buck now made his trips carrying his lantern—the ornate nickel-plated one that had been awarded to him in the voting contest for the most popular trainman at the annual fair and bazaar of True Blue Lodge of the Junior Order of American Mechanics. It had his proper initials—J. J. F.—chased on its glass chimney in old English script, very curlicue and ornamental. He carried it in the crook of his left elbow with the handle round his biceps; and when he reached the end of his run he would extinguish its flame, not by blowing it out but by a quick, short, expert jerk of his arm. This is a trick all conductors seek to acquire; some of them succeed.

Twilight, the stage manager of night, had stolen insidiously on the scene, shortening up the backgrounds and blurring the perspectives; and the principal character of this tale, straining his eyes over the fine print, had reached the next to the last page of The Jolly Old Drummer's Private Joke Book and was beginning to wonder why the postal authorities should be so finicky in such matters and in a dim way to wish he had his fifty cents back, when with a glad shriek of relief the locomotive, having bumped over a succession of yard switches, drew up under a long open shed alongside a dumpy brick structure. To avoid any possible misunderstanding this building was labeled Union Depot in large letters and at both ends.

Being the terminus of the division, it was the train's destination and the destination of Mr. Tuttle also. He possessed himself of an imitation leather handbag and descended on solid earth with the assured manner of a seasoned and experienced traveler. Doubtless because of the flurry created by the train's arrival and the bustling about of other arrivals his advent created no visible stir among the crowd at the terminal. At least he noticed none. Still, these people had no way of knowing who he was.

In order to get the Union Depot closer to the railroad it had been necessary to place it some distance away from the heart of things; even so, metropolitan evidences abounded. A Belt Line trolley car stood stationary, awaiting passengers; a vociferous row of negro hackmen were kept in their proper places by a uniformed policeman; and on the horizon to the westward a yellow radiance glowed above an intervening comb of spires and chimneys, showing where the inhabitants of the third largest second-class city in the state made merry at carnival and street fair, to celebrate the dedication and opening of their new Great White Way—a Great White Way seven blocks long and spangled at sixty-foot intervals with arc lights disposed in pairs on ornamental iron standards. Hence radiance.

Turning westward, therefore, Mr. Tuttle found himself looking along a circumscribed vista of one-story buildings with two-story fronts—that is to say, each wooden front wall extended up ten or fifteen feet above the peak of the sloping roof behind it, so that, viewed full-on, the building would have the appearance of being a floor taller than it really was. To add to the pleasing illusion certain of these superstructures had windows painted elaborately on their slab surfaces; but to one seeking a profile view the false

"Say, Yourself; Your Mouth's Open"

work betrayed a razor-like thinness, as patently flat and artificial as stage scenery.

Travelers from the Eastern seaboard have been known to gibe at this transparent artifice.

Even New York flat dwellers, coming direct from apartment houses which are all marble foyers and gold-leaf elevator grilles below and all dark cubby-holes and toy kitchens above, have been known to gibe; which fact is here set forth merely to prove that a sense of humor depends largely on the point of view.

To our Mr. Tuttle such deceits were but a part of the ordered architectural plan of things, and they moved him not. What did interest him was to note that the nearmost of these bogusly exalted buildings displayed, above swinging twin doors, a cluster of lights and a sign testifying that this was the First Chance Saloon. Without looking he sensed that the reverse of that Janus-faced sign would advertise this same establishment as being the Last Chance. He did not know about Janus, but he did know about saloons that are handily adjacent to union depots. Moreover, an inner consciousness advised him that after a dry sixty-mile trip he thirsted amain. He took up his luggage and crossed the road, and entered through the knee-high swinging doors.

There was a bar and a bar mirror behind it. The bar was decorated at intervals with rectangles of fly paper, on the sticky surfaces of which great numbers of flies were gummed fast in a perished or perishing state; but before they became martyrs to the fad of sanitation these victims had left their footprints thickly on the mirror and on the fringes of colored tissue paper that dangled from the ceiling.

In a front corner, against a window, was a lunch counter, flanked on one side by stools and serving as a barricade for an oil stove and shelves of cove oysters in cans, and hams and cheeses for slicing, and vinegar cruets and pepper casters and salt cellars crusted with the saline deposits of the years. A solitary patron was lounging against the bar in earnest conversation with the barkeeper; but the presiding official of the food-purveying department must have been absent on business or pleasure, for of him there was no sign.

Gash Tuttle ordered a beer. The barkeeper filled a tall flagon with brew drawn from the wood, wiped the clinging froth from its brim with a spatulate tool of whittled cedar, and placed the drink before the newcomer, who paid for it out of a silver dollar. Even as Mr. Tuttle scooped in his change and buried the lower part of his face in the circumference of the schooner he became aware that the other customer had drawn nearer and was idly rattling a worn leather cup, within which dice rapped against the sides like little bony ghosts uneasily waiting to escape from their cabinet at a séance.

The manipulator of the dice held a palm cupped over the mouth of the cup to prevent their escape. He addressed the barkeeper:

"Flem," he said, "you're such a wisenheimer, I'll make you a proposition: I'll shake three of these here dice out, and no matter whut they roll I'll betcha I kin tell without lookin' what the tops and bottoms will come to—what the spots'll add up to."

The other desisted from rinsing glassware in a pail beneath the bar.

"Which is that?" he inquired skeptically. "You kin tell beforehand whut the top and bottom spots'll add up?"

"Ary time and every time!"

"And let me roll 'em myself?"

"And let you roll 'em yourself—let anybody roll 'em. I don't need to touch 'em, even."

"How much'll you risk that you kin do that, Fox?" Roused greed was in the speaker's tone.

"Oh, make it fur the drinks," said Fox—"jest fur the drinks. I ain't aimin' to take your money away from you. I got all the money I need." For the first time he seemed to become aware of a third party and he turned and let a friendly hand fall on the stranger's shoulder. "Tell you whut, Flem, we'll make it drinks fur this gent too. Come on, brother," he added; "you're in on this. It's my party if I lose, which I won't, and ole Flem's party if he loses, which he shore will."

It was the warmth of his manner as much as the generosity of his invitation that charmed Mr. Tuttle. The very smile of this man Fox invited friendship; for it was a broad smile, rich in proteids and butterfats. Likewise his personality was as attractively cordial as his attire was striking and opulent.

"'Slide or slip, let 'er rip!'" said Mr. Tuttle, quoting the poetic words of a philosopher of an earlier day.

"That's the talk!" said Fox genially. He pushed the dice box across the bar. "Go to it, bo! Roll them bones! The figure is twenty-one!"

From the five cubes in the cup the barkeeper eliminated two. He agitated the receptacle violently and then flirted out the three survivors on the wood. They jostled and crocked against one another, rolled over and stopped. Their uppermost faces showed an ace, a six and a five.

"Twelve!" said Flem.

"Twelve it is," echoed Fox.

"A dozen raw," confirmed Gash Tuttle, now thoroughly in the spirit of it.

"All right, then," said Fox, flashing a beam of admiration toward the humorist. "Now turn 'em over, Flem—turn 'em over careful."

Flem obeyed, displaying an ace, a deuce and a six.

"And nine more makes twenty-one in all!" chortled Fox triumphantly.

As though dazed, the barkeeper shook his head.

"Well, Foxey, ole sport, you shore got me that time," he confessed begrudgingly. "What'll it be, gents? Here, I reckin the cigars is on me too, after that." From a glass-topped case at the end of the bar alongside Gash Tuttle he produced a full box and extended it hospitably. "The smokes is on the house—dip in, gents. Dip in. Try an Old Hickory; them's pure Havanas—ten cents straight."

He drew the beers—large ones for the two, a small one for himself—and raised his own glass to them.

"Here's to you and t'ward you!" he said.

"Ef I hadn't a-met you I wouldn't a-knowed you," shot back Gash Tuttle with the lightning spontaneity of one whose wit moves in boltlike brilliancy; and at that they both laughed loudly and, as though dazzled by his flashes, bestowed on him the look that is ever the sweetest tribute to the jester's talents.

The toast to a better acquaintance being quaffed and lights exchanged, the still nonplused Flem addressed the winners:

"Well, boys, I thought I knowed all there was to know about dice—poker dice and crap dice too; but live and learn, as the feller says. Say, Fox, put me on to that trick—it'll come in handy. I'll ketch Joe on it when he gits back," and he nodded toward the lunch counter.

"You don't need to know no more'n you know about it already," expounded Fox. "It's bound to come out that way."

"How is it bound to come out that way?"

"Why, Flem, it's jest plain arithmetic; it's mathematics—that's all. Always the tops and bottoms of ary three dice come to twenty-one. Here, gimme that cup and I'll prove it."

In rapid succession, three times, he shook the cubes out. It was indeed as the wizard had said. No matter what the sequence, the complete tally was ever the same—twenty-one.

"Now who'd 'a' thought it!" exclaimed Flem delightedly. "Say, a feller could win a pile of dough workin' that trick! I'd 'a' fell for some real money myself."

"That's why I made it fur the drinks," said the magnanimous Fox. "I wouldn't put it over on a friend—not for no amount; because it's a sure-thing proposition. It jest naturally can't lose! I wouldn't 'a' tried to skin this partner here with it even if I'd 'a' thought I could." And once more his hand fell in flattering camaraderie on a fawn-colored shoulder. "I know a regular guy that's likewise a wise guy as soon as I see him. But with rank strangers it'd be plumb different. The way I look at it, a stranger's money is anybody's money ——"

He broke off abruptly as the doorhinges creaked. A tall, thin individual wearing a cap, a squint and a cigarette, all on the same side of his head, had entered. He stopped at the lunch counter as though desirous of purchasing food.

"Sh-h! Listen!" Fox's subdued tones reached only the barkeeper and Mr. Tuttle. "That feller looks like a mark to me. D'ye know him, Flem?"

"Never seen him before," whispered back Flem with a covert scrutiny of the latest arrival.

"Fine!" commented Fox, speaking with rapidity, but still with low-toned caution. "Jest to test it, let's see if that sucker'll fall. Here"—he shoved the dice cup into Gash Tuttle's grasp—"you be playin' with the bones, sorter careless. You kin have the first bet, because I've already took a likin' to you. Then, if he's willin' to go a second time, I'll take him on for a few simoleons." The arch plotter fell into an attitude of elaborate indifference. "Go ahead, Flem; you toll him in."

Given a guarantee of winning, and who among us is not a born gamester? Gash Tuttle's cheeks flushed with sporting blood as he grabbed for the cup. All his corpuscles turned to red and white chips—red ones mostly. As for the barkeeper, he beyond doubt had the making of a born conspirator in him. He took the cue instantly.

"Sorry, friend," he called out, "but the grub works is closed down temporary. Anything I kin do fur you?"

"Well," said the stranger, edging over, "I did want a fried-aig sandwich, but I might change my mind. Got any cold lager on tap?"

"Join us," invited Fox; "we're jest fixin' to have one. Make it beer all round," he ordered the barkeeper without waiting for the newcomer's answer.

Beer all round it was. Gash Tuttle, too eager for gore to more than sip his, toyed with the dice, rolling them out and scooping them up again.

"Want to shake for the next round, anybody?" innocently inquired the squint-eyed person, observing this byplay.

"The next round's on the house," announced Flem, obeying a wink of almost audible emphasis from Fox.

"This here gent thinks he's some hand with the bones," explained Fox, addressing the stranger and flirting a thumb toward Gash Tuttle. "He was sayin' jest as you come in the door yonder that he could let anybody else roll three dice, and then he could tell, without lookin' even, whut the tops and bottoms would add up to?"

"Huh?" grunted the squinty-eyed man. "Has he got any money in his clothes that says he kin do that? Where I come from, money talks." He eyed Gash Tuttle truculently, as though daring him to be game.

"My money talks too!" said Mr. Tuttle with nervous alacrity. He felt in an inner vest pocket, producing a modest packet of bills. All eyes were focused on it.

"That's the stuff!" said Fox with mounting enthusiasm. "How much are you two gents goin' to bet one another? Make it fur real money—that is, if you're both game!"

"If he don't touch the dice at all I'll bet him fur his whole roll," said the impetuous newcomer.

"That's fair enough, I reckin," said Fox. "Tell you whut—to make it absolutely fair I'll turn the dice over myself and Flem'll hold the stakes. Then there can't be no kick comin' from nobody whatsoever, kin there?" He faced their prospective prey. "How strong are you?" he demanded, almost sneeringly. "How much are you willin' to put up against my partner here?"

"Any amount! Any amount!" snapped back the other, squinting past Fox at Gash Tuttle's roll until one eye was a button and the other a buttonhole. "Twenty-five—thirty—thirty-five—as much as forty dollars. That's how game I am."

Avarice gnawed at the taproots of Gash Tuttle's being, but caution raised a warning hand. Fifteen was half of what he had and thirty was all. Besides, why risk all on the first wager, even though there was no real risk? A person so impulsively sportive as this victim would make a second bet doubtlessly. He ignored the stealthy little kick his principal accomplice dealt him on the shin. "I'll make it fur fifteen," he said, licking his lips.

"If that's as fur as you kin go, all right," said the slit-eyed man, promptly posting his money in the outstretched hand of the barkeeper, who in the same motion took over a like amount from the slightly trembling fingers of the challenger.

Squint-eye picked up the dice cup and rattled its occupants.

"Come on now!" he bantered Gash Tuttle. "What'll they add up, tops and bottoms?"

"Twenty-one!" said Mr. Tuttle.

"Out they come, then!"

And out they did come, dancing together, tumbling and somersaulting, and finally halting—a deuce, a trey and a four.

"Three and two is five and four is nine," Gash Tuttle read off the pips. "Now turn 'em over!" he bade Fox. "That's your job—turn 'em over!" He was all tremulous and quivery inside.

In silence Fox drew the nearest die toward him and slowly capsized it. "Four," he announced.

He flipped the deuce end for end, revealing its bottom: "Five!"

He reached for the remaining die—the fourspot. Dragging it toward him, his large fingers encompassed it for one fleeting instant, hiding it from view entirely; then he raised his hand: "Six!"

"Makin' twenty-one in all," stuttered Gash Tuttle. He reached for the stakes.

"Nix on that quick stuff!" yelled his opponent, and dashed his hand aside. "The tops come to nine and the bottoms to fifteen—that's twenty-four, the way I figger. You lose!" He pouched the money gleefully.

Stunned, Gash Tuttle contemplated the upturned facets of the three dice. It was true—it was all too true! Consternation, or a fine imitation of that emotion, filled the countenances of Flem and of Fox.

"Son, Don't Monkey With Me. This Here Ain't My Day for Foolin'!"

"That's fur Me to Know and fur You to Find Out!"

"That's the first time I ever seen that happen," Fox whispered in the loser's ear. "Bet him again—bet high—and git it all back. That's the ticket!"

Mr. Tuttle shook his head miserably, but stubbornly. For this once, in the presence of crushing disaster, the divine powers of retort failed him. He didn't speak—he couldn't!

"Piker money! Piker money!" chanted the winner. "Still, ever' little bit helps—eh, boys?"

And then and there, before Gash Tuttle's bulging and horrified eyes, he split up the winnings in the proportion of five for Flem and five for Fox and five for himself. Of a sudden the loser was shouldered out of the group. He looked not into friendly faces, but at contemptuous backs and heaving shoulders.

The need for play acting being over, the play actors took their ease and divided their pay. The mask was off. Treachery stood naked and unashamed.

Reaching blindly for his valise, Gash Tuttle stumbled for the door, a load lying on his daunted spirit as heavy as a stone. Flem hailed him.

"Say, hold on!" He spoke kindly. "Ain't that your quarter yonder?"

He pointed to a coin visible against the flat glass cover of the cigar case.

"Sure it is—it's your'n. I seen you leave it there when I give you the change out of that dollar and purposed to tell you 'bout it at the time, but it slipped my mind. Go on and pick it up—it's your'n. You're welcome to it if you take it now!"

Automatically Gash Tuttle reached for the quarter—small salvage from a great and overwhelming loss. His nails scraped the glass, touching only glass. The quarter was cunningly glued to its underside. Surely this place was full of pitfalls. A guffawed chorus of derision rudely smote his burning ears.

"On your way, sucker! On your way!" gibed the perfidious Fox, swinging about with his elbows braced against the bar and a five-dollar bill held with a touch of cruel jauntiness between two fingers.

"Whut you got in the gripsack—hay samples or punkins?" jeered the exultant Slit-Eye.

"Yes; whut is the valise fur?" came Flem's parting taunt.

Under their goadings his spirit rallied.

"Cat's fur, to make kittens' britches!" he said. Then, as a final shot: "You fellers needn't think you're so derned smart—I know jest exactly how you done it!"

He left them to chew on that. The parting honors were his, he felt, but the spoils of war—alas!—remained in the camp of the enemy. Scarcely twenty minutes at the outside had elapsed since his advent into city life, and already one-half of the hoarded capital he had meant should sustain him for a whole gala week was irretrievably gone, leaving behind an emptiness, a void as it were, which ached like the socket of a newly drawn tooth.

(Continued on Page 30)

NEW RULES FOR THE ROAD

Another Day a Flock of Cowboys Emptied Their Revolvers Into the Roof of the Private Car

By Rufus Steele

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

THE legislature was reaching its pyrotechnic climax on the day before final adjournment. The scene of the big fireworks was the Assembly. Over on the Senate side, where there was nothing more exciting than the presentation of a loving cup to the lieutenant-governor, the attendance had shrunk to the proportions of a Sunday school in July. The Senate had wrestled with the full-crew bill weeks before and passed it as easily as the amendment giving enlarged powers to the State Railroad Commission. On the afternoon of the day before adjournment all but a bare quorum of the senators had slipped down the corridor to the Assembly to see how Amos Michael Bull was going to prevent the full-crew bill from becoming a law. For hours the atmosphere of the lower house had been sparking with electric harbingers of the big storm. The oratorical thunder was about to crackle and boom.

In the front row of the chamber gallery sat a man whose face, eyes, clothes and manner were gray. The members looked up from their piles of bills to pay this man the frequent tribute of a glance. There was in these glances little of homage, but much of thoughtful surprise. The gray man had been present at every fight over a railroad bill for twenty years, but he had never assumed the rôle of a gallery spectator until today. Always he had been a whispering Napoleon, who tiptoed among the pillars at the rear of the floor.

"That's Mike Bull," a country member buzzed into the ear of a constituent honored with a seat at his desk. "He's the slickest handy man a railroad ever sent to this legislature. He knows more about the laws than the Supreme Court does, 'cause he made so many of 'em. Bill Chance, across the aisle there, leads the railroad's Faithful Fifteen in the Assembly; but I guess Mike knew, without Bill telling him, that if he showed his head on the floor to-day he would be inviting a ton of bricks. Mike is wise; he ought to recognize real reform when he sees it getting its back up for action. When the full-crew bill is called things are going to pop. I hear Mike has seen everybody who was willing and a good many who weren't; but that may not save his bacon this time. I hope he's got his ears braced for bad news."

A Gloomy Day for Mr. Bull

AS A MATTER of fact, the bracing of Mr. Bull's ears had been neglected; but that was as far as the neglect might be said to have extended. Some of those fellows down there who were chuckling over the surprise jolt they were giving the railroad with this full-crew bill would themselves have been surprised had they known that Mr. Bull and his employers had foreseen this attack for twelve long months.

The railroad had heard the first buzzing of the reform bee in this radical mid-Western state, and had anticipated a legislature that would propose among its interesting undertakings a full-crew law. Eastern states and even a state or two farther west, when in the throes of reform rabies, had taken just that turn; so Mr. Bull had been sent forth to defeat the full-crew measure about ten months before the sitting of the legislature that would attempt to propose it.

Mr. Bull had got in touch with his agents in every Assembly district of the state. In powerful and secret ways he had fostered or blighted the ambitions of candidates. More men than ever before had sidestepped the indirect offer of aid. Yet many had been aided in spite of their spurning. They could not prevent an assistance lent to their campaigns on nothing more definite than the hope that a spark of gratitude might be struck in their hearts. Nor had benevolence ended there. When the duly elected representatives of the people had come to the capitol they found the devil in pleasant guises besetting every turn of the path. Verily Mr. Bull had neglected nothing beyond the bracing of his ears.

A young man with an egg-shaped chin doubled into a seat beside Mr. Bull and began to whisper down the egg without once turning in Mr. Bull's direction.

"Chance has just told Morton that you know the directors of the Berryvale Bank and can get them to make an extension on the mortgage on his farm. Morton didn't say anything; he just clapped his hands over his ears and scooted back to his seat. Chance has told Shepherd that if he slips his foot this time he will never be postmaster at Mountain City. When Raymond was being talked to he forgot he was an elder in the church long enough to give Chance an awful cussing. The real trouble with Raymond is that he's afraid of his people; he's afraid they won't send him back to the Assembly next session if he opposes this bill. If we could get him the whole bunch from the copper belt might climb into our caboose. Any orders?"

Mr. Bull did not lift his nose out of the newspaper into which he had thrust it at the younger man's approach, but his voice flowed out at a corner of the sheet:

"Call Chance outside and tell him to go beg Raymond's forgiveness for making him swear. When he has Raymond going let him ask the elder how he'd like to come back next session—not to the Assembly, but to the Senate."

"Why, the present senator from that snowbound district has two years more to serve!"

"The present senator," continued Mr. Bull as though he had not been interrupted, "might be persuaded to accept a certain Federal appointment."

When Cassidy of the egg chin returned he examined the band of his hat and hid under a yawn the fact that he was reporting:

"Chance says he's being watched and that every time we call him back to the pillars it costs us a couple of votes. Chance is whispering to Raymond now. Give a look! He's sure got old Raymond doing the hardest thinking of his life. You seem mighty sour, chief. What's so bad?"

"Do you suppose I enjoy being stuck up here like a brass rooster on a barn," A. Michael Bull replied, "when I ought to be down there behind the pillars explaining to a lot of those ambitious statesmen where they've got to head in?"

"Be patient for the present," Cassidy soothed him. "It's only the new way of doing the old thing, you know. Chance says even having you up here is dangerous."

"The new way!" The greatest handy man the railroad ever had snorted under his breath. "I tell you business always was business, and business always will be business. These men get their price because it is cheaper to pay them than to decorate with another brakeman the top of every freight train we happen to send out. We've paid; now we want delivery on the goods. That's all there is to it! New way! All this reform stuff makes me as tired as a cat crawling through a gun barrel. When I was your age, Cassidy, I was a beginner on the best trained railroad staff back in Washington; and I tell you we put things through Congress with less trouble and actually with less money than we do 'way out here in the rough middle of the map. Business is business, but about every third term this legislature goes daffy. Sh-h! Here she comes!"

The full-crew bill as passed by the Senate was droned from the desk on familiar ears, and immediately Sturgeon, the reform leader and spokesman for the governor, plunged into a speech concerning the rights of man. At length he got to the point that every freight train of fifty cars should carry an additional trainman in order to decrease the labor and increase the safety of the crew.

The Ungrateful Guinasso

WHEN Sturgeon finished the Speaker recognized Chance, who begged fairness to the railroads, without which the state would still be but a kingdom of jack rabbits and wild flowers. Every freight train carried five men. Another man would mean an increase of twenty per cent in operating expense; freight rates could not stand the burden. Had not the companies already spent millions for air brakes and block-signal systems to lighten the labor and safeguard the lives of their sterling employees?

To Mike Bull the talk was no more meaningful than the gabble of a tin roof answering to hail. His familiarity with procedure methods was such that he could have foretold every word likely to be uttered on each side. The talk had nothing to do with the vote. It was for the newspapers. As the debate moved along Mr. Bull eased his feelings into the pointed ear of Cassidy:

"So the good Guinasso roasts us, eh? What did he have when I took him up? A string of bootblack stands and not

"If I Wished to Bring My Career to an End I Should Hold This Instrument Behind My Right Ear"

half enough Dago votes to make him even a garbage inspector in his ward! I got him on the police force and made them keep him on the day squad so he could go to night school. You know how he came to the Assembly. He was all right last session, but now he thinks he can let go of us without drowning. He's been told he can land an appointment to one of the commissions if he can put himself right with the state administration. Listen to him talk, Cassidy! This is gratitude! There hasn't been a time in two years when I couldn't have had him indicted. His beat was down along Gamblers' Row, you know. How was it the gamblers could always hear a raid coming in plenty of time to get all their paraphernalia buried in the cellar?"

Assemblyman Waring, trembling lest his constituents might not understand his position, said a hundred faltering words against a measure that was oppression masquerading in the uniform of necessity. He begged that no member allow himself to be moved by any except a pure and uninfluenced motive.

"The dirty little hypocrite!" murmured Amos Michael Bull. "It cost us about ten dollars a word to influence his speech."

"Don't despise our small fry, chief," Cassidy admonished. "We couldn't afford to lose a single minnow, you know; and if this bill is passed we're done for. We never could pry a veto out of old Fuss-and-Feathers downstairs."

Mr. Bull turned his gray eyes fully on Cassidy.

"The governor," he observed in a tone that made the other wince, "is to be respected."

"Well, now," queried the lieutenant in confusion, "what was the best you ever got out of that fellow?"

"An invitation to go to hell!" Mr. Bull smiled at the recollection; then gravely he went on: "This ripsnorting, fire-eating, rights-of-the-people governor is exactly the thing he pretends to be. That's why I like him—like him better than any of the double-dealing patriots who eat out of our hand."

Thaddeus Cassidy forgot for the moment everything but the sudden revelation. For the same reason that Mike Bull liked the governor, the governor ought to like Mike Bull! The man at Cassidy's side—the shrewdest, most dreaded, most successful political handy man in the West, corrupter of legislatures, maker and mocker of laws—was as sincere as he was disreputable.

A Waterloo

THOUGH at all times moving discreetly, he never pretended by word or deed that the leopard could change his spots. "'An honest man's the noblest work of God!'" The quotation bubbled from Cassidy's unintending lips.

Mr. Bull did not hear. He was leaning forward and making some sort of calculation that his fingers tallied. His eye caught something. He spoke quickly, though seeming merely to stroke his mustache.

"Morton is having a cat fit. He can't make up his mind. Send one of the bank members over to tell him that banks are extending no paper this year; then let Chance go to him with the statement that we can stave off that mortgage until it is outlawed. I've been counting the sheep and the goats. If nothing stampedes those that wear our brand under the wool we'll smash this crazy bill with three votes to spare; but I'm willing to swallow Morton's mortgage to raise the majority to four."

Amos Michael Bull drew the smell of battle down into his lungs. He scanned the grappling factions on the floor and cursed this imprisoning gallery that made him out a liar. He knew and everybody knew that he was no mere spectator here. He wanted to be down there, with his coat off. He sensed a strange force at work and he wanted to close with it and strangle it or be strangled. He did not know its name; merely he knew it to be one of those monstrosities the periodical reform wave washed up out of the sea. He had seen them come before—lots of them—but he had always been down there by the pillars to lock with them as they tried to come into the chamber.

Now the monster had reached over to Raymond's desk, put a tentacle about him and lifted him to his feet. What was that the man was bellowing—that he was going to vote his convictions even though the railroad drove him into private life forever? And now Morton—Morton, who had not attempted a speech all session—was stumbling through some sort of a statement! He would rather be honest than own a farm. What did all this mean?

Mr. Bull snatched his hat and leaped toward the stairs. When he reached the pillars Bill Chance was already there. Mr. Chance was misusing one of the marble columns as a drunken man misuses a lamp-post. He heard not one word of Mr. Bull's fierce command. He was absorbed in watching the floor circle round his head.

"Corruption stands revealed!" It was Sturgeon, purist leader, making the speech that was to carry him to Congress. "'Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees!' Woe unto you, hypocrites! Woe unto you, generation of vipers! Woe unto you ——"

The bill became a law, with ninety-one votes to spare.

Mr. Bull's stomach was like that of an ostrich at the Zoo. Normally he digested a rebuke by the legislature as though it were a mere handful of glass. Yet in his present defeat there was a bitterness that sent him back to headquarters in no complaisant frame of mind. The veteran handy man had an uneasy feeling that the new vice-president, who had come out to command the Western offices of the I. R. B., regarded a railroad's proper functions as those specified in its charter. Perhaps he even looked on the peddling of opinions to legislators as damnably impertinent. As Mr. Bull took the elevator to the vice-president's office he wished he carried in his bag something to show that peddling was not sometimes wholly unprofitable.

The Legislature Became a Yeast Mill That Kept the Public in a Ferment

"I believe recent efforts of yours in a certain direction have not borne the results you anticipated." There was nothing unkindly in Mr. Congdon's tone when he addressed the handy man, who had taken the confidential chair, close to the vice-president's desk.

"Not yet," affirmed Mr. Bull; "not yet. We're not through, you know. We'll try to influence the governor to veto—we'll play our one chance in a thousand. As the last resort we have a friend or two in the Supreme Court. I trust the legal bureau will make the unconstitutionality of this iniquitous law so plain that ——"

"You really have not given up hope?"

"If you'll dig into our history out here," Mr. Bull suggested with something like a flush of pride, "you'll find that we have suffocated many a skunk on its way to the chicken house, even after it got inside our fence."

"May I come in?"

The young man, who had availed himself of the permission before he asked it, exhaled an atmosphere so unmistakably wholesome as to suggest that he might pass many closed doors without bothering to knock. He was Morgan Avery, assistant to the general superintendent. The fact that at his age he had climbed to so high a post explained a great deal about him. He carried half a dozen typewritten sheets, which he spread on the spick maple of Mr. Congdon's desk.

"The full-crew law goes into effect in this state soon," he said. "I have been busy for a month determining how many extra men we shall require and arranging to get them. You will find the full information in these pages."

"What are you giving us, Avery? Why, that bill only passed yesterday!" Mr. Bull had risen in his bewilderment. "How could you have arranged for all these extra men? And besides, we haven't had our crack at the law in the Supreme Court yet."

"Why, Amos, I have known for six months that there would be a full-crew law in this state; so I have had plenty of time to get ready for it," pleasantly responded Morgan Avery. "And I know that the same force that made the legislature pass the law will make the Supreme Court afraid to touch it."

"It passed because a bunch of crooks repudiated their obligations!" cried Mr. Bull.

Avery smiled.

"I'm thinking of the force that made them repudiate," he said. "That is the force I have foreseen for six months—the force that will rule the Supreme Court just as it ruled the legislature."

"May I inquire what force you mean?" It was the vice-president of the road who spoke.

The Tidal Wave From the East

"IT HAS come out of something that started as a little ripple in the Atlantic States a year or more ago," Avery replied. "The ripple did not die as it swept westward; it grew. It reached the Pacific Coast as a tidal wave. It is now doubling back on us in an avalanche of waters that must destroy many an old landmark. The erosion is so great that already the familiar channels lead nowhere. I am surprised, Amos, that the ducking you got in the legislature has not opened your eyes to the flood."

Mr. Amos Bull addressed himself to Mr. Congdon:

"You'll find out Morgan Avery is the company's preacher. I apprehend this stuff he's talking now is some part of the hell-fire and wrath to come he has been prophesying nearly ever since he came to the road, five years ago. You see, he believes everything he hears about my department."

"Let the prophet tell us more about the tidal wave!" directed the vice-president.

"It is the new consciousness of people who have reached the second stage of their development," Avery explained. "For a century and a half we Americans have been working in our extensive period. We have been expanding geographically and in every other way. We went out and conquered the waste places. We built railroads across the continent. In the extensive period every man obeyed the primal instinct of self-preservation. The country is safe now, and so is the individual. We have entered the second period—the intensive period—of our national development. Laterals instead of main lines are the new concern in railroading. The amelioration of society instead of the selfish amelioration of the individual is the new concern of the American people. Perhaps the surest proof of the changes this tidal wave has brought is the vast quickening of the people's sense of justice."

"What in thunder," demanded Amos Michael Bull, "has all this to do with the legislature?"

"Well, it explains what happened yesterday," Avery answered him. "In the past you have generally been able to get what you wanted from the legislature because in one way or another you translated the issue into dollars and cents. This time you did just that, yet you got beat. You were beaten because the supposititious safety of human beings had suddenly become of more importance to the Assembly than any consideration of dollars and cents. I don't say the Assemblymen themselves were losing sleep over the safety and comfort of a few unknown trainmen; but the people's new sense of justice was, and that is what forced the passage of the bill."

"That's the pretty pipe dream of a young man," said Mr. Bull patiently. "Ever since the railroad was built we

have been learning that in the legislature, as out of it, justice is an apple on a tree, which you can't get your hands on until you have thrown every big and little dog his bone. Sometimes the bones fail. Every few sessions the reform wasp stings the legislature and the dogs are likely to bite the hand that feeds them. Next session the dogs will all be good again—good and hungry."

"In the future you may save your bones," declared Morgan Avery. "I tell you the period has passed when the railroad could prey on the legislature and the legislature prey on the railroad. They could eat each other in the days when every man was fighting only for himself; but now both the railroad and the legislature have lost their independence to the people. Both are now subject to control by that same sense of justice that gave us such a smash in the Assembly. You had better go into conference with yourself, Amos, and take cognizance of what has happened round you. You need a new set of operating rules to fit the times."

"Our political rules," observed Mr. Bull, "are not likely to require changing until long after I have retired to my little cattle farm in the hills. Why, say, Avery, what the mischief does a mushroom like you mean by ——"

The question was not finished, for the assistant to the general superintendent, with a gesture that spoke the futility of argument as well as the wasting of Mr. Congdon's precious time, had slipped from the room. The vice-president, chin in palm, continued to look out the window at a blank slate roof so long that the other man presumed finally to call him back with a question.

"Shall I go over and talk to the law department about getting things ready for the Supreme Court?" asked Mr. Bull.

From a drawer the vice-president took a package of papers.

"Please regard the full-crew law in this state as a closed incident," he directed. "I am thinking, not of what is behind us but of what is ahead. You will have to cross the state line to-night and see what can be done to save us from serious misfortune at the hands of that other legislature over in the sagebrush. As you know, four of the leaders at this session are men who have been discharged from our train service for cause. They fought their way into the legislature for the sake of revenge—and now they are taking it. They have introduced six bills that are nothing but cinch measures. Those fellows are clever. Their bills sound good to a layman; but each one of them conceals a knife for us. Let us assume that there may be a shade of fact in Mr. Avery's interesting theory. Suppose you carry the case to the people over there and see whether ——"

Trying New Tactics

"JUMPING Jehoshaphat!" The exclamation startled from Mr. Bull's lips as he clutched his chair arms to avoid going to the floor. "Mr. Congdon, you can't even begin to understand the situation over there," he appealed. "Why, when the average desert citizen sees the I. R. B. coming he just turns himself into a giant cactus and shoots stickers like a porcupine shoots quills! In that state they hate us so that even a sage hen won't cross our track without stopping to spit on the rails—and you know how hard it is for a hen to spit. You see, for a long time their affairs were bossed by a small bunch of bloodsuckers, who held us up so constantly that we never could do what we should have liked to do for the people at large. When the bosses got to demanding more than the traffic would bear—well, we had to make the traffic perform a few stunts in multiplication. Then the yellow craze hit the newspapers over there, and they broke out with exaggerated stories about the methods of the I. R. B. in their midst. No, Mr. Congdon, you've got to keep away from the dear people like they were so many crocodiles. Instead, I'll take a sack of alfalfa and a club, and a few facts out of my secret notebook, and go over and make that legislature think a tornado has come into the state house to roost. First of all, I'll proceed to ——"

A change had come over Mr. Bull. He sat rigidly on the edge of his chair. The mantle of defeat had dropped from his shoulders. He was like an old eagle planning a fresh conquest of the sky, and as he planned his youth, like the eagle's, was renewed.

Few persons know exactly what transpired at the sage-brush capitol during the following month. These few are not given to loquacity; but any resident of the sagebrush belt will cheerfully thrill you with his own version of the activities. The versions do not agree; and yet, as one discouraged historian has pointed out, all of them appear to be singularly sincere efforts to follow the faint footfalls of A. Mike Bull.

The legislature became a yeast mill that kept the public in a ferment. There was hardly a reservation Indian who could not answer glibly, whether it was the headlight bill, the train-length bill, the full-crew bill, the three-cent-fare bill, the passenger-special bill or the full-stop bill that occupied the lawmakers on any given day. At sunset riders from the remote cattle camps would lope in to a telephone for the latest scraps of news. There were red-hot arguments between citizens who halted their buckboards on the sandy road. One buckboarder would contend that all the bills would pass by a small majority; the other would contend as vehemently that the majority would be large.

His quick perception told Mr. Bull that he had reached the hardest battle of his career. He used his instruments of persuasion and cajolery with the skill that made his trade an art; but art had lost its seductiveness. The venom of the leaders who had once been employees of the I. R. B. was a revelation to the veteran. Nothing could appease them; nothing could tempt them to relax their fanatical urging of the six measures for railroad regulation. When the desperate handy man sought to alienate their following they appealed directly to the mighty prejudice against the railroad, both in and out of the legislature; and in the hoarse rumble that followed the appeal the handy man read the warning to prepare his heart for the inevitable.

The legislature celebrated its adjournment by transforming the six bitter bills into six lamentable laws, and the delighted citizenry unslung their six-shooters and transformed the earth's crust into a sieve.

"I went over there to talk sense with a Senate and Assembly, but found instead a double-barreled asylum for the insane." Mr. Bull had come home; and, though still dazed, he was doing his best to explain to Vice-President Congdon the manner of the wholesale calamity that had befallen.

"When legislators are so beside themselves with hate that they are blind to all right and reason, what in heaven's name is a man to do?"

"He's to do the only thing left, Amos—take his case up higher on appeal."

The words came in the sprightly tones of the rubber-soled assistant to the general superintendent. Morgan Avery, using his prerogative to flit in and out as he chose, had overheard Mike Bull's heartbroken wail and had given him instant reply.

"None of your infernal rubbing it in, Avery!" Mr. Bull was lifted out of his chair by his own roar. "If the Supreme Court in this state can't drag one wolf off our back, how's the Supreme Court over there going to drag off six?"

"Perhaps Mr. Avery was not referring to the Supreme Court."

Vice-President Congdon, speaking briskly, looked out the window as though he remarked on nothing more important than a veering of the breeze. "You may remember an occasion, Mr. Bull, when he sought to explain to our dull ears about an amazing sensitiveness to justice that has come over the public. Perhaps Mr. Avery is willing even now to go over into the sagebrush and beseech the sovereign people, whom he understands so well, to give us back our rights."

"Why, what do you mean?"

Both listeners expressed the question on their faces; it was Bull who gave it words.

"I have been examining the constitution of our sister state," responded the vice-president, "and I find it was amended several years ago to include the referendum. Fine thing, that referendum section! It provides that anybody who is not afraid of being drowned may turn loose Avery's avalanche of flood waters. I am wondering whether Mr. Avery is willing to go over and see whether he can get the tidal wave to sweep away the dikes an unjust legislature has thrown across our tracks."

Mr. Congdon's manner left no doubt of the meaning of his words.

"Give me—give me time to think it over!"

Avery steadied himself against the vice-president's desk and covered his eyes with his palms. Mike Bull hung forward in his chair, with his mouth open and his knuckles resting on the floor. He looked like an old champion who had taken the count at last. Presently Avery's lean hands came down from before his face.

"I'm a good soldier!" he declared. "Grant me a week to pack my knapsack."

When half the I. R. B. clerks in the sagebrush state were informed by the young commander who had drafted them away from waybills and passenger accounts that they were to circulate petitions for a referendum election on the new railroad laws, they exclaimed in horror:

"Why, a blind man could see we are employed by the railroad to do it!"

"Sure thing!" Morgan Avery agreed. "That makes it simple. You tell Mr. Voter you are a railroad employee who asks him to sign a petition that gives the I. R. B. nothing but the right to put the case up to the people."

The Newspaper Campaign

"AND the voter," the clerks exclaimed, "will laugh and shout, and tell us that, whereas the legislature has merely slapped the railroad in the face, the people will kick its fool head off."

"Your penetration is admirable, but it stops short of what is really to be expected," Avery replied. "In his present frame of mind the voter will unlimber his artillery and perforate a cactus in his glee. Then he will scrawl his name on your paper and make his neighbor do the same, in order that they may have the opportunity in November of perforating us. We should get the signatures the law requires in ten days."

Avery had not judged public sentiment with exactness. The canvass did not take ten days. At the end of the sixth day he ran over the totals that had come in by mail and by wire, and found the legal requirements already exceeded by fifty per cent. There had been a good deal of shooting, but it had been the cacti and not the canvassers that had received the lead. Several clerks reported slight physical injuries. They had been overwhelmed by citizens who feared the lists might close before they could sign themselves in on the fun.

The newspapers were Avery's second consideration. He made a study of the inky avenues of publicity, compiled a list of one hundred and sixteen papers, and set out to call at the office of each. The business manager of the most radical journal in the state was pleased to greet a new patron who wished to contract for two columns daily at the published rates.

"For ninety days, eh?" The business manager checked off the weeks on his calendar. "That brings us right up to the glorious occasion when the people are going to swallow the I. R. B., soul, body and breeches. Who's all this space for?"

"For the I. R. B."

The business manager collapsed like a blind man who hears a dime whisked out of his cup. He said something into a speaking tube and drummed with his pencil until the managing editor, in shirt sleeves and green eyeshade, appeared in the doorway. The business manager whispered with the editor and returned to Avery.

"You're in wrong," he said. "We've always roasted the tar out of your road and, as we are not ready to leave town, we really can't change our editorial policy at this time."

Avery laughed.

"Roast and be blessed," he begged. "Let the panning go merrily on. It's your ad space I'm after, not your sacred opinion. I'll fill my inches every day with a straight,

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The Delighted Citizenry
Unslung Their Six-Shooters and Transformed the Earth's Crust Into a Sieve

THE DOOMDORF MYSTERY

By Melville Davisson Post

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

Randolph Jet His Shoulder to the Door and Burst Off the Lock

THE pioneer was not the only man in the great mountains behind Virginia. Strange aliens drifted in after the Colonial wars. All foreign armies are sprinkled with a cockle of adventurers that take root and remain. They were with Braddock and La Salle, and they rode north out of Mexico after her many empires went to pieces.

I think Doomdorf crossed the seas with Iturbide when that ill-starred adventurer returned to be shot against a wall; but there was no Southern blood in him. He came from some European race remote and barbaric. The evidences were all about him. He was a huge figure of a man, with a black spade beard, broad, thick hands, and square, flat fingers.

He had found a wedge of land between the Crown's grant to Daniel Davisson and a Washington survey. It was an uncovered triangle not worth the running of the lines; and so, no doubt, was left out, a sheer rock standing up out of the river for a base, and a peak of the mountain rising northward behind it for an apex.

Doomdorf squatted on the rock. He must have brought a belt of goldpieces when he took to his horse, for he hired old Robert Stenart's slaves and built a stone house on the rock, and he brought the furnishings overland from a frigate in the Chesapeake; and then in the handfuls of earth, wherever a root would hold, he planted the mountain behind his house with peach trees. The gold gave out; but the devil is fertile in resources. Doomdorf built a log still and turned the first fruits of the garden into a hell-brew. The idle and the vicious came with their stone jugs, and violence and riot flowed out.

The government of Virginia was remote and its arm short and feeble; but the men who held the lands west of the mountains against the savages under grants from George, and after that held them against George himself, were efficient and expeditious. They had long patience, but when that failed they went up from their fields and drove the thing before them out of the land, like a scourge of God.

There came a day, then, when my Uncle Abner and Squire Randolph rode through the gap of the mountains to have the thing out with Doomdorf. The work of this brew, which had the odors of Eden and the impulses of the devil in it, could be borne no longer. The drunken negroes had shot old Duncan's cattle and burned his haystacks, and the land was on its feet.

They rode alone, but they were worth an army of little men. Randolph was vain and pompous and given over to extravagance of words, but he was a gentleman beneath it, and fear was an alien and a stranger to him. And Abner was the right hand of the land.

It was a day in early summer and the sun lay hot. They crossed through the broken spine of the mountains and trailed along the river in the shade of the great chestnut trees. The road was only a path and the horses went one before the other. It left the river when the rock began to rise and, making a detour through the grove of peach trees, reached the house on the mountain side. Randolph and Abner got down, unsaddled their horses and turned them out to graze, for their business with Doomdorf would not be over in an hour. Then they took a steep path that brought them out on the mountain side of the house.

A man sat on a big red-roan horse in the paved court before the door. He was a gaunt old man. He sat bareheaded, the palms of his hands resting on the pommel of his saddle, his chin sunk in his black stock, his face in retrospection, the wind moving gently his great shock of voluminous white hair. Under him the huge red horse stood with his legs spread out like a horse of stone.

There was no sound. The door to the house was closed; insects moved in the sun; a shadow crept out from the motionless figure, and swarms of yellow butterflies maneuvered like an army.

Abner and Randolph stopped. They knew the tragic figure—a circuit rider of the hills who preached the invective of Isaiah as though he were the mouthpiece of a militant and avenging overlord; as though the government of Virginia were the awful theocracy of the Book of Kings. The horse was dripping with sweat and the man bore the dust and the evidences of a journey on him.

"Bronson," said Abner, "where is Doomdorf?"

The old man lifted his head and looked down at Abner over the pommel of the saddle.

"'Surely,'" he said, "'he covereth his feet in his summer chamber.'"

Abner went over and knocked on the closed door, and presently the white, frightened face of a woman looked out at him. She was a little, faded woman, with fair hair, a broad foreign face, but with the delicate evidences of gentle blood.

Abner repeated his question.

"Where is Doomdorf?"

"Oh, sir," she answered with a queer lisping accent, "he went to lie down in his south room after his midday meal, as his custom is; and I went to the orchard to gather any fruit that might be ripened." She hesitated and her voice lisped into a whisper: "He is not come out and I cannot wake him."

The two men followed her through the hall and up the stairway to the door.

"It is always bolted," she said, "when he goes to lie down." And she knocked feebly with the tips of her fingers.

There was no answer and Randolph rattled the doorknob.

"Come out, Doomdorf!" he called in his big, bellowing voice.

There was only silence and the echoes of the words among the rafters. Then Randolph set his shoulder to the door and burst off the lock.

They went in. The room was flooded with sun from the tall south windows. Doomdorf lay on a couch in a little offset of the room, a great scarlet patch on his bosom and a pool of scarlet on the floor.

The woman stood for a moment staring; then she cried out:

"At last I have killed him!" And she ran like a frightened hare.

The two men closed the door and went over to the couch. Doomdorf had been shot to death. There was a great ragged hole in his waistcoat. They began to look about for the weapon with which the deed had been accomplished, and in a moment found it—a fowling piece, lying in two dogwood forks against the wall. The gun had just been fired; the muzzle was warm to their fingers and there was a freshly exploded paper cap under the hammer.

There was little else in the room—a loom-woven rag carpet on the floor; wooden shutters flung back from the windows; a great oak table, and on it a big, round, glass water bottle, filled to its glass stopper with raw liquor from the still. The stuff was limpid and clear as spring water; and, but for its pungent odor, one would have taken it for God's brew instead of Doomdorf's. The sun lay on it and against the wall where hung the weapon that had ejected the dead man out of life.

"Abner," said Randolph, "this is murder! The woman took that gun down from the wall and shot Doomdorf while he slept."

Abner was standing by the table, his fingers round his chin.

"Randolph," he replied, "what brought Bronson here?"

"The same outrages that brought us," said Randolph. "The mad old circuit rider has been preaching a crusade against Doomdorf far and wide in the hills."

Abner answered, without taking his fingers from about his chin:

"You think this woman killed Doomdorf? Well, let us go and ask Bronson who killed him."

They closed the door, leaving the dead man on his couch, and went down into the court.

The old circuit rider had put away his horse and got an ax. He had taken off his coat and pushed his shirtsleeves up over his long elbows. He was on his way to the still to destroy the barrels of liquor. He stopped when the two men came out, and Abner called to him.

"Bronson," he said, "who killed Doomdorf?"

"I killed him," replied the old man, and went on toward the still.

Randolph swore under his breath. "By the Almighty," he said, "everybody couldn't kill him!"

"Who can tell how many had a hand in it?" replied Abner.

"Two have confessed!" cried Randolph. "Was there perhaps a third? Did you kill him, Abner? And I too? Man, the thing is impossible!"

"The impossible," replied Abner, "looks here like the truth. Come with me, Randolph, and I will show you a thing more impossible than this."

They returned through the house and up the stairs to the room. Abner closed the door behind them.

"Look at this bolt," he said; "it is on the inside and not connected with the lock. How did the one who killed Doomdorf get into this room, since the door was bolted?"

"Through the windows," replied Randolph.

There were but two windows, facing the south, through which the sun entered. Abner led Randolph to them.

"Look!" he said. "The wall of the house is plumb with the sheer face of the rock. It is a hundred feet to the river and the rock is as smooth as a sheet of glass. But that is not all. Look at these window frames; they are cemented into their casements with dust and they are bound along their edges with cobwebs. These windows have not been opened. How did the assassin enter?"

"The answer is evident," said Randolph: "The one who killed Doomdorf hid in the room until he was asleep; then he shot him and went out."

"The explanation is excellent but for one thing," replied Abner: "How did the assassin bolt the door behind him on the inside of this room after he had gone out?"

Randolph flung out his arms with a hopeless gesture.

"Who knows?" he cried. "Maybe Doomdorf killed himself."

Abner laughed.

"And after firing a handful of shot into his heart he got up and put the gun back carefully into the forks against the wall!"

"Well," cried Randolph, "there is one open road out of this mystery. Bronson and this woman say they killed Doomdorf, and if they killed him they surely know how they did it. Let us go down and ask them."

"In the law court," replied Abner, "that procedure would be considered sound sense; but we are in God's court and things are managed there in a somewhat stranger way. Before we go let us find out, if we can, at what hour it was that Doomdorf died."

He went over and took a big silver watch out of the dead man's pocket. It was broken by a shot and the hands lay at one hour after noon. He stood for a moment fingering his chin.

"At one o'clock," he said. "Bronson, I think, was on the road to this place, and the woman was on the mountain among the peach trees."

Randolph threw back his shoulders.

"Why waste time in a speculation about it, Abner?" he said. "We know who did this thing. Let us go and get the story of it out of their own mouths. Doomdorf died by the hand of either Bronson or this woman."

"I could better believe it," replied Abner, "but for the running of a certain awful law."

"What law?" said Randolph. "Is it a statute of Virginia?"

"It is a statute," replied Abner, "of an authority somewhat higher. Mark the language of it: 'He that killeth with the sword must be killed with the sword.'"

He came over and took Randolph by the arm.

"Must! Randolph, did you mark particularly the word 'must'? It is a mandatory law. There is no room in it for the vicissitudes of chance or fortune. There is no way round that word. Thus, we reap what we sow and nothing else; thus, we receive what we give and nothing else. It is the weapon in our own hands that finally destroys us. You are looking at it now." And he turned him about so that the table and the weapon and the dead man were before him. "'He that killeth with the sword must be killed with the sword.' And now," he said, "let us go and try the method of the law courts. Your faith is in the wisdom of their ways."

They found the old circuit rider at work in the still, staving in Doomdorf's liquor casks, splitting the oak heads with his ax.

"Bronson," said Randolph, "how did you kill Doomdorf?"

The old man stopped and stood leaning on his ax.

"I killed him," replied the old man, "as Elijah killed the captains of Ahaziah and their fifties. But not by the hand of any man did I pray the Lord God to destroy Doomdorf, but with fire from heaven to destroy him."

He stood up and extended his arms.

"His hands were full of blood," he said. "With his abomination from these groves of Baal he stirred up the people to contention, to strife and murder. The widow and the orphan cried to heaven against him. 'I will surely hear their cry,' is the promise written in the Book. The land was weary of him; and I prayed the Lord God to destroy him with fire from heaven, as he destroyed the Princes of Gomorrah in their palaces!"

Randolph made a gesture as of one who dismisses the impossible, but Abner's face took on a deep, strange look.

"With fire from heaven!" he repeated slowly to himself. Then he asked a question. "A little while ago," he said, "when we came, I asked you where Doomdorf was, and you answered me in the language of the third chapter of the Book of Judges. Why did you answer me like that, Bronson? 'Surely he covereth his feet in his summer chamber.'"

"The woman told me that he had not come down from the room where he had gone up to sleep," replied the old man, "and that the door was locked. And then I knew that he was dead in his summer chamber like Eglon, King of Moab."

He extended his arm toward the south.

"I came here from the Great Valley," he said, "to cut down these groves of Baal and to empty out this abomination; but I did not know that the Lord had heard my prayer and visited His wrath on Doomdorf until I was come up into these mountains to his door. When the woman spoke I knew it." And he went away to his horse, leaving the ax among the ruined barrels.

Randolph interrupted.

"Come, Abner," he said; "this is wasted time. Bronson did not kill Doomdorf."

Abner answered slowly in his deep, level voice:

"Do you realize, Randolph, how Doomdorf died?"

"Not by fire from heaven, at any rate," said Randolph.

"Randolph," replied Abner, "are you sure?"

"Abner," cried Randolph, "you are pleased to jest, but I am in deadly earnest. A crime has been done here against the state. I am an officer of justice and I propose to discover the assassin if I can."

He walked away toward the house and Abner followed, his hands behind him and his great shoulders thrown loosely forward, with a grim smile about his mouth.

"It is no use to talk with the mad old preacher," Randolph went on. "Let him empty out the liquor and ride away. I won't issue a warrant against him. Prayer may be a handy implement to do a murder with, Abner, but it is not a deadly weapon under the statutes of Virginia. Doomdorf was dead when old Bronson got here with his Scriptural jargon. This woman killed Doomdorf. I shall put her to an inquisition."

"As you like," replied Abner. "Your faith remains in the methods of the law courts."

"Do you know of any better methods?" said Randolph.

"Perhaps," replied Abner, "when you have finished."

Night had entered the valley. The two men went into the house and set about preparing the corpse for burial. They got candles, and made a coffin, and put Doomdorf in it, and straightened out his limbs, and folded his arms across his shot-out heart. Then they set the coffin on benches in the hall.

They kindled a fire in the dining room and sat down before it, with the door open and the red firelight shining through on the dead man's narrow, everlasting house. The woman had put some cold meat, a golden cheese and a loaf on the table. They did not see her, but they heard her moving about the house; and finally, on the gravel court outside, her step and the whinny of a horse. Then she came in, dressed as for a journey. Randolph sprang up.

"Where are you going?" he said.

"To the sea and a ship," replied the woman. Then she indicated the hall with a gesture. "He is dead and I am free."

There was a sudden illumination in her face. Randolph took a step toward her. His voice was big and harsh.

"Who killed Doomdorf?" he cried.

"I killed him," replied the woman. "It was fair!"

"Fair!" echoed the justice. "What do you mean by that?"

The woman shrugged her shoulders and put out her hands with a foreign gesture.

"I remember an old, old man sitting against a sunny wall, and a little girl, and one who came and talked a long time with the old man, while the little girl plucked yellow flowers out of the grass and put them into her hair. Then finally the stranger gave the old man a gold chain and took the little girl away." She flung out her hands. "Oh, it was fair to kill him!" She looked up with a queer, pathetic smile.

"The old man will be gone by now," she said; "but I shall perhaps find the wall there, with the sun on it, and the yellow flowers in the grass. And now, may I go?"

It is a law of the story-teller's art that he does not tell a story. It is the listener who tells it. The story-teller does but provide him with the stimuli.

Randolph got up and walked about the floor. He was a justice of the peace in a day when that office was filled only by the landed gentry, after the English fashion; and the obligations of the law were strong on him. If he should take liberties with the letter of it, how could the weak and the evil be made to hold it in respect? Here was this woman before him a confessed assassin. Could he let her go?

Abner sat unmoving by the hearth, his elbow on the arm of his chair, his palm propping up his jaw, his face clouded in deep lines. Randolph was consumed with vanity and the weakness of ostentation, but he shouldered his duties for himself. Presently he stopped and looked at the woman, wan, faded like some prisoner of legend escaped out of fabled dungeons into the sun.

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"Not Shoot Him! Why, the Man's Heart is Riddled!"

THE ARGONAUTS

Onnie Dever—By George A. Birmingham

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

ONNIE is a girl's name and it is not a mispronunciation of Annie. It is a convenient shortening of Honoria, which is far too majestic a name for a child.

It would have been grotesque to call Onnie Dever Honoria when I knew her first—though the long name would suit her very well now.

Indeed she is so grand now that I should not dare to call her anything but Miss Dever; and if I had to address a letter to her my inclination would be to embellish her name and write on the outside of the envelope: The Honorable Honoria—or To Her Honor, Honoria Dever. This would be wrong, of course; but any one who has seen the lady lately would find it excusable.

When Onnie Dever was young she lived with her parents and a great many other little Devers on an island off the coast of Connaught, which is the poorest of the four provinces of Ireland. The Atlantic Ocean washes the shores of Connaught, and Onnie's home was an island in that great sea. It was not, however, a very remote island. Only a narrow channel separated it from the mainland, and this channel went nearly dry at the bottom of a low tide. At the age of five—and legs are very short at the age of five—Onnie could splash across the channel when a spring tide was at its ebb.

She Brought Out a Lobster That Had Been Lying—Secure It Thought—Under a Ledge of Rock

There was no need for her to take off her shoes and stockings, for in those days she never wore any. When the tide was high the water in the channel was fifteen feet deep and the only way of getting to the mainland was by boat.

The island was a very small one. It had two little cottages on it. One belonged to Onnie's father, whose name was Tom Dever; the other to her uncle, who was John Dever. John had nine children, and among them a Honoria, also called Onnie. This might have been confusing elsewhere, but in Connaught we have a way of getting over the difficulty of these similarities of name.

Tom's daughter was called Onnie Dever Tom, and the other girl was Onnie Dever John. It was thus that their names were entered in the register of the school they attended. And the school register is a solemn book inspected from time to time by a government official—a book in which no one would venture to perpetrate a slang phrase or indulge in a joke. It is with Onnie Dever Tom that I am now concerned.

The children of the two families, some eight or ten of them at a time, went to school on the mainland. John and Tom took turns in ferrying them across the channel. When the time came for their return they stood in a group on the opposite shore and shouted until either John or Tom put out in a boat and ferried them home.

At very high tides the boat ran aground close up to Tom Dever's house, and an active child standing in the bow could jump right into the kitchen through the doorway—could almost have jumped into bed; but tides are as high as that only in March and September. During the rest of the year there is a small patch of beach to cross, even at full tide.

When I first met Onnie she must have been fourteen or fifteen years of age. She had stopped going to school. Her education was then complete; for she had reached what is called the sixth standard, and that is as far as the Irish educational authorities think a normal child ought to go.

At that time she possessed shoes and stockings, but wore them only on Sundays when she crossed to the mainland to go to church. The rest of the week she went barefooted, which was an economy for her parents and a convenience to herself. If you live on an island that, as well as being surrounded by, is also saturated with, water, it is much better to do without shoes and stockings.

I was sailing in a small boat, and the passage between the Devers' island and the mainland offered me a short-cut home. The tide was ebbing and the wind was very light. I knew I ought not to try the passage—that there probably would not be water enough for my boat; but I allowed myself to be tempted, hoping I might creep through.

The luck was all against me. The tide swept me down to a submerged rock. I heard the ominous banging of my centerboard. I hauled it up hurriedly. My boat, deprived of her power of going to windward, drifted sideways to the shore. I made desperate efforts to push her off and failed. The tide, ebbing swiftly, left my boat high and dry. I looked up and saw Onnie standing on the shore grinning.

I had to wait until the tide rose again. I am bound to say the time passed very pleasantly. Onnie was alone on the island, except the youngest of John's children, who was a baby and lay placidly in a cradle near the fire. Onnie's father and mother, and John and his wife, had gone to our town to attend a fair. All the other children were at school. Onnie—that is, of course, Onnie Tom—had been left to take care of the island and the baby. I imagine she must have found her work dull, for she seemed really pleased to see me. She immediately offered to make tea for me.

I got the sails off my boat and followed her into the cottage. I realized almost at once that Onnie was a young woman with a future before her. She displayed a surprising efficiency in making tea. The fire was almost out when we entered the cottage. Onnie had it blazing round the kettle in a couple of minutes. She got out her mother's best cups and saucers. She cut slices of bread from a home-baked loaf, laid them flat along the palm of her hand and buttered them lavishly.

All the time she was at work she talked to me without shyness or embarrassment. Her subject was, of course, ready to hand and a tempting one—my stupidity in not getting my boat through the passage. In Onnie's opinion the thing could have been done. She explained to me with force exactly where my seamanship had been at fault.

From that we passed to the subject of boats in general and the shortcomings of my particular boat. She happened to be a vessel of which I was both proud and fond. Onnie found out what my feelings were and took the greatest pleasure in hurting them. This lasted until we had both finished tea. Then Onnie asked me whether I would like a lobster to take home with me. She said she knew of a hole in which there was generally a lobster lying.

We went out together to look for the lobster. No man of proper feelings would allow a young lady—it was as a young lady and not as a child that I had come to think of Onnie—to wade kneedeep after a fierce shellfish while he sat dry-footed on the shore. I took off my shoes and socks and followed Onnie into the middle of the channel. I hurt my feet a good deal and got very wet. Onnie gathered her single petticoat out of reach of the water, rolled up her sleeves and plunged her arms elbow-deep among the seaweed.

She brought out a lobster that had been lying—secure, it thought—under a ledge of rock. It flapped its tail furiously and made grabs in the air with its claws. Onnie held it by the middle of its back and laughed at its struggles.

I carried that lobster home with me and ate it. If I had known how great a lady Onnie was going to become afterward I should have had the lobster stuffed and put in a glass case, so as to be able to offer it as evidence of the fact that I had been on intimate terms with Miss Dever in her early youth.

The next time I saw Onnie was two years later, and she was again in pursuit of shellfish. It was a very calm summer day and I was far out in the bay in my boat. The tide was a spring tide—one of those that come in a long way and go out until one thinks the sea will disappear altogether. It was at its ebb at noon.

There is in our bay, beyond the farthest of the islands, a long reef of rocks which is well covered at half tide. It is just awash at the ebb of an ordinary tide, but emerges long and brown for a couple of hours when the spring tides have gone out their farthest. I slipped down toward this reef about noon, sailing free, with a gentle breeze on my quarter. A boat—a large, heavy black boat—lay with her bows out of the water at the end of the reef.

Among the rocks, scattered here and there, were eight or ten girls, barefooted, bareheaded and barearmed. Each of them had a tin can. They were gathering periwinkles among the pools. I could hear their voices as they shouted to each other. I bore slowly down on them and then, hauling my wind, circled round the outer side of the reef. I recognized Onnie Dever, most eager picker of all of them—busiest gathering the periwinkles; busiest at shouting jests; readiest with her laughter.

I drew past the reef and sailed away reflecting on the fate of the periwinkles. Dragged from their cool and pleasant homes they would be measured out in pints and quarts, paid for by the man who bought them with sixpences and shillings, which would go to buy ribbons for Onnie and her friends. Then, boiled and packed in huge cases, they would go to Manchester and to Warrington—to any of the group of smoke-grimed Lancashire towns where cotton is spun. There they would be piled in street barrows, with green labels stuck over them, and sold to pallid women to be eaten as a relish—picked from their shells with a pin and poised on slices of bread and margarine.

It seemed a far cry from our sunny bay to the flare-lit marketplace of Bolton on a Saturday night—a great change from the sound of the laughter of merry girls to the raucous cries of the venders. Such, I reflected, are the tricks that fate plays with us in life. As is the periwinkle so is the man—a card in a pack shuffled by a sportive destiny.

Sailing on summer seas leads naturally to facile philosophy; but, lest I should sentimentalize helplessly and lose

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PUBLIC OWNERSHIP

A Reply to Ex-Governor Stubbs

By EDWARD P. RIPLEY

President of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railway System

IT IS hardly necessary to go beyond the picture on the front cover of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST of June sixth for the best possible answer to ex-Governor Walter Roscoe Stubbs' leading article on public ownership. It portrays a shrewd-faced American farmer, of the type familiar before the days of automobiles and talking machines, sitting in his shirt sleeves and constructing a scarecrow out of his own old coat and dilapidated felt hat stuffed with straw.

The difference between the pictured farmer and ex-Governor Stubbs is that, while the former chuckles over his work, the latter takes himself seriously as he weaves his article out of such straws as he has plucked from the sheaves of Clifford Thorne; Professor Waters, of the Kansas Agricultural College; President Van Hise, of Wisconsin University; Francis J. Heney, of San Francisco, and Anthony Van Wagenen, of Iowa. Drawing from such an inexhaustible source of antirailroad publicists, it is small wonder that ex-Governor Stubbs produces a scarecrow calculated to send cold shivers down the backs of all believers in the theory of private ownership of industries in the United States

Ex-Governor Stubbs prefaces his article with a brief summary of his qualifications to write on this subject. These are, according to his own admission, that he began his study of the subject driving a mule in a grading camp, from which he graduated into the more remunerative occupation of a railroad contractor in the construction of a road involving millions. Subsequently he had an experience of six years in the state legislature, followed by four years in the governor's office, during which he found time from the engrossing and multifarious domestic affairs of Kansas "to make an exhaustive investigation of the whole transportation question."

While governor he seems to have had some unhappy experience with the railroads of Kansas, which apparently were on the other side of politics from that to which the ex-governor owed his advancement. According to his ideas it was a mortal crime for a United States Senator to recommend the appointment of a general counsel of a railroad company to the Supreme Bench, irrespective of his qualifications for the position. The same reasoning would preclude the recommendation of any fit lawyer for any judicial office, for efficient lawyers have always been on one side or the other of all great questions. The writer would have no hesitation in recommending Louis D. Brandeis to the Supreme Bench, for the country and the court have need of just such ability.

Ex-Governor Stubbs appears to have been deeply prejudiced against the railroads by the odds and ends of scandal that fly about every state capital in the Union. So far as the Santa Fé is concerned, it has been the leading railroad operating in Kansas for many years. Since its reorganization under its present management it has not directly or indirectly attempted to influence legislation by improper backdoor methods.

Its counsel and agents have appeared openly at the Capitol, urging or opposing legislation, as seemed proper to the company, as trustees for more than forty thousand stockholders, who contribute a very large share of the three million dollars in taxes paid by the railroads in Kansas. This company has exercised its right to recommend able and experienced men to the Federal bench irrespective of whether they were corporation lawyers or not, and has very generally seen its recommendations turned down.

Statistics That Will Prove Anything

EX-GOVERNOR STUBBS charges Wall Street interests with financing the railroads and dominating political policies. He must acknowledge, however, that railroads must be financed somewhere by somebody. American railroads were originally financed in London, Amsterdam and Paris. Railroad construction has to look for funds where the funds are if it wishes to get them into profitable use. It is the use of the funds, wheresoever obtained, whether by Government or by private parties, that counts. If American railroads had been financed as German railroads are, they would to-day represent a capital of over twenty-nine billion dollars, instead of a little over twenty billions.

Ex-Governor Stubbs reiterates the old cry that the railroads are governing the country. If this were true—which it is not—the railroads would be chargeable with responsibility for the most wasteful and inefficient government on earth!

As defined by ex-Governor Stubbs, Government ownership simply means "vesting the title of our railroad properties in the Government for the benefit of all the people alike."

This is very far from a comprehensive definition of Government ownership, which really means taking over a vast industry for the purpose of providing adequate, efficient and constantly improving service for the most progressive and exacting people on earth. Service is not and never has been a God-given attribute of government.

Nor is ex-Governor Stubbs any happier when he defines private ownership of the great transportation industry as meaning "the vesting of the title in a corporation and holding it in trust for the benefit of a few." Here, again, it is the service to the many—represented in the United States in 1913 by thirty-four billion passengers carried one mile and three hundred billion tons carried one mile—and not the returns on invested capital, that counts. Precisely the same persons, few or many, will draw the interest or dividends, whether the money is borrowed by the Government or by private corporations.

Next ex-Governor Stubbs trots out Clifford Thorne's nightmare that transportation in the United States costs the average family $168.50 a year, or "a quarter of its total expense." He arrives at this figure by dividing railroad revenues of $3,171,000,000 in 1913 by approximately twenty million families.

He places the average cost of living for each family at $625, and then cites President Waters, of the Kansas Agricultural College, as saying:

"Last year one-fifth of the average cost of living in the United States was due to freight and expressage, or an average of $125 for each family." This particular piece of economic claptrap has been subjected to the following *reductio ad absurdum:*

ITEM	TOTAL EXPENDED ANNUALLY	AVERAGE FOR EACH FAMILY
Transportation	$3,171,000,000	$158.50
Government—national, state and municipal	2,827,000,000	141.35
Intoxicating liquors and tobacco	3,200,000,000	160.00
Soft drinks, candy, chewing gum, tea, coffee, medicine	1,300,000,000	65.00
Amusements	500,000,000	25.00
Automobiles and carriages	400,000,000	20.00
Washing, laundry, and so on	200,000,000	10.00
Printing, including newspapers, magazines and advertising	1,000,000,000	50.00
Postage	250,000,000	12.50
Total	$12,848,000,000	$642.35

Edward P. Ripley, President of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railway System

It will be perceived that this statement, which already exhausts the cost of living of the average family, takes no account of what the average family eats or wears or pays for rent, street cars, and so on; or of the three billion dollars that, according to the American Federation of Sex Hygiene, is devoted to immoral uses. Serious economists allow forty-five per cent of average family expenditures for food alone. When we consider that our farms yield over nine billion dollars in products each year and our manufactories over twenty billions—all of which, except that exported, is consumed annually—we see how utterly absurd ex-Governor Stubbs' figures are; but the governor's reasoning is of the same character as his computations. In one breath he accuses the railroads of the United States of sacrificing everything to profit, and in the next he pillories them with all the words in his vocabulary for their wastefulness and inefficiency.

He cites James J. Hill as declaring that the railroads need one billion one hundred million dollars a year to equip them for the adequate service of the American people, and then taunts them with not being able to raise the money. He accuses the railroads of having lobbied against the Alaska Railroad Bill, though they took no hand pro or con in that controversy and though they await the result of the experiment with equanimity. He declines to compare railroad rates in the United States with those in Germany, because of the difference in the average haul and in the capacity of cars and locomotives, and cost of right of way, and so on; and then proceeds to make an invidious comparison in favor of government ownership in Germany with private ownership in Great Britain, where the average haul is not half that in Germany and the service includes collection and delivery, which it does not in Germany.

What's Sixty-five Millions Between Friends?

EX-GOVERNOR STUBBS cites Mr. Van Wagenen to show that the cost of transportation of hardware is higher in England than in Germany. The difference, as suggested above, is due to the difference in haul and in the fact that on British roads goods are collected and delivered. In Germany it costs $2.64 to haul a ton of hardware, bars, plates, and so on, from Hamburg to Berlin, 177 miles, and $6.31 to take the same grade of goods from Antwerp to Berlin, 513 miles; in the United States it costs $2 a ton to carry the same class of goods from Chicago to Indianapolis, 183 miles; $3.96 from Chicago to Memphis, 523 miles; and from Chicago to New York, 912 miles, it costs only $5.50. Compare these with the Antwerp-to-Berlin rate!

The Pittsburgh and Lake Erie Railroad is the line in this country most nearly like the Panama Railroad in its operating expenses to the mile, and the following figures are of interest:

1913	OPERATING EXPENSES TO THE MILE	PASSENGER MILES	TON MILES
Panama Railroad	$44,697	562,199	1,301,088
Pittsburgh and Lake Erie	45,028	415,265	10,336,939

This calculation shows that for about the same operating expenses to the mile the privately owned road handled about ten times the tonnage.

There is no way in which you can look at the transportation of freight in the United States as compared with Germany or any other country in the world that does not result to the advantage of the privately owned railroads of the United States.

Ex-Governor Stubbs refers to the United States postal service as a model of efficiency and economy, apparently without realizing that its efficiency is nine-tenths due to the costly expedited service the railroads tender at an annual loss of from twenty-five million to thirty million dollars. The treatment of the railroads in connection with the Parcel Post is a blot on democratic government, which cannot be and is not justified by any honest student of the situation.

The ex-governor does not hesitate to cite the declaration of Mr. Louis Brandeis that "three hundred million dollars a year could be saved to the railroads by more efficient management." Mr. Brandeis' statement was that a million a day—or three hundred and sixty-five million dollars—could be saved by the adoption of certain vague efficiency methods. But what matters a little difference of sixty-five million dollars a year between amateur railroad economists!

Evidently ex-Governor Stubbs is not aware that in 1910, the year when Mr. Brandeis made his celebrated declaration, the entire cost of the maintenance of the equipment department of the railroads—the only department

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Major Miles and the Grim Reaper

By L. B. YATES

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"These All-Fired Pernicious Gamblers Nowadays Don't Take Nobody's Word fo' Nothin'"

WITH his soft felt hat tilted back at an acute angle from his ruddy face, Major Agamemnon Miles looked the picture of contentment. A photograph of him might have been mistaken for a portrait of everlasting hope. The flush of good living was on that face, but it did not eradicate its general aspect of untoward optimism. The Major's countenance was as open as the Golden Gate, and if an occasional glint in the Major's eyes suggested worldly machinations it was immediately dispelled by the merry spark that followed. So far as the world at large was concerned, the windows of his soul were as transparent as the glasses out of which he drank his toddy.

The time was early morning. The place was the historic old Churchill Downs race track. The season was spring. The inner field had taken unto itself a glorious covering of green and the leaves on the trees were just about the size of a squirrel's ear. It was the moon of corn planting. From the fields, beyond the high board fence, was wafted the aroma of newly turned furrows. The smoky tang of the distant brush fires, where ground was being burned over for the tobacco crop, sent up sweet incense. All creation smiled benignantly; and so did Major Miles.

It is a far cry from Nature's natural jewelry to the material things that decorated the Major's person; but in the patois of the sporting world the Major's front was perfect. His somewhat rotund figure was appareled in garments eminently fitted to his years and apparent station in life. His coat was of black diagonal—the handiwork of a tailor who evidently regarded his calling as a sacred art. His waistcoat was fashioned out of a fine imported silk mixture, touched off by pinpoint cardinal dots. It was a double-breasted low-cut garment displaying a wide expanse of immaculate shirtfront; and, though its fashion had passed into the sartorial discard some twenty years before, it did not look out of place on the Major. Three pigeon-blood ruby studs embellished the Major's shirtfront. His feet were perched on the rail in front of him. The Major's shoes were made to order—that any one could tell at a glance. They incased feet that a French dancing master might have envied.

Away across the race track, where the stables were situated, trainers were preparing their charges for the early morning gallops. As the first string came through the gap leading to the main track the Major drew forth his split-second stopwatch and tested it carefully to see that it was in working order. Part of his mission in life—in fact, the greater part of it—was to sit in the grand stand during the early morning hours and time the trials of the candidates for honors. Time and again men had lied to the Major about a horse's capabilities; his watch had never made him the victim of misplaced confidence.

A long-legged chestnut colt, with a white strip in his face, came cantering down the stretch. On his back was perched a diminutive negro exercising boy, and as he came he caroled forth in high staccato:

Allers have bacon in de kitchen;
Allers have oats in de bin;
Allers have money an' plenty ob clothes—
Kase dis is de colt dat kin win.

The Major noticed the sweeping stride of the chestnut colt with approval. Nearly six months had elapsed since he had seen a horse gallop. There had been circumstances which need not be mentioned here, but which, nevertheless, had forced him into involuntary exile. To make it clear, one of the Major's subscribers had squawked. He had been a patron of the turf information bureau over which the Major presided.

The Major's enterprise had been run on the same principle as a bucket shop. Cunningly worded circulars mailed to different parts of the country had brought him a score of what he called subscribers. To the early birds the Major had tendered the worm, returning their original investments fourfold. He sowed scantily and reaped in abundance.

In an evil hour, however, the Major, intoxicated by success, had advertised a one best special. Money poured in so fast that he sat up half the night opening his mail, but the good thing stubbed his toe at the head of the stretch, finishing far back in the ruck; and a pink-eyed dry-goods clerk down at Knoxville, who had paid ten dollars for inside information, roared like a raging lion and went to the post-office authorities.

The Major had committed no crime against the form of the statutes in such cases made and provided. He was far too expert in matters of the kind for that; but secret-service men are apt to ask questions, and, besides, he had been notified by the authorities that his mail would be held up pending investigation. While they were deliberating the Major folded his tent and moved out. As he said himself, there was nothing left to win but an argument.

A discreet period having elapsed, the Major blossomed forth at Louisville and became sponsor for the National Turf Commission Company, the stock in trade of which consisted of an ornate office in a prominent public building, several packets of tickets such as are used by bookmakers, and a printed list of odds on the Kentucky Derby; in other words, the Major was backing a future book, or, to be more explicit, was quoting prices against the horses which were to compete in that classic.

As a usual thing the profits were large for the operator of such a book, because not infrequently over a hundred colts would be eligible, with perhaps only seven or eight starters in the big event. All the money bet on non-starters was, of course, profit without risk. Perhaps it is unnecessary to state that the Major did not lend his name to any of his enterprises. He was past master in the art of molding bullets, but he felt uncomfortable on the firing line.

The chestnut colt proceeded as far as the bend in the track, wheeled about and walked to the stand, where his rider pulled him up. A tall man who had been leaning against the fence passed the little wicket gate and viewed him critically.

"Ole Bill Davis," soliloquized the Major. "That colt must be Aristides. Those Nelson County fellers have bin fussin' over him mightily. Well, he's a nice colt. Jest a little too much up in th' air fo' to be a real race hoss; and he ain't got th' color. I nevah set much sto' by a washy chestnut. Bill must be goin' to work him this mawnin'. Well, we'll see what he can do."

The tall man down on the track was evidently giving instructions to the boy; and the Major's surmise proved correct, because the colt was walked up to the quarter pole and, wheeling about fifty yards behind it, bounded away.

As he flashed past the half-mile pole the Major glanced at his watch. "Fifty-five seconds." The track was slow, but a stake colt should be able to work that fast on three legs. When he reached the quarter pole again, the Major's timepiece registered one minute and fifty-seven seconds for the mile, and he replaced it in his pocket with an air of finality. There was no use timing an animal that could do no better than that.

"Those Nelson County fellers cain't spell hoss!" said the Major to himself contemptuously. "They nevah could. Why, if they was to put that colt on th' train he couldn't go fast enough to win a Derby!"

The chestnut finished the full mile and a quarter, but he was evidently distressed. He disappeared through the gateway that led to the stables, and the Major was about to center his interest on another string of horses when the owner of the colt climbed the steps and greeted him, with outstretched hand:

"Howdy, Majah? Howdy? You-all ain't joined th' railbirds, have yo'? Well, well! It's a sight fo' so' eyes to find yo' out hyuh in th' grand stand clockin' 'em! Why, Majah, I haven't seen yo' since five yeahs ago th' last deep snow! Whah have yo' bin concealin' yo'se'f?"

The Major was never behindhand in effusiveness.

"By the great horn spoon!" he exclaimed with a wondrous display of enthusiasm. "I'll be dinged if it ain't my ole an' valued friend, Cunnel Bill Davis, of Nelson County! I'm chawmed an' delighted to see yo', Bill—chawmed an' de-lighted; mo' than pleased, in fact. Yo're lookin' like a two-yeah-ole, an' I ain't seen yo' since three winters ago at New Awleans. Cunnel, yo're gettin' youngah every day of yore life."

"Hush up, Majah! Hush up!" replied the tall man graciously. "Yo' always had a line of language to throw to th' canaries. Whah-all yo' bin, yo' ole heathen?"

"I bin up, down an' all round, Cunnel," retorted the Major. "Yo' know I have large interests, but my health ain't what it used to be an' my doctah awdehed me to take a long rest. Lawd bless yo', Bill, but I was lonesome! Guess I must have visited all the waterin' places an' fool cures in Europe; but hyuh I am, home at last."

"Feeling bettah now, Majah?" inquired the tall man solicitously.

"Just tol'able, Bill—just tol'able," replied the Major in resigned tones. "I landed last night and had to come out heah this mawnin'. Yo' can't keep a Christian out of th' church, can yo', Bill?"

"Very little if any, Majah," agreed the owner with conviction. "Say, by the way, did yo' notice that chestnut colt I was workin' a few minutes ago?"

"I should say I did, Cunnel!" responded the Major, with another burst of enthusiasm. "Nice way of goin', hasn't he? An' th' picture of his daddy! He's just about as even turned as anything I've seen in yeahs an' yeahs. All he needs is a little keyin' up; but, great king! Man, there's plenty of time yet, an' he's such a big-growthy scoundrel 'twon't do to hurry him. I'd give a red apple if I owned a colt like that!"

"I ain't been doin' much with him this winter," replied the man from Nelson County. "He ain't no workhorse anyway; whatever he kin do he does in his races. Last year, when he was a two-year-ole, he could run away an' hide from Salvator."

"Just a natchel curiosity, eh?" interrogated the Major.

"He's a runnin' fool—that's what he is," replied the colt's owner solemnly. "I expect to clean up on him th' first jump out of th' box. I'm aimin' to back him pretty liberal in th' future books. Are any of them open for business that yo' know of yet, Majah?"

"The clerk in the hotel handed me a card last night, with the prices quoted," replied Major Miles, fumbling in his pockets as though industriously seeking something. "They call themselves th' National Commission Company or some such name. From what I understand they are goin' to make a leviathan book, an' th' prices are liberal. Lemme see! What did I do with that pesky card? I sure did put it in one of my pockets. Oh, yes; hyuh it is! Take it along, Cunnel—take it along. It will probably interest yo' mo' than it does me."

The tall man took the card and scanned the figures closely.

"Good price against Aristides," he ejaculated. "That looks like easy pickin', Majah. I guess I'll have to get aboa'd early an' often."

"I'll Fill That Ole Burglar So Full of Holes That His Hide Will Look Like a Sieve!"

"That's right, Bill—that's right!" replied the Major fervently. "Nothin' like playin' th' hand when yo' have th' cards; no one evah caught a whale in a mudpuddle!"

II

DURING the weeks that intervened before the running of the Kentucky Derby the National Turf Commission Company did a land-office business. At his home in a fashionable part of the city the Major received nightly visits from the sharp-faced young man who presided over the richly furnished offices downtown; and frequently hours were spent in sorting out money, answering letters and mailing tickets to patrons. All indications pointed to the fact that they had the old turf bureau beaten a mile as a medium for getting between men and their money. "The principle was just the same; the execution was different, that was all." So, at least, the Major told himself.

Aristides, however, seemed to have a host of supporters; already Colonel Davis, his owner, had contributed two hundred dollars, and the number of small bets on the Nelson County colt totaled up a goodly sum. The Major chuckled as he recorded these wagers.

"It's just like pickin' up so much money!" he confided to his assistant.

Major Miles was not different from many other men who had been allied with the sport of kings. He believed unwaveringly in his own judgment regarding the possibilities of speed when applied to the race horse, and he visited the track frequently and kept close tab on the rival candidates. There would be about ten starters and every one of them had worked better than Aristides. According to the Major's judgment the chestnut colt would not be among the first six. This money was just velvet!

It would be gilding the lily to endeavor to describe a race for the Kentucky Derby. For years it has been the one great event of the Southland on which sporting and special writers have poured out literary libations to the gods.

The story is as familiar as the way home. The youth and beauty and chivalry of Kentucky are always on hand. The governor of the state lends the official dignity of his presence to the occasion. It is a day to be marked off with red letters on the calendar of Southern saints; visitors from a distance make long pilgrimages. For weeks beforehand dressmakers and modistes are driven to distraction.

The clubhouse lawn looks like a garden filled with rare exotics; the grand stand is one seething, scintillating riot of color. There are other days, to be sure; but in point of general importance and acclaim they fade into insignificance. Far be it from me to emulate in this place the efforts of the brightest minds and most compelling geniuses of old Kentucky!

From a front-row box Major Miles and a select party held court. All things were well with him. The business done by the National Turf Commission Company had exceeded his wildest expectations; best of all, the outsiders had been accorded liberal support. During the last week Aristides had been backed for a goodly sum.

The fact that any of the first three choices might win did not in any wise perturb the Major. His book was a good one, nicely rounded up and protected; and though, of course, an outsider might preëmpt the big event, the chances were almost infinitesimal. An outsider rarely if ever won a classic. Of course the book stood to pay out a ton of money if Aristides won; but the Major never gave that a passing thought. He would not have given a picayune for that racer's chances.

When the bugle called the horses to the post for the main event ten lordly thoroughbreds filed out of the paddock in all the glory of equine excellence. From his coign of vantage the Major watched them with the tolerant smile of a dilettante. So far as he was concerned, the result would make little or no difference at all, unless the unexpected happened; but the Major had gone over the ground carefully and regarded the result as a foregone conclusion for any of the three choices. He dismissed from his mind all thought of mercenary affairs and settled down to enjoy the spectacle.

When the barrier lifted there was a flash of color as the horses sprang away over the Derby course. Passing the stand for the first time, the favorite was leading by two open lengths and apparently going easily. Behind him trailed the second and third choices. All the way up the back stretch their positions were unchanged. It seemed as though the horse chosen by the talent was about to make a runaway race of it. He would win by himself. The Major drew forth an ornate cigar case and lit a perfecto. It was all over but the shouting!

The kings of sport, however, sometimes play hob with the sport of kings. The favorite apparently held his advantage with ease until he was halfway down the home stretch. Behind him there was a general closing up; but he looked a winner all over, even to the drawgate—and then a wonderful thing happened! A chestnut colt, with a white strip in his face, worked his way through the ruck and challenged the leader.

With slow, methodical stride, he first reached his hips; then his white nose was even with the saddle girths. A few jumps farther and he had gained the leader's throat-latch. At the far end of the grand stand the favorite and the chestnut were head and head. The boy on the former was riding like a demon, frantically plying whip and spur; but the chestnut colt's rider was sitting still, crouching along his horse's neck and actually laughing.

From the grand stand came the rebel yell of Nelson County; it rose and fell and reëchoed from stentorian throats.

"Come on, you Aristides! . . . Come home, honey boy! . . . Eat him up! Oh, you Aristides! Eat him up! . . . Ride him, boy! Ride him! . . . He'll run over that favorite lookin' for a race horse! . . . Oh, you Aristides! Come on, boy! Come on home!"

And the chestnut colt, true to his owner's prediction that his real work was accomplished in racing, never altered or apparently quickened the monotony of that long, sweeping stride. His white face just nodded up and down and his ears pricked nervously to and fro as he tore the last ounce of resistance from the fighting spirit of his opponent. Twenty yards from the finish the favorite weakened—he had simply met a horse that outclassed him; he recognized his master. Aristides crossed the line a winner, with a good half-length to spare.

Up in the Major's box a red-faced gentleman was sitting as though in a trance. The glorious uncertainty of the pastime of emperors had again been demonstrated. The profits of the National Turf Commission Company, the intake, and everything else had gone a-glimmering as high as Gilderoy's kite. To make good would have exhausted his resources, and the Major was no philanthropist. He rose hastily, sought the bar, and ordered a bottle of wine. While he was drinking it the sharp-faced young man who had ostensibly presided over the destinies of the National Turf Commission Company came along.

"They sure did earthquake us, Majah! We lose over twenty thousand to the winner!" he ejaculated as he mopped his forehead with nervous fingers and scanned his mentor's face anxiously.

The Major laid a fat hand on the young man's shoulder. He lifted his glass of sparkling liquor and drained its contents to the stem.

"Bob," said he in a tone that brooked no contradiction, "th' fast east-bound express leaves in an hour. If I was yo' I think I'd be aboa'd of her when she pulls out of the depot."

III

THE real home of the race horse is located at Bardsville, in Nelson County. The kings of sport, of course, have their habitat in other parts of the Blue Grass State, but Bardsville is their chiefest and original dwelling place. If you do not think so, and are regardless of your personal well-being, just go down to the Bardsville Courthouse Square and say that Lexington or Frankfort, or even Harrodsburg, is the abiding place of the speed marvel and see what will happen to you! You will be taken in hand and duly disciplined by a special committee of the noble Order of the Sons of Rest. You cannot miss them, because from sunup to sundown they are in session. You will find them seated on the shady side of the building. As the sun moves, so do the Sons of Rest.

Court day fell two weeks after the running of Aristides' Derby. Early morning disclosed long strings of farmers' vehicles wending their way toward the county seat; and by the time the sun had begun to kiss the topmost ridges of the Kentucky hills the Courthouse Square was dotted with little groups of men, while here and there a lean foxhound or a silky-coated hunting dog proclaimed the sporting proclivities of the gathering.

Colonel Bill Davis, owner of the Derby winner, was an early riser. The day was yet young when the front door of his residence opened and he sallied forth, accompanied as usual by his setter dog, Dash.

Though the air was balmy with the benison of spring and Nature was putting forth her most strenuous efforts to beguile, there was nothing in the Colonel's countenance to denote that he was either cognizant or appreciative of these blessings. He stalked gloomily down the main thoroughfare, nodding curtly in response to the greetings that assailed him. Even his dog, seeming to take on the mien of his master, walked slowly at his heels with surly dignity.

A crowd had gathered at the steps which led to the Courthouse. In the center of the group was an undersized thoroughbred yearling. He was a dejected little animal that had evidently been neglected in his babyhood, obviously a cull from one of the larger breeding establishments. On the topmost step stood the local auctioneer. Whatever might have been his other qualifications, he was an adept in the art of selling a horse. All the cajolery, all the grandiloquent manner of speech, all the patois of persuasion and all the readiness of retort, so necessary in this particular line of Kentucky endeavor, were his; and he knew it.

"Hyuh he is, gentlemen! Hyuh he is!" he commenced. "A yeahlin' blooded hoss by Alarm, out of Calamity Jane; she by Riot, dam Wait-a-While; his great granny was By-and-By, out of that grand old mare Procrastination; her dam was Idleness, and she was out of Slumber by Morpheus, a son of The Dreamer. Thah's a pedigree fo' yo'! Thah ain't no bettah breedin' between th' green grass an' th' blue sky. Look out, thah! He's a high-strung baby, an' he's feelin' peart this mawnin'! He's liable to lash out an' hurt somebody. Turn him round, boy! Hol' his head up an' keep his heels from th' crowd. Just jog him up and down, so as folks kin see him. Lord! Lord! He's got action enough fo' two hosses."

The auctioneer paused a moment, scanning the audience with swift appreciation, and again resumed.

"If Cunnel Malone is about hyuh—if Cunnel Jim Malone is present—would he kindly oblige me by steppin' forward an' examinin' this young race hoss? . . . Thank yo', suh. Now my friends, we'll have expert testimony."

A stoop-shouldered man came to the front and approached the object under discussion. He passed his fingers down the tendons of the little colt's legs; waved a hand before

"Tell Him That Colonel Bill Davis is Down Hyuh and Must See Him on a Mattah of Impo'tance"

each eye as a test for blindness; peered into his mouth; felt of his jowls; pinched him over the loins; lifted each foot and examined the conformation thereof; viewed him before, behind, up, down and all round. His whole air betokened a man who had assumed an undertaking of ponderous gravity—one that needed circumspection and more than ordinary skill. Having completed the ceremony he stepped back and said:

"I'll stake my reputation against a raw turnip, gentlemen, that this colt is as sound as the Bardsville National Bank. He's bred in the purple. His ownah nevah had nothin' on his place that wasn't th' ole blue-hen breed. He's got to be straight an' right! He couldn't help bein' a race hoss, unless yo' was to cut his legs off. He's bound to make history some day. They don't grow his kind every minute. I cain't say when I saw a bettah one. He's all hoss—every inch of him!"

As he ceased speaking the strident tones of the auctioneer again rang out:

"Thah now! What did I tell you-all? Yo' have Cunnel Malone's word fo' it Cunnel Jim Malone, who raised Innocence an' Modesty—th' owner of Hysterics—th' man who laid 'em to th' land with such superb performers as Furbelow an' Flounce an' Brocade! Yo' have his word fo' it! An' Jim Malone wouldn't know a lie if it put both arms round his neck and kissed him!

"It's hard to credit it, my friends—yo'll sca'cely believe it; but I'm agoin' to offah this young race hoss fo' sale to the highest biddah'. He's the royal son of a regal house. Through his veins courses th' blood of princes, and I'm agoin' to ask fo' bids on him at public auction. Just think of it! A lineal descendant of kings an' emperors lookin' fo' th' high dollah on th' Courthouse Square of our town! . . . Staht him, somebody!

"Don't do nothin' yo'll be sorry fo'. I ain't a-tryin' to sell yo' fo' bits fo' twenty dollahs. He's as sound as a Krupp gun. Look him ovah! Ain't he ribbed up like an armored cruiser? When he gits his growth he'll be strong enough to pull a plow. Look him ovah! If he ain't forked like a jack rabbit I'll eat him! . . . Staht him, somebody."

There was a confused murmur from the crowd, but no prospective bidder responded. A lanky farmer, turning to a companion, pointed at the little colt's legs and whispered behind his hand. The man on the steps was quick to take advantage of the occasion.

"What's that yo' say, suh? . . . He has too much whitewash on his laigs? Don't yo' know, my deah friend, that Salvator, the fastes' hoss that evah looked through a bridle, had fo' white stockin's an' a blaze? Have yo' so far forgotten th' history of yore own state as not to be awah that th' immortal Lexington was marked with th' same indications of speed? . . . But hyuh he is, gentlemen! Hyuh he is—as sound as the day he was foaled; as good as a milled dollah; as handy as a pet monkey! Look him ovah! A colt with a head like that is bound to be as docile as Mary's little lamb. It's a sack of flour to a doughnut that an infant in arms could handle him with a silk thread.

"Opportunity is knockin' at yore door! Won't anybody ask her to come in an' set awhile? Staht him, somebody! . . . What's that? Did I heah somebody say five hundred? . . . Well, then make it fo'. . . . No brother or no sistah! . . . Well, have it yore own way, then. . . . Staht him at two. Price won't cut no figgah when he gits his golden slippers on! Gimme two? . . . I'm in th' amen corner; but gimme two—two—two—two—two—two!

"There's ten thousand million feet of ozone layin' round loose. Somebody grab a handful of it and say two! If yo've lost yore voice yore fingers ain't cut off. Hold 'em up! This ain't no deaf-and-dumb convention. . . . Well, one then! One hundred dollahs! An emperor bein' sold fo' a song! . . . Fifty, then? Won't nobody lift their voice in supplication? Fifty—that's what I said! Say something, somebody! He ain't got a pimple on him; if he has I'll gamble it's so far from his heart it won't hurt him. I'm selling him fo' th' price of hawg meat. Somebody is goin' to steal a race hoss this mawnin'. Staht him!"

The orator paused, lifted his slouch hat, and mopped a perspiring face. He scanned the faces of the crowd below him. Years of experience told him he had not struck a responsive chord. He waved a fat hand with a deprecatory gesture. He had exhausted the ritual as prescribed by Kentucky ethics.

"I'm done talkin', my friends. I'm done talkin'!" he concluded with an air and tone of supreme disappointment. "A public benefactor nowadays don't call fo' nothin'; but I never did think I'd see th' day when Bardsville, the Athens of th' South—and, fo' that matter, th' capital of th' whole world—would so completely fail on a question involvin' erudition an' supreme judgment! I'm done talkin'! Take him away, boy."

Colonel Bill Davis stood on the outskirts of the crowd with his hands thrust deep in his capacious pockets. The winning of the Derby had added fresh consequence to his

For an Individual Who Was Under the Physician's Care, the Major Donned His Apparel With Extraordinary Vigor and Haste

standing in the community, but there was a rift in the lute. Up to date, Colonel Davis had not received the amount due him from the National Turf Commission Company. He had written them at the old address of their offices. Moreover, he had telegraphed. The latter was reported not delivered; the former was returned unopened. Colonel Davis was ready for the warpath. In all the years of his life he had been a law unto himself. There were four notches on his guns. Wherever he was known, men in their dealings with him followed the line of least resistance.

"Got any word yet, Colonel, from those Louisville fellows you bet with?" inquired Captain Borey Tank, Bardsville's official gossip. "If you haven't I might be able to put you in the way of gettin' it—because a niece of my wife happened to be their stenographer."

"That wouldn't do me any good now, Borey," retorted the owner of Aristides. "Th' stable's empty. From all th' information I can gather I learn that the scoundrel who was runnin' th' book took the first train East on th' evenin' of th' race. My only chance would be to round him up when I go East."

"Th' reason I spoke, Bill," retorted Captain Tank with the mysterious air of one bearing important testimony, "is because, as I understand it, our ole friend Majah Miles was the real backer of the book. It ain't the first time he has been connected with shady transactions, though he has always been clevah enough to cover his tracks. My niece tells me he often visited the office evenin's, and when he didn't the mail and money was carried up to his house. I wouldn't tell you this, only I had it first-hand on the best authority. You better investigate!"

The owner of Aristides eyed the speaker intently. His whole countenance was a study. It expressed indignation, surprise and dawning belief.

"What's that yo' say? Yo' don't mean to tell me I was tossed in the air by th' Majah! That infernal old scoundrel! Why, he was the one who advised me to place my money with those rascally pirates! Are yo' quite sure, Borey?"

"As sure as that rain falls downward," reiterated Captain Tank with emphasis.

Colonel Bill Davis straightened up. His bearing denoted finality and intended action.

"Do yo' know what I'll do?" he exclaimed, and it seemed as though he spat out the words between his teeth. "Do yo' know what I'll do? I'll just git abou'd th' evenin' train an' go up to Louisville! I'll fill that ole burglar so full of holes that his hide will look like a sieve! He won't git away with nothin' from me! Put that down, Captain!"

Tank was a swift-footed Mercury when it came to carrying the tidings. He stumped over to the headquarters of the Sons of Rest as fast as a stiff knee would permit, his whole being surcharged with the importance of one who has inside information of an impending tragedy.

"Goin' to be some hell to pay up to Louisville to-night!" he blustered. "Thah sure'll be hell a-poppin'! Colonel Bill Davis has gone to pour some sand down his guns."

Even as one man the committee sat up and took notice. Borey Tank unwound the tidings with unction. He subtracted nothing therefrom, but rather added an artistic touch or two as he went along. Before the town bell announced the noon hour the obsequies of Major Agamemnon Miles had been pronounced Colonel Bill Davis always got his man It was recalled that on the occasion of the last misunderstanding he had disposed of two citizens in a free-for-all fracas. The Major was as good as dead. It only remained to select a suitable spot where all that was mortal of him should be finally interred.

IV

WHEN the evening train pulled into the station at Louisville Colonel Bill Davis stepped from the rear coach and, proceeding to the news stand, procured the city directory. The Colonel's coat was buttoned up closely and underneath it, suspended from his shoulders, was a leather harness that terminated in two holsters. In those receptacles reposed the pistols with the four notches on them. At the saloon on the corner he disposed of half a tumblerful of whisky, and then set out on his errand of reprisal.

Major Miles' house stood behind a formal lawn in the best of the residence districts. Colonel Bill Davis grunted morosely as he surveyed the surroundings. "Pretty easy when a feller connects with other people's money! Pretty easy for these highbinders!" he exclaimed as he climbed the immaculately scrubbed steps and pulled the bell violently. The door was opened by a little negro maid.

"Majah Miles at home?" queried the owner of Aristides.

"I'll go and see, suh. Who shall I say called?"

"Tell him that Colonel Bill Davis is down hyuh and must see him on a mattah of impo'tance."

The door closed and the man from Nelson County shifted uneasily from foot to foot as he waited. "I was a pesky fool that I didn't fo'ce my way right in," he soliloquized. "That ol' fox will about slip out the back do' an' leave me standin' hyuh." He waited irresolutely for several moments and had arrived at the conclusion that he was correct in his surmise when the door opened and the little maid appeared.

"Th' Majah is home, Colonel; but he's sick in baid. He's done retired fo' th' night. He 'lows as he'll have to trouble you to come upstairs to his room. Won't yo' step inside?"

(Continued on Page 36)

THE FAKERS

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

XXXII

HICKS had spent so much of his holiday in New York that he had only a day left for Washington, and he was much disappointed not to find Senator Paxton there. Madden told Hicks that things were in good shape, and asked him about his prospective senatorship.

"It all depends on how long Filkins lives," Hicks told him. "I'll get it if he dies when the legislature isn't in session."

"He's hanging on like a puppy to a root," observed Madden. "How those old chaps do hate to give up office—or life, which to a good many of them is synonymous with office. Is this generally known?"

"Oh, no," said Hicks in alarm. "Only a very few people know it. You must regard what I have told you as confidential."

"All right," Madden replied; "I'll say nothing about it. Far be it from me to do anything, by word or deed, that might prevent such an addition to the Senate as yourself. Things are getting pretty dull round here."

"Well," Hicks said complacently, "I'll stir them up when I get in. Good-by, Madden. Next time I see you I'll be a senator."

"Good-by, Hicks. Good luck!" As Hicks went out Madden lighted a cigar, puffed at it for a moment, then, taking it from his mouth and regarding the lighted end intently, "Well, I'll be damned!" he remarked.

Hicks had himself interviewed about Democratic prospects when he returned to Rextown. He expressed the matured opinion, based on his observations in the East and his consultations with the great leaders of both parties, that the recent Democratic victories were but the forerunners of a tidal wave that would sweep his party into power in the Nation.

He saw little of Rollins, although he made it a point to seek Rollins out and confer with him whenever possible. Hicks felt that something had come between himself and Rollins, but he could not find out what. Rollins was always polite and affable, but he seemed to have lost interest in Hicks. Hicks wondered if Rollins had learned of his action at the Democratic State Convention. He questioned McGinnis closely; but McGinnis stoutly held to his assertion that he had not breathed a word to any one, and Hicks knew Dawson had not told.

There was a great Democratic jubilation at the state capital the night before the inauguration of Governor Dawson. Hicks insisted on speaking and did speak, sonorously and eloquently. He did not fail to take his full share of credit for the "glorious result at the polls to be consummated on the morrow." He was closest to Governor Dawson when that statesman made his inaugural speech and stood as near as possible to him at the reception that followed. He sought the political writers and bored them with his views of the situation, state and national, in the hope that something of what he said would be printed, something containing his name. He stayed at the capital for ten days, and was of considerable assistance to Dawson through his knowledge of the politics in the Rextown district. Hicks was a rather adroit politician, and he had strength among the workingmen and the farmers. He urged the appointment of three of his lieutenants for good places, secured a clerkship in the legislature, and invariably wired to the appointees and the Rextown Chronicle, telling of his part in what had been done by Dawson. He was affable and it was impossible to rebuff him, and Dawson gradually grew to have a kindlier opinion of him, especially as Hicks was amenable to any suggestion and would do anything he thought would advance him in the regard of the governor. Dawson sent him on one or two minor missions and in each case Hicks brought back what was required.

He wrote to Mrs. Lester, after he had returned to Rextown and had resumed his law practice, and received a cordial but rather impersonal reply. She waited a fortnight before answering. The letter came from Washington. Mrs. Lester said she had returned there for the winter. Hicks tried again, and again received a chatty letter, with kind inquiries about himself and his health but nothing more.

Senator Filkins was in a sanitarium in the East. There was an occasional paragraph in the papers about him. He was an old man, and though the papers did not say so the inference in these dispatches was that his physical breakdown was complete and that he would not recover. Mrs Lester saw the dispatches, and after the third one wrote a longer letter to Hicks and became somewhat less reserved. Hicks in replying to this note gushed a little.

He Went to a Photograph Gallery and Posed Twenty Different Ways

She read this letter from Hicks in her room at Mrs. Lake's, smiled, laid it aside and took up the newspaper. At the top of the second column on the first page she saw this item:

SENATOR FILKINS FAILING

AGED STATESMAN IS GRADUALLY LOSING STRENGTH AND THE WORST IS FEARED

Greeleysburg, February 15—United States Senator Henry M. Filkins, who has been at a sanitarium in this village for several months, is gradually losing strength. He is suffering from a complication of diseases and because of his age is not expected to recover. The attending physicians say his remarkable vitality may keep him alive for several weeks, or he may die within a few days. Everything possible is being done for the senator, who is in a comatose condition most of the time, but there is no expectation of his recovery. The members of his family are here.

An editorial note that followed the dispatch said:

Senator Filkins is seventy-five years old and has not been active for a year. His term will expire on the fourth of March next year. The legislature in his state is now in session, and a successor will be elected in case the senator dies before the legislature adjourns. If he does not die until after adjournment the appointment of his successor will rest with Governor Dawson, who is a Democrat, and will undoubtedly appoint a Democrat to fill the unexpired term until such time as the legislature shall elect. Thus far no candidates for the Filkins seat have publicly appeared.

Mrs. Lester read and reread that dispatch and the paragraph that followed it. Apparently Hicks had not misstated the case, so far as the illness of the senator and his probable death were concerned, and he was correct as to the subsequent details. So interesting did she find her thoughts that she neglected her usual morning processes of rejuvenation, and sat on in her kimono, considering every aspect of the situation frankly and exhaustively.

"I am thirty-six years old," she thought, "and the fight to appear and act younger is extremely laborious as well as expensive, and will become more so as time goes on. My income is not large, and my ambition is. I have had some opportunities to marry, but have not married because none of the men who offered to marry me had the requisite fortune or position. I think I can marry Hicks if I choose, and though he may not be rich he probably has some money, and he will give me a good position here as his wife when he becomes a United States senator. I shall have the social opportunities I crave, and I can do what I please with him. I have no real regard for him, but I want position, and he can furnish that. Hicks is a faker, but so am I, and I am more skillful at it than he is. With my capabilities and his position I can do what I please in official society here, once I get started; and the remaking of Hicks to rid him of some of his grosser faults can come later. It stands to reason that he has a certain amount of ability or he would not have progressed so far. If he is sure of that appointment I might marry him, on the chance that he can be elected afterward, and even if he is not I shall always be Mrs. Senator Hicks, and that is better than being Mrs. Alys Lester."

Senator Filkins would die; that was certain. But would he die before the legislature adjourned and so deprive Governor Dawson of the opportunity to name his successor? The whole situation devolved on that. Mrs. Lester had a Congressional Directory, which she was accustomed to study in order to familiarize herself with the details of Senate and House organizations, so that she might talk intelligently about those things to the statesmen she happened to meet. She looked in that and found that Senator Filkins was chairman of the Judiciary Committee. After she had completed her toilet she went downstairs to the telephone and called the Capitol.

"Main 3120, please," she said.

"Capitol," answered the girl at the Capitol switchboard after a time.

"Give me the Senate Committee on Judiciary, please. Hello. . . . Is this the Committee on Judiciary? . . . This is Mrs. Lester, an old friend of the family of Senator Filkins. I have read the dispatch in the paper this morning and am greatly concerned. Can you tell me if it is true the senator is in imminent peril of death?"

"Just a moment, please," said a voice at the other end of the line. "I'll call the senator's secretary."

Mrs. Lester repeated her inquiry when the secretary came.

"Why, no," he replied, "that is not our understanding. It is true the senator is ill and is gradually sinking, but we had a dispatch from his doctors this morning saying there has been no change for the worse and that he will undoubtedly live for some weeks, perhaps months, yet unless something unforeseen happens. His heart action is still good and his vitality amazing."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Lester sweetly.

She returned to her room. The chances were the senator might live for a time, and she remembered that Hicks had told her the session of the legislature expired by limitation in March. Everything, therefore, depended on the truth of what Hicks had said about his promise from Dawson. She debated the question and decided Hicks would not lie about it—to her, at least. To make sure she drew Hammerton, a Western representative who lived not far from Yorkville, into a conversation after dinner that night.

"I see that new governor, Dawson, is making a great stir with reform measures," she said.

"Yes," Hammerton answered, "he is pushing about every issue we have at present."

"How did he happen to win? Isn't that a Republican state?"

"Normally; but these are abnormal times."

"Is Dawson a good man?"

"Fairly so, but not so good as the man he defeated for the nomination—Mulford."

"If he wasn't the best man, how did he happen to be nominated?" she asked. "Don't they always nominate the best man?" she continued innocently.

"Almost never," laughed Hammerton. "I happened to be in Yorkville when that convention was held, and I dropped in on the last day. Dawson was nominated after a lot of ballots because the Rextown outfit quit Mulford at the critical time and came over to him. Some deal, I reckon."

"Oh," she said sympathetically, "Poor Mr. Mulford!"

Convinced now that Hicks had told the truth, she went early to her room, and after preparing for the night gave herself up to a study of the Hicks problem.

Obviously her plan of action was to secure Hicks as soon as he was appointed, and before he reached Washington, for she knew that once there he would be so elated with his new honors that she might have difficulty in netting him. Therefore her place was in Rextown, on the spot, so that

he might have no chance to escape. She was now fully determined to marry him, and what she needed for the conduct of her campaign was a reasonable excuse for her appearance in Rextown.

She might pretend she had relatives there, but she hadn't, and Hicks would ask who they were. She wondered if there were a famous doctor there whom she might consult, but she dismissed that idea as too flimsy. She then considered the plan of going to Chicago to consult her attorneys, finding there was to be several weeks delay, and dropping in to Rextown for a time, instead of remaining in Chicago, which she loathed, or could loathe for her purposes, to look at that paragon of cities of which she had heard so much from Hicks. That plan also she realized was unpractical, because Hicks would naturally be curious about the details of her law business, and there was no law business, nor had she time to stop to invent details. She pondered various other schemes, and finally the right one came to her.

"That's it," she said. "That will do the business." Without further delay she went to her desk and wrote:

My dear Mr. Hicks: I hope it will not bore you if I ask your advice, which I value highly, on a matter of some importance to me.

Quite recently a number of my investments have matured, and I find myself with a considerable sum of ready money on hand. There is so much business disturbance at present that several friends have advised me to invest this money in first-class farm mortgages, saying that sort of security will be best for a time for my needs. I recall what you have so frequently told me of the prosperous farming country round your city, and I wondered whether perchance you could tell me if there are advantageous opportunities there for the investment of money on good farm mortgages. My friends tell me that the rate of interest on Western farm lands is quite high, and I am tempted to look into the matter closely.

I know this is an imposition on the time of a busy man, but if you can spare a moment to inform me whether you consider this form of investment safe and profitable and whether there are any opportunities for such investment in your vicinity, I shall be deeply grateful. The sum available is of considerable magnitude, and I, of course, want to invest it as soon as possible, and at as remunerative a rate of interest as is consistent with entire security.

May I expect to hear from you soon? I trust you are in your usual buoyant health and that your business and political affairs are flourishing. I am looking forward to the pleasure of welcoming you here as a senator. Shall I soon have the opportunity? Faithfully,

ALYS DE MOUNTFORT LESTER.

"There," she said as she addressed and sealed the envelope, "that will secure an invitation for me to visit Rextown and investigate farm loans in person, or I have mistaken my Marmaduke."

XXXIII

HICKS read Mrs. Lester's letter twice.

"By George!" he said; "she has more money than I thought she had. 'The sum is of considerable magnitude,' he quoted. I wonder how much? Forty or fifty thousand dollars probably. Maybe more, for she must be pretty rich, judging from the way she dresses and the people she knows. If I get that senatorship I surely must marry her. She'd make a great senator's wife. Also she'd make a pretty fair sort of a non-senator's wife, with all that money and her beauty and cleverness. I wish I could see her and talk it over. I wish ——"

He stopped and looked at the letter he held in his hand. "Why not?" he asked. "Why not ask her to come out here and look at the farm lands herself? She's got nothing else to do, and then I can find out just what she's worth, and she'll never know I asked her to come for any other reason than to protect her interests. It's worth trying. I'll do it, I'll be darned if I don't!"

Hicks reached out his hand to press the button that called his stenographer. Then he drew his hand back. "No," he said, "I'll write to her myself." He wrote:

My dear Mrs. Lester: Busy as I may be I am never too busy to be of service to you, and I feel highly honored by the confidence you have reposed in me in asking me the questions you do in your letter of recent date.

I know of no place in this country where farm mortgages are so desirable an investment as in Corliss and the adjoining counties. The land is rich and productive, the rate of interest is eight per cent, and in case you decide to invest here there would be no commissions to pay, of course, for my services will be at your disposal in arranging the details of the loans.

However, a matter of this kind can best be talked over face to face, and I would not allow you to invest a dollar without first making a critical examination yourself of the property the mortgages would cover. Of course it is not businesslike to have large sums of money lying idle in bank, so why wouldn't it be a good plan for you to run out to Rextown, consult with me about the plan, look at such properties as I may know about, and get a change of air at the same time? It is delightful here now—no snow, and fresh, pure air that has a tang and a tonic. I am sure I can make your stay agreeable.

Shall I expect you, and when? My own affairs are prospering, and politically there is every evidence that I soon shall have my senatorial ambition gratified.

Very sincerely yours,

T. MARMADUKE HICKS.

"Unless I miss my guess," said Hicks as he stamped the envelope, "that letter will land Mrs. Lester in Rextown within two weeks, where I can find out about this fortune of hers, and secure a husband's dower rights in it if that seems advantageous."

Mrs. Lester thanked Hicks effusively in her reply, said she thought a visit to Rextown would facilitate matters, asked Hicks if he would secure a room for her at the leading hotel on receipt of a wire from her that she had started.

Three weeks later Hicks received a telegram from her which read: "Shall arrive on Thursday afternoon four-forty-seven."

Hicks had decided he could not allow her to go to the Hotel Metropolis, and had arranged with Mrs. Hungerford to give Mrs. Lester the best available room at his boarding house. He told Mrs. Hungerford that Mrs. Lester was a very rich friend of his, a widow, who was seeking investment in farm mortgages, and that he wanted Mrs. Hungerford to be extremely nice to her. He dilated at such length on her social position and her beauty that the whole feminine contingent at Mrs. Hungerford's, which had learned of Mrs. Lester's approaching visit, was in state of intense excitement on the day of her arrival.

Hicks dressed in his best and met the train. Mrs. Lester stepped out of the Pullman car, clad in a smart black tailored dress and a saucy little hat, and greeted Hicks with polite cordiality. She looked more beautiful than ever to Hicks, who hastened to meet her with outstretched hands and many exclamations of delight.

"Will you attend to my trunks?" she asked, offering Hicks several trunk checks.

Hicks hurried away to the transfer man. "Gee!" he thought, as he gave that official seven checks; "she has brought a few of her clothes with her, I should say!"

As a matter of fact Mrs. Lester had brought with her all the clothes she possessed, for she did not intend to leave Rextown hurriedly. She was there for quite a visit, a longer visit than Hicks imagined.

"I have taken the liberty of securing you a room at my boarding house," he told her. "Mrs. Hungerford conducts a most quiet and refined house, and I thought it would be better for you to stay there in a home atmosphere than at the noisy Hotel Metropolis. Our hotels out here, you know, are not quite in the New York class. And besides," he added, with what he considered a most engaging smile, "I can see you oftener then."

"At your boarding house!" exclaimed Mrs. Lester in pretty dismay. "Why, Mr. Hicks, I had expected to stay at a hotel. Are you sure it will be quite convenient?"

"Oh, entirely, my dear Mrs. Lester. You will find Mrs. Hungerford a most charming lady, and she will give you every attention."

When they arrived at the boarding house Mrs. Lester met Mrs. Hungerford and some of the other boarders, but excused herself almost immediately, saying she was very tired. She did not come down to supper that night, pleading a travel headache, and made no appearance until noon the next day, when she was completely refreshed and had repaired the ravages of her journey.

Hicks called for her that afternoon and drove her about Rextown. She said she wanted to see the city before she talked of business, and Hicks was in no hurry. For several days more she kept business in the background, and during this time had long talks with Hicks and astonished the boarders at Mrs. Hungerford's with her various accomplishments and the recital of her eminent social intimacies. It was not long before she had that household at her feet. Hicks displayed her on the streets as much as he could. The local papers dwelt at length on her beauty and her social standing, and the women society reporters printed her picture, together with glowing descriptions of her gowns. Mrs. Lester loved it. She was getting more attention than she ever had had in her life.

Each day she put off Hicks, who really knew of some advantageous mortgages that might be secured, and told him she was so glad to be away from the artificialities of society and among real people that she would defer business for the enjoyment of this novel experience. Hicks was willing. He was constantly in her company. He and Mrs. Lester were invited to several houses, where she made a sensation with her clothes and her conversation. Hicks was very proud and happy, and as the days passed grew more and more determined not to let her get away without a promise from her that she would marry him. She on her side was equally determined to make the promise, provided the senatorship materialized.

Filkins lived on. Mrs. Lester took a short trip to Chicago to see some Lake Shore Drive families, she said. Hicks spent the days of her absence in a state of nervous

"I Will Take You to the White House if You Will Marry Me"

fear that she would not return, in spite of the fact that she had left six trunks in the boarding house.

The legislature adjourned. Hicks and Mrs. Lester had inspected several farms and had talked of mortgages tentatively. She was in no hurry. She said she was having a most delightful experience, and Hicks was anxious to have her stay.

Her manner toward Hicks changed slightly; and her actions on several occasions led Hicks to hope that he had gained her affections. He talked unceasingly of his prospects and eagerly watched for news from the bedside of Senator Filkins.

On the last day of March Governor Dawson's secretary handed the governor a telegram, announcing the death of Senator Filkins.

"Did you read it?" asked the governor.

"Yes."

"Filkins is dead."

"Yes."

"And as our new primary law does not go into effect until June first it is my duty to appoint his successor to serve until there is an election."

"Yes."

"Well, make out a commission for T. Marmaduke Hicks, of Rextown."

"What?" shouted the secretary. "T. Marmaduke Hicks! Why, governor, you can't be serious! Surely there are better men than Hicks for the place."

"That may be so," said Dawson, "but I have made up my mind to name Hicks."

"Governor, wait a minute. Don't be in a hurry. Talk it over with some of your friends. This man Hicks has no particular claim on you."

"No," said Dawson, "I shall not wait. If I wait I won't do it, and I've got to. I have passed my word to him. Besides"—as if seeking to excuse himself—"it isn't for long and he can never win in the primaries, for Mulford, and probably Rollins and some others will be sure to run."

"Do think it over a little longer," pleaded his secretary. "Why, governor, this is the most important appointment you have had to make. Put off your decision at any rate until to-morrow."

"No," Dawson replied, "it will be easier to do it now than to-morrow, and I've got to do it. I passed my word and I've got to keep it, even with Hicks."

With his own hand Dawson wrote this telegram:

YORKVILLE, March 31.

T. MARMADUKE HICKS,
Rextown.

I have this day appointed you United States senator to succeed the late Henry M. Filkins until such time as the legislature shall elect. Your credentials will follow by mail.

PETER R. DAWSON, Governor.

Just as he handed the telegram to his personal messenger and told him to file it at once, Smathers, the capitol man of the Yorkville Sun, hurried into the office, brushing aside the man at the door.

"Governor," he said, "the office just telephoned that Senator Filkins is dead."

"So I am informed."

"And you will appoint a successor to act until the legislature meets?"

"Yes."

"Have you anybody in mind?"

"I have already appointed T. Marmaduke Hicks, of Rextown."

"What?" shouted Smathers. "Hicks? Do you mean that wind-jamming faker who poses as the friend of the people?"

"I mean T. Marmaduke Hicks, of Rextown, who is already apprised of his selection."

"Well, I'll be damned!" exclaimed Smathers. "Why?"

"I have reasons of my own," said Dawson. "Mr. Hicks has been a valiant and uncompromising Democrat for many years. He has remained faithful to the party in times of stress and storm. He is young, brilliant, strong with the masses, and will serve his state and his party well."

"Sure!" said Smathers, who was looking at the governor in undisguised amazement; "and serve himself well too. You'll get merry hell for this, governor."

"Well," the governor replied, "it's done. Go easy as you can, Smathers. I had to do it. Politics is politics, and that explains many things."

XXXIV

THE afternoon papers in Rextown put out extras announcing the death of Senator Filkins. Hicks read the dispatch, and was writing a telegram to Governor Dawson, when a boy came in and handed him the governor's message.

The hot blood mounted to Hicks' face as he read it and his hand trembled. There it was, undoubtedly official. Dawson had redeemed his pledge. He, T. Marmaduke Hicks, was a senator of the United States. His first thought was: "How will this affect Alys?" For Hicks had long since ceased calling Mrs. Lester anything but Alys—to himself.

Hicks Dressed in His Best and Met the Train

He saw visions of that incomparable woman as Mrs. Senator Hicks, lording it over society in Washington while he led the Senate on to great achievements for the people. He had no doubt she would be glad to marry him now. And he decided to ask her at once.

The telephone bell rang. The afternoon papers had dispatches from Yorkville saying Hicks had been appointed, and they wanted to know if the statement was official. Hicks assured them it was.

The reporters came and he talked to them of his new responsibilities and of what he intended to do at Washington. He told how his strong hand would at once be placed on the helm of government, and the ship of state steered safely through the storms that were threatening at the present time.

The papers put out second extras, and printed every word Hicks had said, with his picture and sketches of his life. He held a reception in his office, received congratulations complacently and told all visitors how many reforms would now be brought about when he, T. Marmaduke Hicks, was a senator of the United States. He felt it his duty to leave for Washington at once, he said, as Filkins' seat had long been vacant because of his illness.

Just as he was preparing to go home—he waited until the six o'clock crowds would be on the streets so that he might make a triumphal progress—Rollins entered.

"My dear old friend," gushed Hicks, "I have been looking for you to come. With your congratulations my happiness will be complete."

"You'll get no congratulations from me, Hicks," said Rollins coldly. "I did not come to congratulate you. I came to notify you that I have suspected ever since last September that you were a traitor to Mulford and to me at the convention, and now I know it. This appointment is the price of your treachery. I didn't think Peter Dawson would stoop to so despicable a thing as this. You betrayed me, Hicks, and you betrayed Mulford. This is your thirty pieces of silver."

"Why, Rollins!" Hicks exclaimed. "What has come over you? You are joking!"

"I am not joking. I never was more earnest in my life."

Hicks turned on Rollins. His face was red. His voice was harsh. "Rollins," he said, "you can't come here and talk to me in this way, and you can't frighten me with your cheap threats. More than that, Rollins, from this minute I am the leader of the Democrats in this county, and I shall soon be the leader of the Democrats in the state. I am a United States senator, remember that. I have the power, and I shall use it too."

Rollins looked calmly at Hicks for a moment.

"I am not the sort to indulge in heroics, Hicks," he said, "and I haven't anything more to say. You were a traitor. You have just been paid. I intend to prove it. And when I have proved it I'll drive you out of the state. Remember that." Then, turning on his heel, Rollins left the office.

Hicks was excited. He waited for ten minutes to collect himself, and then made his appearance on the streets. Men rushed to shake hands with him. People pointed him out as the new senator. He passed graciously along to the boarding house, and there was received with wild acclaim. Mrs. Lester, he observed, was not in the parlor.

Later she came in marvelously gowned. She greeted Hicks with pretty sincerity, and said she had no doubt he would make a great senator. Hicks acknowledged her congratulations radiantly and together they went in to dinner.

He paraded about the city that night, offering himself for congratulations wherever he found anybody to congratulate him. He visited the office of the Chronicle, and added some complimentary phrases to that paper's editorial estimate of his capacities for the senatorship, revising the glowing sketch of his life and achievements.

When he returned to Mrs. Hungerford's it was midnight, but a light was still burning in the parlor. He entered, hung his hat in the hall, and looked in as he passed the parlor door. Mrs. Lester was there. His heart bounded as he realized that she must be waiting for him. He looked again, and stood enraptured by the picture. She seemed lost in thought. Her elaborately coiffured head rested gracefully on a graceful hand. Apparently she had not heard him. Certainly she was the one woman to be the wife of United States Senator T. Marmaduke Hicks.

He went toward her, his arms stretched out, and with all the fervor that he used when pleading the cause of the people he cried:

"Alys! Alys!"

She started and looked up at him, her face covered with blushes. "Why, Marmaduke, how you startled me!"

Marmaduke! It was the first time she had called him that. Made bold by her words, he dropped to his knees by her chair and took her hand in both of his.

"Alys!" he said, trying to get a throb into his voice, "Alys, my queen, for months I have worshiped you, adored you. Now at last I can come to you with a position worthy of you. Now I can offer you a place among the elect of the nation. I can take you to Washington and establish you in the high position that you are so well fitted to fill. I shall win in the primaries. I shall be one of the great statesmen of the nation. The whole boundless future is ours. Together, hand in hand, we can climb to lofty pinnacles. I will take you to the White House and I will make you the first lady of the land if you will marry me."

He paused, overcome by the emotion of his own performance. During his plea Mrs. Lester had remained sitting, looking down at him, as tender a smile as she could manage on her lips, but a cold hard light in her eyes.

"Marmaduke," she said softly, "I have admired you and I have learned to love you. I shall be glad to return to Washington with you."

"Then you will marry me?"

"Yes, I will marry you," she answered, and bending over she kissed him full on the lips.

They talked for a long time, making plans. Hicks was for an immediate wedding, and she consented hesitatingly, for she said she would like to have a little time for preparation and would dearly love a wedding befitting Hicks' station. Hicks would like that, too, but he was anxious to get to Washington, anxious to embark on his work of reforming the government, and he wanted to take her with him. So they decided to be married immediately.

It was almost two o'clock in the morning when they parted. He went to the foot of the stairs with her, and kissed her repeatedly before she finally released herself from his embrace. When she had gone part the way up the stairs she turned and panted: "Marmaduke, dear!"

"My love!"

"You are sure you can be elected when the legislature meets, aren't you?"

"Certain of it, sweetheart. I shall be senator for many years, until I take you to the White House as the wife of the President."

Somehow, as Hicks thought in his room over the events of the evening, that last question of his fiancée's rather jarred.

Hicks told Mrs. Hungerford early next morning that he intended to marry Mrs. Lester.

"Oh, senator!" cried Mrs. Hungerford. "Where? When?"

Hicks hadn't thought of those details.

"Please, senator, please have the wedding here," pleaded Mrs. Hungerford. "It will be such an honor—a United States senator married in my parlors! Please do! Besides, if you are going to be married at once there is no other place for you to go, unless you go to a minister's house."

Hicks was impressed. He felt he must be married and on his way to Washington within a week, and he had no

home except the boarding house where he had lived so long, nor had Mrs. Lester. He said he would consult with his fiancée about the matter—he constantly referred to Mrs. Lester as "my fian-say." However he moved that same day to the Metropolis Hotel and took a big suite on the second floor, announcing his place of residence in the papers, and inviting the people to call on him and make known their wants, in order that he might go earnestly to work as soon as he took his seat—donned his toga, Hicks said—and relieve their necessities by means of helpful legislation. He explained carefully that this shift from the boarding house was made not for ostentation but merely to give the people a chance to call on him.

The Dawson newspapers made the best they could of the appointment and the opposition papers ridiculed it. Almost every paragrapher in the state called attention to the fact that the date of the appointment was March thirty-first, and said the governor certainly had played an April Fool joke on the commonwealth. Hicks set this ridicule down to the venom of the capitalistic press and prepared a long defense of Dawson and a long exaltation of himself.

He made arrangements for the continuance of such law work as he had on hand, and saw to it that the papers and the correspondents had full particulars of his forthcoming marriage. He was expert at publicity about himself, and he dictated an article for use in the out-of-town papers advising Washington of the imminent arrival of T. Marmaduke Hicks, who not only would be one of the youngest senators who ever sat in that distinguished body—Hicks was much chagrined to find he wouldn't be the youngest—but would bring a beautiful and accomplished bride with him.

He foresaw with much satisfaction that his appearance as a senator and a bridegroom would attach a new value to himself, and he urged Mrs. Lester to have some new pictures taken, which she did, with a special rush order to the photographers. As for himself, he went to a photograph gallery and posed twenty different ways, ranging from an attitude of deep study at a desk, his head leaning on his hand, one finger disposed along his cheek, to a pose with his arms outstretched as if he were delivering an impassioned speech in defense of rule by the people. The photographer had a papier-mâché property in his gallery that looked like the end of a train. Hicks had several pictures taken with this, in various poses, and one with himself and Mrs. Lester together. These pictures were hurriedly finished and handed to the Rextown papers, labeled: "Senator Hicks and his bride leaving Rextown for Washington."

He took large numbers of pictures with him, in order that the demand from the magazine and newspaper people in Washington might be supplied, and so did Mrs. Lester.

Hicks talked with Mrs. Lester about her proposed mortgage investments. She said there was no hurry, for now that she and Hicks were to be married their home interests would be in Rextown, and they could wait until they returned and then take up the matter if it then seemed the thing to do. Also she gave Hicks the impression that in her new estate she wouldn't be so eager as she had been as a widow to get this portion of her fortune invested. She hinted that the money might as well remain in bank for a time, subject to her check. This coincided exactly with the views of Hicks, who knew that money placed in mortgages is not easily converted into cash until the mortgages expire. He did not press the matter, for he thought, though he did not say so, that the more money Mrs. Lester had in bank where it could be obtained easily the better he would be pleased.

The marriage was performed at Mrs. Hungerford's. At first Mrs. Lester had had an idea that it might be well to have the ceremony take place at the pastor's house and hold a reception afterward at the Metropolis Hotel, but when she thought it over she saw this was not feasible. Hicks himself had suggested it, desiring to make a splurge; but she told him sweetly that it made no difference where they were married, she loved him so much, and they could come back and have a reception later in the year, for which adequate preparations could be made. Mrs. Hungerford gave them a wedding breakfast, at which Hicks made a speech, congratulating himself and Rextown, the state and the nation on the auspicious event.

They left on the two-o'clock train. The affair had been so well advertised that there was a crowd of sightseers at the station to see them off, and Hicks and his blushing bride stood on the rear end of the train.

On the morning of his wedding day Hicks announced in the Chronicle, in a carefully prepared statement, that he was henceforth to be considered the Democratic leader of that section, and that he would take an even more active part in state affairs than he had up to that time. He intimated his new position put him in such a place of power that he had no doubt the Democracy would flock to him as their leader. He praised every act of the Dawson state administration, but intimated that Hicks would be potent in national affairs, and he promised the Democracy to be faithful to this great and unexpected honor that had come to him. He considered the advisability of announcing his candidacy to succeed himself, but decided to say nothing about it for the time and await the outcome of what Rollins might do. Besides, he felt he might precipitate a warfare on himself, and he considered it better politics to hold off on that point. He was a candidate to succeed himself, of course, and had no idea of failure of election.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Gay and Festive Claverhouse

By ANNE WARNER

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

XVII

IT WAS noon of a genial October day at Monte Carlo. Claverhouse, sitting at one of the small tables of the Café de Paris on the edge of the plaza facing the Casino, lazily tore open one envelope after another of his morning's letters and punctuated each action with a sigh. Strangely enough, though he was a picture of robust health he was a picture of gloomy melancholy as well. The casual observer must have diagnosed his case as a run of bad luck at the tables. But in point of fact Claverhouse had been winning prodigiously. He didn't in the least need the money, nor know what he should do with it; but he couldn't lose. The more recklessly he played, the more stupendously he won. And the more he won, the longer grew his face and the deeper his sighs.

Presently, having opened all the envelopes and glanced at the beginning and signature of each inclosure, he beckoned to Conrad, who waited near, and handed the lot to him.

"All the same, I fancy," he said listlessly. "Beggars all! Read them, and—— But you know what to do."

Conrad nodded. "Very good, sir," he said.

"And Conrad ——"

"Yes, sir."

"Was I very bad last night?"

"I've never seen you worse, sir. If you'll pardon me, sir, you are rather hitting the pace."

"And this morning—how do I look?"

"Never saw you more fit, sir."

The young gentleman sighed forlornly. "You remember what Sir William said that day he read me my death warrant?"

"Very well, sir."

"And you remember what I told you—about the little matter I wanted to set straight before going?"

"Perfectly, sir."

"Well, we did our best to set it straight, didn't we?"

"We certainly stopped at nothing, sir."

"It wasn't my fault or yours if we didn't succeed?"

"Oh, I hope not mine anyhow, sir."

Claverhouse fingered for a moment the tall glass on the table at his side, tipping it and turning it about.

"I think if I could have gone at once—if I could go now, very quickly—it would be all right But I'm afraid if—— But I think you understand, Conrad."

"I've Come to Fetch You"

"I don't like to hear you speak that way, sir," the man returned. "I was hoping Sir William might have been mistaken."

"Heaven forbid!" Claverhouse exclaimed fervently. "That would be awkward indeed."

"I don't see why, sir."

"No, you wouldn't."

"If you'd only let me tell you what I know, sir."

Claverhouse shook his head with quick intolerance. "But I won't," he declared decisively. "I don't want to know. That is why I came down here and took another name and all that sort of thing. That is why I've had no letters forwarded. I couldn't, of course, ask you to forbid your wife writing you. But I can ask you to keep her gossip to yourself."

When Conrad spoke again his tone was apologetic.

"I only thought, sir, if you knew it would change your view of things."

"But I don't want my view changed. Now that I have prepared for death I want to die. At first I was resigned; now I am anxious."

As he spoke a slight, thin-visaged, pallid-faced young man, passing unnecessarily close to Claverhouse, caught his foot in that young gentleman's walking stick and sent it spinning. Claverhouse was about to swear, but the young man, recovering the stick instantly, was quick with his apology.

"A thousand pardons," he begged; and added: "Mr Claverhouse!"

The recognition was more annoying than the accident; and the Honorable Ernest did swear now, but under his breath. Nevertheless, it attached to the clumsy one an interest hitherto lacking. He looked at him sharply; yet the look told him nothing beyond the likelihood that the chap was a Briton of the middle class, dissipated and not overaffluent. It was too early for fashion at Monte Carlo. The season had barely begun. In this instant of consideration the fellow mingled with the throng. Claverhouse rose and turned toward the steps of the Casino.

"Conrad," he said quietly, "we'd better be getting on. Suppose you pack this afternoon."

The valet bowed. "Very good, sir."

It was nearly six when Claverhouse, his pockets bulging with bank notes and heavy with gold, entered his suite at the hotel, to find the packing practically completed. Conrad, standing by a writing table, held a letter in his hand.

"You've attended to the beggars?" his master asked. "Generously, I hope. Poor devils! Here is another hundred thousand odd francs that belongs to them." And he emptied his pockets of their riches, casting handful after handful upon the table.

Conrad watched for a moment without speaking as the fortune was piled carelessly under his eyes. It was scarcely a novelty now. The same thing had been going on, some times once, sometimes twice a day for weeks—ever since they left Yewstones, in fact.

"There's one letter here, sir," he ventured at length, "that doesn't ask for money. On the contrary the writer appears to wish to give you something, sir."

Claverhouse shook his head irritably. "Good Lord, man, give me something! There's nothing under heaven I want except a swift release, and I don't suppose he means to present me with a poisoned poniard point."

"Still, sir, I think it might be well to see him. He is calling at six. It might be diverting at all events, sir."

An idea struck Claverhouse. The days, it was true, had grown monotonous of late. When he first came the notion of suicide, an altogether novel fancy for him, had busied his thoughts. At all hours of the day and night he had discussed it with himself, *pro* and *con*. This was the spot where men, after impoverishing themselves at the tables, blew out their brains under the pale light of the stars. That was the one indisputable reason for the deed. Nobody ever thought of looking beyond it. In his case no one could possibly attribute it to a love affair. Still, they might say that after Sir William's verdict he had proved too cowardly to wait Death's good time. And he just couldn't stand being called a coward, dead or alive.

And then, as if to put the whole miserable business beyond the range of possible consummation, he couldn't impoverish himself. The little, spinning, rolling, dancing ivory ball refused to drop into any number save one or another of those upon which he had piled his golden louis.

But here was, perhaps, a new opportunity. Possibly the offer of the letter was only a ruse. The fame of his great winnings was general. It had even been exaggerated. He had become the target of the covetous. To those that asked he had responded generously. Yet here was one who did not ask. This fact of itself made for mystery.

Claverhouse put out a hand for the letter. "I'll read it," he said. He found it very brief:

Sir: The matter on which I crave but a moment's audience is of the gravest importance. My conscience bids me right a great wrong. That which I have to say must be to you of incalculable benefit. I shall call at six this evening. If you value happiness see me.

It was signed merely: "A Friend."

The note of a clock in another room striking six was cut into by the sharper ringing of the telephone bell, which Conrad sprang to answer. For a second he listened; then, with a hand covering the transmitter, he said:

"'A Friend' is calling, sir."

"Ask 'A Friend' to come up," Claverhouse directed.

XVIII

CONRAD started to gather the money from the table, but Claverhouse stopped him.

"Let it lie just as it is," he directed. "And switch on the lights." Clouds had gathered. The room was in semigloom. When the valet had done as he was bid, his master added: "Now you may go. I'll see 'A Friend' alone."

He was counting on the temptation the money would offer. There were many in Monte Carlo who would kill for far less.

When the door closed behind Conrad, Claverhouse began spreading the bills over a wider surface and scattering the little piles of gold, until there was scarcely an inch of the table's polished surface that was not hidden by his winnings. At the visitor's knock he turned about. When he called "Come!" he was standing with his back to the flaunted fortune, as if striving to hide or at least to guard it.

It was a beautiful room—all white and gold, with paneled walls, and painted cupids, and soft, delicately tinted pink hangings and upholstery. Into it the young man who had signed himself "A Friend" stepped trepidantly, with a quick, searching glance to its far corners before his gaze met that of Claverhouse for so much as an instant. But in that second he had been recognized.

It was the youth who tripped over the walking stick. And Claverhouse was assured now that he had done it purposely. It was his way of saying: "In spite of your masquerade, I know you." Claverhouse nodded to him, but not very cordially; and motioning toward a chair that faced the table three or four yards away, said: "Sit there."

"I Thought I Might Get Away to America for a Fresh Start, Sir"

When the caller hesitated, he repeated his words more sharply. And the thin-visaged, pallid-faced youth sat down, twirling his hat between his knees with nervous fingers. There was the briefest moment of silence. Then Claverhouse smiled as only Claverhouse could, and all the tension relaxed.

"My name is Miggs," said the caller, suddenly at his ease. "I'm an M. D. Until a month ago I was connected with the pathological section at one of the leading hospitals. I examined clinical specimens microscopically for the big London practitioners. For a while I ran rather loose—bad company, drink, drugs. It began to show in my work. A good part of the time I wasn't fit. I knew it myself, but it wasn't detected. I made mistakes—big mistakes."

When he got this far Claverhouse saw it all and cringed. Then he thought of those phrases in the letter: "Of incalculable benefit," "Value your happiness," and the irony of the thing broadened his smile. The fellow was going to tell him there was nothing the matter with him; that he'd probably live until senility made him a burden to everybody, and most of all to himself. And he was to learn this now, after that had happened which made living, from day to day even, a torture. Heavens! What a comedy life was after all! And what a tragedy! It seemed as if God were always playing jokes on helpless mortals and laughing at their vain struggles.

Miggs was going on, talking more and more rapidly; but, busy with his thoughts, he caught only occasional words. Presently, however, he noticed that a new note had come into the fellow's voice. There was something about it at once tragic and tremulous, and Claverhouse became suddenly attentive once more.

". . . when he died there was an investigation. Sir William had preserved some of the specimens. He had them examined elsewhere. My report was flatly contradicted. He examined them himself. His examination confirmed that of the last man. Through my error the poor gentleman's life had been cut short. With reasonable care he might have lived for six months."

"When who died?" cried Claverhouse, starting forward, breathlessly intent.

"I just told you, sir," Miggs returned, puzzled: "Captain Vivian Beck."

Claverhouse staggered back and gripped the table edge with both hands.

"Dead!" he muttered, unbelieving. "Dead! Vivian Beck dead! It isn't possible!"

"I—I thought you knew, Mr. Claverhouse."

"Knew! Of course not. I knew nothing. Still, if you thought I knew, why did you come here to tell me?"

"I know you didn't know why. Nobody ever will know that from Sir William, or from any one else in the secret. It would be the end of Sir William's fame as a specialist should it leak out, sir."

"But still I don't understand," the respited man pressed. "It was my blood and things that were examined. Where did Beck come in?"

The young man rose. "The two lots of specimens were sent me the same day at the same time. I hear—but I'm not sure of this—that Captain Vivian Beck, having learned that you were ill, feared it might be from some hereditary taint. And as he wasn't feeling very fit himself, he suggested that Sir William make a thorough diagnosis of his case at the same time. And—and you see, Mr. Claverhouse, I, not at all myself that day, mixed the specimens up. There was very little wrong with you. But he hadn't a chance in the world."

Claverhouse, deep in thought again, was staring at the floor.

"When did he die?" he asked seriously.

"Two weeks ago to-day, sir. Dropped dead at his club without a minute's warning. It was all in the papers."

"I haven't seen a paper for over a month—wouldn't look at one. My man wanted to tell me something, but I wouldn't listen. More fool I!"

Miggs was nervously fingering his hat brim once more. Evidently he had more to say, but hesitated, lacking courage.

"And yourself?" Claverhouse aided. "What about you? Put an end to your doing anything in London, I suppose. Pity!"

"Yes, sir. It has, sir."

"What brought you here?"

"I'd a bit saved up, Mr. Claverhouse. But——"

Claverhouse interrupted him. "How the devil did you know me? That's been puzzling me ever since I saw you outside this morning."

"I've known you by sight for years, sir. I was on the ambulance that came for the newsboy you ran down at Hyde Park Corner with your car three years back. The little beggar that was hardly scratched, and that you gave a hundred pounds to."

"Oh, that!" said Claverhouse indifferently. "Well now, you'd a bit saved up. Go on."

"But not enough to go very far, sir. So I thought I might run it up to something worth while down here, and get away to America for a fresh start, you know, sir."

"And you lost it all. You're stony now, and you think what you've told me is worth something."

Miggs grinned a little sheepishly. "Just enough to try once more, Mr. Claverhouse. I—you see I've heard of a system that——"

"Don't you trust any system," Claverhouse cut in. "I have the only one that ever succeeded yet, and you couldn't play that if I told it you. You're not fitted for it psychologically. So I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll just consider that I have been playing for you ever since you tripped over my walking stick." He stepped aside and pointed to the table behind him with its strewn treasure. "There's the result. It's all yours. What you've told me to-day is worth all of it many times over."

Young Miggs thought he was dreaming; and he wasn't to blame for thinking so. He trembled from head to feet. His hat dropped to the floor. There wasn't a nerve in his body that he could rely on. He tried to speak and his voice failed him, and then he was more sure than ever that it was a nightmare.

Claverhouse looked at him with a world of sympathy in his big, handsome gray eyes.

"All right, my lad," he said, laying a kindly hand on his shoulder. "I see how it is. Just give me your address and trot along, and I'll send the money after you by my man. In the mean time you can be looking up the American sailings."

Miggs caught his benefactor's hand and pressed it as warmly as his nerves would let him, and the tears ran down his thin, pallid cheeks in streams. But he knew he couldn't speak. He didn't even try again. All he did was to take a card from his pocket. It was that which gave him admission to the *salles de jeu*, and it bore his address.

Claverhouse walked with him to the door and closed it after him. Then he rang for Conrad. When that prince of serving men appeared Claverhouse said:

"I've changed my plans. We are going home. We'll take the night train for Paris. To-morrow night we shall be in London once more."

XIX

CLAVERHOUSE was in love—very much in love. He knew the emotion now for what it was, and freely admitted it to himself. Hitherto he had made believe to himself that anything so tender had absolutely no place or part in his composition. He had been born with no sense

of responsibility toward anything or anybody. He knew that. Everybody said so and he acted up to it. His impulses were all selfish. He could appear generous at times by giving freely; but he had never denied himself in the smallest degree. His affections were all selfish affections. For others' rights, others' pleasures, others' happiness it was not in him to care. He thought that and he believed it. But now he knew differently. There was—there had always been—one person in the world that he would gladly lay down his life for. Yes, and more than his life. To secure for that one person what he regarded as the more permanent blessings of life he had freely and with earnest intent done everything in his power to prove himself an ass, an ingrate and a reprobate. And having done so, he had been willing to die unwept, unhonored and unsung.

Finding now that his predicted speedy demise was all a mistake, impossible to have been foreseen, his situation became at once awkward and embarrassing. The more so in that he very distinctly recognized the true character of his original exciting motive. With Vivian Beck out of the way and his succession to the earldom barred by but one door—and that ajar—there was no reason in the world why he should not marry Madeleine Wythe if he wished to, provided she loved him and was willing. But—error of all errors—he had willfully killed her love, and her respect likewise! And without these there was just as much chance of her wedding him as that somebody would really set the Thames on fire or the lions of Trafalgar Square jump from their pedestals and go ambling down the Strand.

He thought this all over again and again on his way back to London; and if one might judge of the result by his attitude toward his valet, he was the reverse of sanguine. To Conrad he was very cruel, very unreasonable. He had begun by chiding him for not conveying the tidings of Beck's death directly it reached him—this before they left Monte Carlo.

"But you wouldn't listen, sir," the man pleaded.

"You should have made me listen; gagged me, bound me, if necessary."

"If you remember, sir, twice you threw your boots at me."

"If I'd thrown a house at you you should have insisted. You can die but once; and the cause was good."

In the *wagon-lit*, after leaving Marseilles, he wrung from Conrad a bit of news that he had forgotten to mention when dealing with the more tragic tidings.

"Miss Wythe went to a retreat, I understand, sir, after leaving Yewstones."

"A retreat!" stormed Claverhouse. "What sort of a retreat?"

"A convent, sir; a Carmelite convent off the Fulham Road."

Claverhouse stared dumbly for a moment.

"You mean Miss Wythe has chosen to become a nun?"

"She's taking what they call the novitiate, I believe, sir."

Another second of silence. Then:

"Why didn't you tell me that before? Stupid! You'll find another berth, once we're back in London."

But it was not until they were nearing the last leg of their journey—on the crossing to Dover—that the harassed gentleman was guilty of his greatest injustice.

He had reviewed the affair for the hundredth time. He had conjured excuses, framed explanations, rehearsed forms of appeal; but always at one place there had loomed an obstacle that threatened the whole fabric. He could neither scale it nor get round it. There was much that he could laugh away. He saw that. But laughter would not serve here. If he dared stake his chance at all he must stake it on truth. And even full frankness seemed a weak ally. In his wretchedness he courted amelioration by shifting the blame.

"Conrad," he said, swaying to keep his balance on the every-which-way-tipping deck and lifting his voice against the rushing gale—"Conrad, there was a time when I called you the one joy of my existence. I made a mistake. You are not in the least a joy. You're a trial. A very sore trial."

"I'm sorry, sir," said Conrad contritely.

Claverhouse braced himself against the deck rail and went on hammering: "When I told you that you'd have to help me in a piece of work I had to do I thought you had some sense, some real capacity. At the same time, you may remember, I said that you'd probably hash the game if I let you into the whole secret. Well, I didn't let you in, but just the same you've managed to hash things beautifully. You let me damn myself past all pardon. You didn't leave me a bridge to get back by. And now that I've got to live I want to get back. Good Lord, how I want to get back!"

Conrad was touched. He didn't resent his master's outbreak in the least. He knew he was not guilty, and he knew that his accuser would be the last one to make such a charge, were it not that he was so miserably unhappy. For that reason he made no attempt to defend himself. He would give anything in the world if he could only help. So all he said was, as before:

"I'm sorry, sir."

But this attitude, well meant as it was, only angered Claverhouse. "That Pushkin matter was the most dastardly device conceivable. And it was you that suggested it, remember. I can get over all the rest; but no matter how that's dressed up it's despicable. You've ruined me, Conrad, ruined me; and if you've a spark of conscience it will never let you sleep soundly again."

"I'm sorry, sir," said the valet for the third time.

And at this Claverhouse caught him roughly by the arm. "Listen to me!" he shrieked. "If you say that once more I'll throw you into the Channel. And—and—well, the chances are I'll jump after you!"

xx

"POOR Vyvie! He was such a decent chap!"

It was the countess who spoke.

"One lump, my dear, isn't it?" answered Madeleine's mother, inclining her head affirmatively. "Poor Vyvie!" she echoed. "To think that he should go first!"

"Do you remember the night you first spoke to me of Yewstones? I told you then how ill he looked. We thought it depression over the way your girl treated him. You see, we never know. Even Sir William never knew."

Lady Wythe sipped her tea. "Fancy Ernest outliving him!" she exclaimed.

"Yes," said the countess. "It seems positively immoral, doesn't it?"

"Poor Ernest! Really, you know, he isn't so black as he's painted. I should never have believed him capable of what he did down at Yewstones. It was nearly heroic."

The eyes of the countess widened. "I understood he behaved disgracefully."

"Ah, yes," returned her ladyship; "but with an object. I quite see it now. It was a case of most generous sacrifice. He did it to become odious in Madeleine's eyes. To kill her love for him. To leave her free to marry Vivian, whom he hated. It was uncommon sweet of him."

"Really!" exclaimed the countess. "I am astonished. Still I have always loved Ernest, the young scapegrace. And so has Gregory. I don't wish to be cruel, now that Vivian Beck is gone; but when one said he was a decent chap, that was about all one could say. He wasn't in the least winning, now was he?"

Lady Wythe did not at once answer. She was thinking twice before speaking. Then with a little smile to soften the confession, she said quietly: "To be quite honest, I never did care for him. But he was next in line, and a good mother must have her daughter's interest at heart."

"As a husband," observed the countess, "Vyvie would have proved the more docile. And your girl has spirit."

"But not where Ernest is concerned. He could mop up the floor with her, and she'd worship him the more. With him she's the primordial woman. It's wonderful."

"I can't conceive of the primordial woman turned nun," the countess flung back. "How did you ever let her?"

Lady Wythe, looking a little uncomfortable, shrugged gracefully and put down her cup on the tea table. "I didn't let her," she admitted. "I had nothing to do with it."

"But she must have spoken of it. She must ——"

"Not a word. The first intimation I had was a note from her, dispatched from the convent. 'I have bidden good-by to the world forever,' she wrote."

The countess twisted a ring on her middle finger. "They seem a pair," she said. "Fancy the strange disappearance of Ernest! There hasn't been a line from him to any one."

"He has the disappearing habit," commented the other. "He may be at the antipodes by this time. He may die there, and none of us be any the wiser. I've a feeling that his cruelty to Madeleine went hard with him. He must have loved her or he never would have made such a sacrifice. There is nothing I wouldn't do to bring them together again now."

"But he can't live," reminded the countess. "Gregory promises to be the last of his line. The earldom will ——"

"I'm not so sure," said my lady, her brows lifting. "Sir William has proved that he is far from infallible. From the day when I saw Ernest in his rooms in Jermyn Street to the day he left Yewstones he showed a marked improvement. And he had denied himself nothing. He drank like a fish, smoked like a chimney, exposed himself to all weathers, shook with a chill from falling into a fountain and then racing against a high wind in a motor moving eighty miles an hour, only to turn up next morning as fit as the proverbial fiddle. He may be good for another half century."

"I pray heaven you are right," murmured the countess devoutly. "But the question is, where is he?"

And at that instant the door on her left swung noiselessly ajar to reveal Claverhouse, the personification of robust manhood, bowing on the threshold. He appeared to have been sprung at them like a jack-in-the-box.

Both ladies started and then both gasped.

"I wish you both a very good morning," said Claverhouse lightly.

The ladies observed now that his mourning was irreproachable. He bent over the countess and kissed her cheek. Then lifting Lady Wythe's hand, he brushed

(Continued on Page 40)

"Where is the Bally Place? I'll Go at Once"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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PHILADELPHIA, JULY 18, 1914

Mediation in Mexico

THE A-B-C mediation, in our opinion, fairly countervails the Administration's attempt to take Mexico's political morality and agrarian economy under its wing. It is true the mass of the Mexican people cannot help themselves. They must be helped from above. That is always true of people sunk in poverty and ignorance. Our blacks had nothing to do with their own liberation. Even our Revolution was inspired, organized and sustained very largely by the well-conditioned, well-educated, more fortunate few.

The French Revolution itself was set off by the well-conditioned and educated. Hampden, Pym and Cromwell were no starvelings. Almost always it is the man who can read and command a good dinner who makes the successful revolutionist; but we should be dubious of a Long Parliament or an American Revolution engineered by benevolent Italians. So the political morality and agrarian economy which evolve at home are probably the only sort that will permanently help the Mexicans.

The A-B-C mediation, however, was a fine inspiration, with the value of which immediate results have very little to do. Calling in the three South American nations that have made good their standing will put us in a better light to other Americans, to Europe and to ourselves. It was the most signal, unequivocal demonstration of a big nation's anxiety to avoid war that has happened in our time. It will have an effect, we believe, long after the present Mexican muddle is forgotten.

The Cost of Bad Government

WE BOTHER tremendously about freight rates, haggling for months over a five-per-cent advance, with our official representatives in a cold sweat lest somebody accuse them of allowing the railroads a little too much; but the total freight bill is far less than the total cost of government in this country, and over the huge admitted waste in that field nobody seems particularly worried.

We must by now be paying three billion dollars a year to get ourselves indifferently governed. From 1902 to 1909 the expenses of a hundred and forty-seven cities, for which the Census Bureau has comparative data, increased over fifty per cent, while their outlays for improvements doubled. As an exaggerated instance of the way in which Government expenditures are rising, take the Post-Office Department, which for the first time spent a hundred and fifty million dollars in 1904, and will spend three hundred millions this year.

It is not that the undertakings which cause governmental expenditures to mount are unwarranted, but that as expenditures increase for justifiable objects the waste increases proportionately. To get a dollar beneficially spent we must throw away fifteen or twenty cents; and as Government expenditures constantly rise the waste becomes a great burden.

For example, after rather cursory investigation a committee of the Illinois Legislature reports that the executive government of that state comprises one hundred departments, bureaus and offices, most of which are working in cheerful independence of every other department, bureau or office; that, in consequence, "a condition of disorganization and confusion exists. Unnecessary duplication of positions and salaries is a considerable item, but that is the smallest part of the loss. The work undertaken is not well done and costs more than it would with an efficient organization. Supplies are purchased in small quantities for each office or institution that could be secured at lower prices if purchased in large quantities." Different bureaus pay different prices for the same article, and so on.

There is no private business in the United States that needs investigating and regulating so much as the business of the Government. In due time there will be a reaction against this Government waste.

England's New Senate

SINCE the degradation of the House of Lords in 1911 the English Government has had in mind a reformed second chamber, which it promised to substitute for the present hereditary body. It is said, apparently on authority, that the government's plan will soon be announced, and that the new British Senate, however else it may be constituted, will contain no trace of the hereditary principle, and will not have, in any event, an absolute veto on legislation.

For a democratic country, with a numerous popular house, this is probably the parliamentary ideal. Our Senate was frankly established to represent wealth—to check or counterweight the mass of voters, as represented in the lower house, who might have leanings toward confiscation.

Experience has shown that democracy is more temperate than the Fathers presumed; and the danger that the common people will confiscate wealth is at least no greater than the danger that wealth will exploit the common people. So, in the light of democratic experience, there is no valid reason for an upper house with an absolute veto on legislation.

With popular election of senators the basis of representation in our upper house is the same as in the lower. The Senate represents nothing the House does not represent, and is neither more conservative nor more radical, but only a little more independent.

If there are to be two chambers there is obviously no reason for constituting both of them alike. Probably the new British Senate—with its power temporarily to suspend but not to veto legislation—will represent the distinction of the country and so have some reason for being.

One Government Business

PERHAPS before this appears in print there will be a new head of the Census Bureau—Director Harris having recently resigned—who will be the fourth within a few years. For a century and a quarter our Government has engaged in the highly important business of enumerating the population decennially and reporting on certain great phases of their condition, activities and progress. That it has been conducting this business badly no candid student denies.

Soon after assuming office Director Harris commendably investigated the weightier criticisms of the bureau and discovered that many of them were well founded. He speeded up the work, but after a short term he now retires, and his successor—with whose appointment, as with his own, politics will have much to do—may bring in new ideas and policies. Since the census was made a permanent office, at largely increased expense, it has functioned, on the whole, rather worse than before.

Every one realizes the importance of the bureau. It is the great national accounting agency. All students of public affairs are dependent on it. To some extent national policies must be shaped in the light of its reports. In the very nature of the case no private or state agency could do its work, because none could be vested with the necessary authority. For the work the bureau undertakes we are necessarily dependent on the Federal Government.

Can the Government do this business correctly? Can it lift this one bureau out of politics, patronage and confusion, out of bungling and instability, out of alternate extravagance and miserliness? If it can we shall be more hopeful of Government ownership in general.

A Much-Needed Holiday

POWER begets a false air. Hardly anybody dares tell a Napoleon an unpleasant truth. It is far more profitable to tell him what he wishes to hear. That the President of the United States may be misled is demonstrable by going back no further than last January, when Mr. Wilson assured Congress that business men generally were quite ready to take the Democratic antitrust program to their bosoms.

Of late, representative business organizations and individuals all over the country have been protesting against the enactment of that program and begging Congress to go home. There can be no reasonable doubt that "the best business judgment of America," for which Mr. Wilson assumed to speak in January, regards the Administration's antitrust measures as crude, confused, ill-advised and mischievous, but in the many and widely dispersed expressions of that opinion Washington inclines to see only a conspiracy, presumably hatched in Wall Street.

This shows how badly Washington needs a rest. When men get into such a state that they can account for a disagreement with them only by imputing a sinister motive for it, they need repose and fresh air.

The disagreeable truth is that the antitrust measures provoke alarm in representative business circles. If Congress is too far out of touch with the country to realize this, it needs to go home. Virtually it has been in continuous session since March, 1913—in the false air of the capital, where whatever the leaders judge to be expedient for the party is taken as tantamount to what the country judges to be expedient for itself.

A prompt adjournment is the best and most useful measure Congress can adopt.

European Credit

TO RAISE one hundred and sixty million dollars the French Government is issuing twenty-five-year bonds bearing three and a half per cent interest and selling them well below par. A dozen years ago French three per cents sold above par. German imperial threes, meantime, are selling at seventy-six cents on the dollar, and British consols at seventy-five cents.

Fifteen years ago a prophecy of this condition would have been hooted down and financiers would have said that such a situation was a signpost on the road to national bankruptcy. It is taken as a matter of course now and easily explained by tight money last year and a poor investment market.

All the same, the credit of European nations is sinking under the weight of competitive armaments.

Regulating Business

QUITE recently Missouri and Kentucky laid down some drastic rules for fire insurance. In both states so many companies ceased writing insurance as a result of these rules that merchants and others, whose credit was contingent on protection of their goods from the hazard of loss by fire, were seriously embarrassed.

In both states the administration took up negotiations with the companies, and the result was a compromise that, in both states, contained the essential features of suspension of the laws to which the companies objected and the appointment of a commission to canvass the subject and recommend a new insurance code to the next legislature.

There is a mistaken notion as to the plenary power of a legislature, whether state or national—a notion that its fiat will alter facts. There is a point beyond which no business can be regulated—the point, namely, at which the regulation kills the business.

The Price of Wool

RAW wool is free of duty under the new tariff. Naturally importations of wool have increased since the act went into effect; but the price of wool in the United States is higher than it was a year ago, when the article was subject to a heavy duty.

The Journal of Commerce reports, in fact, that in only two years out of the last twenty-five have domestic wool prices been higher than at present. Trade experts account for this phenomenon on the ground that there was an unusually extensive slaughter of sheep a year and a half ago by growers who expected that wool prices would drop out of sight under the new tariff. If that theory is correct the new tariff automatically canceled itself, so far as the present effect on wool prices is concerned. We all get excited about politics sometimes, and lose sight of the large fact that, after all, legislation is only one factor among twenty.

Waterlogged Securities

UNFORTUNATELY it is impossible to say how many millions of waterlogged Rock Island securities insiders unloaded on more or less innocent investors at inflated prices; but, with the common stock selling at two dollars and a half a share, the preferred at less than four dollars, and the collateral trust bonds at thirty cents on the dollar, the argument for Federal supervision of railroad issues is unanswerable.

Nevertheless, the bill for that purpose which passed the House is all wrong. It ought to vest the Federal authority with exclusive jurisdiction—to the extent, at least, of making its decision as to any security issue binding on all state bodies. Instead, it proposes an intolerable plan, under which the process of getting a railroad issue O. K.'d would be something like the celebrated case of Jarndyce versus Jarndyce. If the train is going into the ditch it makes little difference to the passengers whether the engineer meant well or did it on purpose.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Fleet's Lucky Friday

AS ONE grows older he is constantly reimpressed with the postulary perfection of the axiom that one never can tell. One never can!

Take the case of Admiral Frank Fletcher, for example. There is a man who had been set down as an inventor—a scientist mayhap—who fiddled over his plans for making certain death-dealing instruments of warfare double death-dealing, as you might say; who spent hours and days in his laboratory; who was constantly immersed in tremendous calculations of muzzle velocities, and all that sort of abstruse stuff; who thought in decimals and spoke in quadratics, and corresponded in terms of the nth power—an inventor—useful enough, no doubt; but not one of those dashing, devil-may-care naval heroes who lick all creation from a rowboat.

Well, what happened? Nothing much, except that under his direction—under the direction of this inventor and scientist and improver of ordnance—there was an attack and capture of the port of Vera Cruz, which ranks in brilliance of execution, in strategic conception, in all-round military efficiency, with any similar episode in the history of our times. Nothing happened except that in three hours after he issued his first order Admiral Frank Fletcher had made Verz Cruz the only peaceful city in Mexico.

The Marine Band was playing a march in the plaza; the people were on the streets; the bluejackets and the marines were on guard—and all was happy and serene. The way he restored order and the way he has kept it restored, speaking in irenic or peace-loving terms, ought to give him a look-in at the late Mr. Nobel's forty thousand next time those delectable ducats are being assigned.

There were certain of the old salts and saltines, wandering in and out of the Navy Department, who scoffed at the idea of Frank Fletcher doing much for himself, for the navy or for anything else when he was put in command of a division of the Atlantic Fleet. All well enough in his place, this man Fletcher—an admirable chap with a test tube and somewhat of an ordnance sharp; but to put him in command of a lot of battleships—well, what the lee scuppers are we coming to? The situation—as one rear admiral, both barnacled and retired, remarked—was quite amphibious!

However, Fletcher took command and subsequently took Vera Cruz; and since that time he has taken various other things, including a good-sized portion of the high regard of the American people, one bunch of laurels being officially tied on him for the completeness, compactness and celerity of his reports.

Nay, brethren, you never can tell! Along comes Frank Fletcher, inventor and scientist, and reaches out and grabs more military honors for himself than many of those doubting sailor folks would accumulate if they remained in the service a hundred years.

There is another phase of him to which it seems necessary to call attention. Handicapped in his naval ambitions as he was by being an inventor and a scientist, he was further handicapped at the source by his middle name. His full reach of cognomitical description is Frank Friday Fletcher.

Think that over! No people are so superstitious as sailors, and the ill luck of Friday is one of their pet superstitions. Whoever heard of a sailor setting out to sea on Friday? It is bad luck, is Friday. And here impinges a man named Friday, who not only pulls off a most successful naval landing affair but pulls it off so neatly and expeditiously that it was over almost as soon as it began.

Making Torpedoes Behave

JUST you keep your eye on F. Friday Fletcher and you will observe him in command of the entire Atlantic Fleet before long, than which there is no more desirable or heftier job in our navy—or in any other. That is a prognostication. Likewise it is a prophecy. Also, it is a cinch!

When Fletcher took command of his bunch of ships he soon developed a talent for organization of his men and the handling of them that made the croakers sit up and take observations. When the officers and men in that division are not swearing at Josephus Daniels they are swearing by Fletcher. His official report of the flurry at Vera Cruz may give an angle on this. In that report he commended in the highest terms two marine officers for their skill in handling their forces and for their few fatalities. There might have been a reminder in this that some of the naval officers in command of landing forces had more killed and wounded.

It was not a question of courage or bravery. Every man was as brave as every other man and all were brave. It hinged on the way the men were disposed by their officers and all that. Also, if you know anything of the feeling between the marines and the regular navy people you will understand the situation better. What a navy man thinks of a marine is never expressed in language that one prints in a family paper.

In addition to being an inventor, Fletcher has somewhat of a reputation as an explorer. He was a sort of executive officer for Admiral Shufeldt's exploration of the Amazon River, and there never has been a River of Doubt found on any of his maps. Further than that, Fletcher led the expedition to South America that marked the meridian for the computation of time. By establishing this meridian Fletcher regulated all the clocks in our Southern hemispheric neighbor; and now the inhabitants know exactly when the next revolution will take place, and have a single standard for siestas.

When he was in the Ordnance Bureau he earned his title as inventor and scientist. One thing he did was to work out a new mechanism for the breeches of guns and to improve the gun mounts, these being the most cherished naval secrets we have. He was so valuable as an improver of the technical side of the equipment of the service that everybody said he should stick close to his shop and never go to sea.

Another thing that engaged his inventive attention was the torpedo. Time was, after they let loose a torpedo at the torpedo station at Newport, when the men who started this engine of destruction never were certain whether it would proceed landward and invade one of the palaces of the idle rich which dot that shore, or go directly and expeditiously on its target mission. They fired a torpedo and trusted to luck. Many a plutocrat has acquired nervous exhaustion worrying over the possibility of a torpedo entering his dining room during a monkey dinner and distressing the simian guest.

Fletcher fixed all that. When he was in command of the Cushing he soon decided that torpedoes should have but one definite object in life, and that was to go where they were intended to go. So he put those inventive wits to work and soon had a controlling mechanism evolved. Now a torpedo can be fired as accurately as a projectile out of a big gun. This was a great relief to the cottagers at Newport. It certainly does fuss one up, when one is sitting comfortably on the porch of one's million-dollar cottage, to have a stray torpedo roam in and wreck the priceless antiques in the drawing room; and it also makes it very hard to keep servants.

Another thing about this many-sided man is his ability to express himself in concise and clear English. When he began sending in his reports Secretary Daniels, who is a newspaper man, was filled with great professional pride; for in addition to having a good sailor on the job he also had a fine correspondent, who covered the news of the affair in most commendable fashion. Likewise Fletcher kept his head; and no appeal was taken from his suggestions, either by the President or the Secretary of the Navy—which, as may be noted, makes it quite plain that you never can tell.

An inventor may have the making of a great commander in him as well as the making of a gun mount or a new breech or a torpedo controller. Ours is a versatile citizenry, and no member of it appears to be more versatile than Friday Fletcher. And when he is in command of the entire Atlantic Fleet—but that's a secret. However, you watch the trend of events.

The Patient Ticket Seller

Summer Days are Overland Days

IF there ever was one particular time of the year when you actually are in need of one of these big, comfortable, powerful cars it certainly is right now when the red hot sun bakes you into a state of extreme and excessive perspiration, pessimism and discontent.

Suppose you wanted to get to the seashore quick—or the country club, woods, mountains, lake, river or wherever that favorite cool spot is—do you know of a better way for instant relief, res

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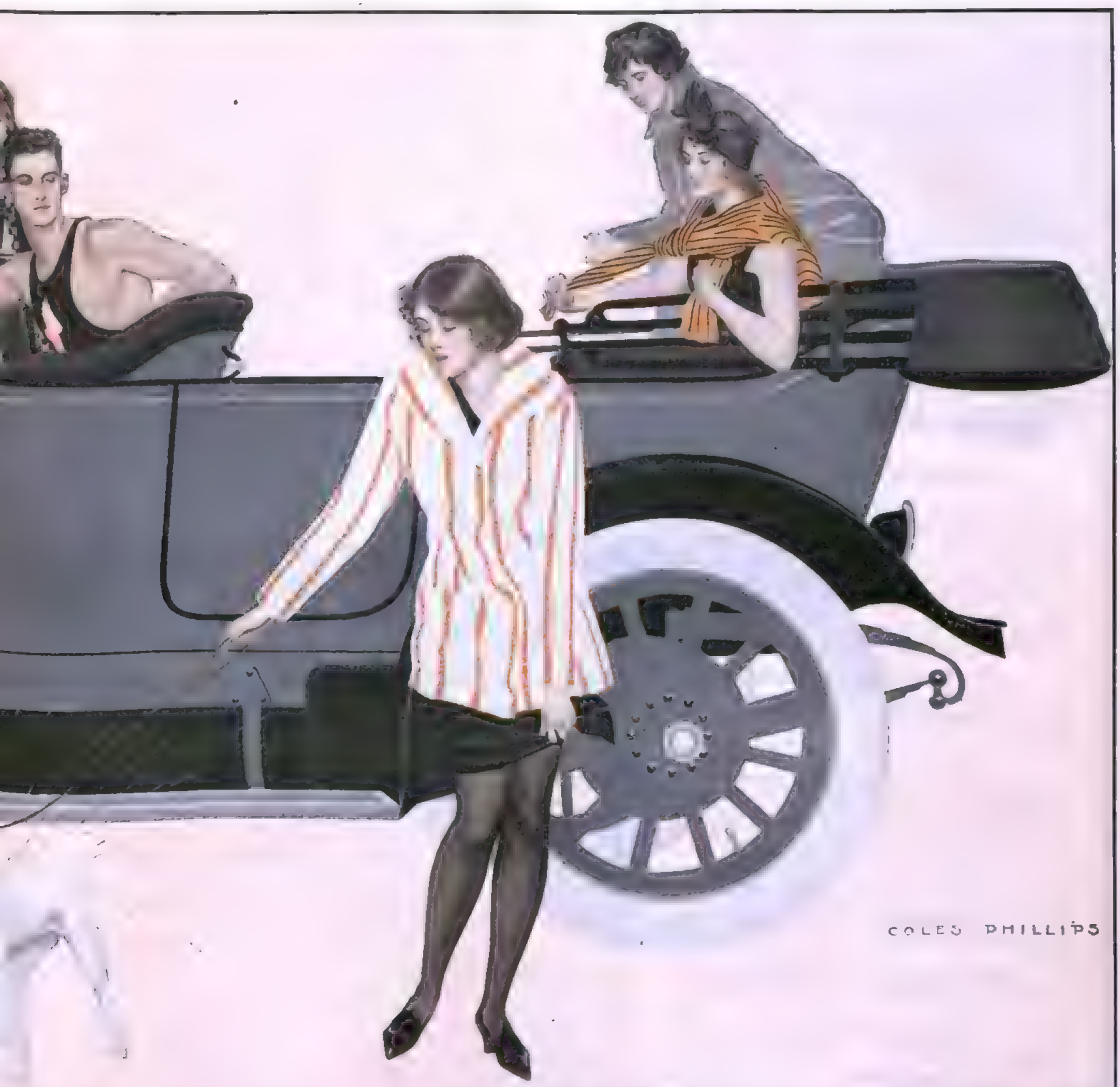

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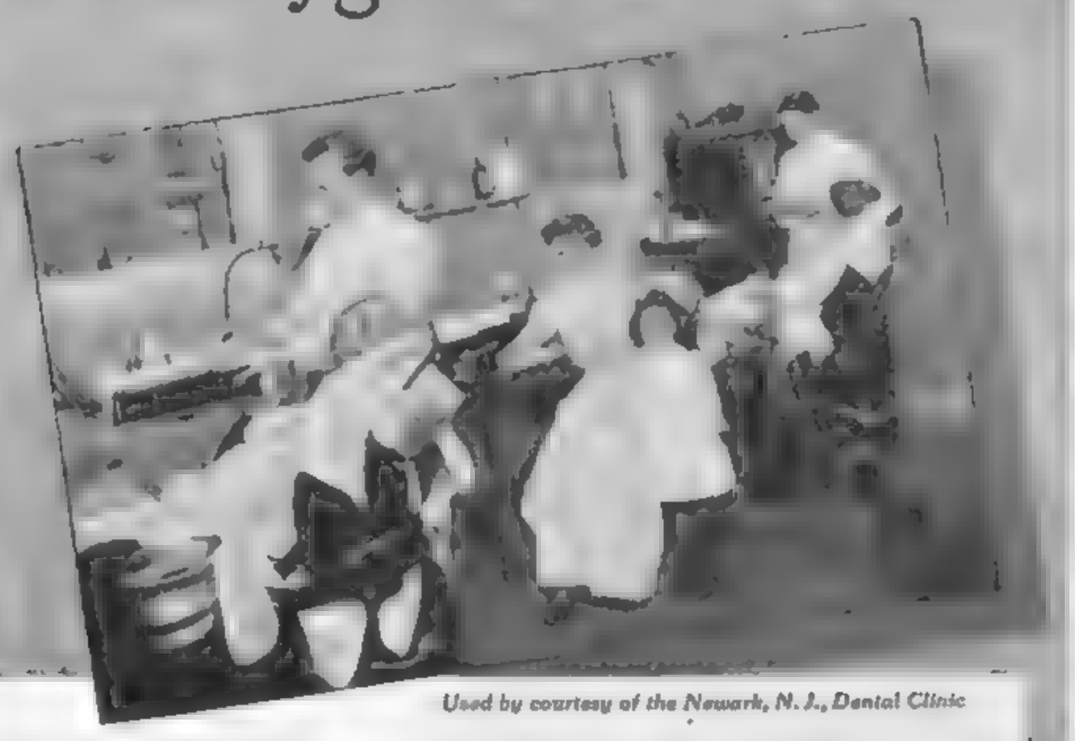
In the spread of the Oral Hygiene Movement



Used by courtesy of the Newark, N. J., Dental Clinic

Colgate's is doing its share

Dental Clinics recently established in the public schools all over the country show the growing interest in the care of children's teeth—and prove its vital relation to health.

You, and the children in whom you are most interested, may not need the dentist's care today—though it is safer to visit him and be *sure*. But you and they do need every day a safe, reliable and efficient dentifrice.

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream is a safe and sane dentifrice—one with a delicious flavor that makes its regular use a pleasure.

The Evolution of Dentifrices

It is a fine art to make a perfect dentifrice—one which will clean and polish without scratching, which will *properly* fulfill the meaning of the word Dentifrice—dental friction.

Precipitated Chalk made a great change

It was not so long ago that dentifrices generally contained infusonal earth, cuttle-bone, pumice and other bases, all far too harsh for the delicate enamel of the teeth which, when once injured, cannot be restored by nature. In time these materials were largely discarded and the less harsh precipitated chalk became the accepted base of the better dentifrices.

But all Precipitated Chalks are not alike

Colgate & Company, not satisfied with the best chalk to be bought on the open market, experimented in their laboratories until they had perfected a chalk free from sharp angular particles; a chalk that will cleanse and polish without scratching.

Colgate's base is safe

We make only enough of this for use in our own dentifrices—and, so far as we know, we are the only manufacturers who prepare their own precipitated chalk. This is an evidence of the care used in making Ribbon Dental Cream.

And the advertising is truthful

In advertising as in manufacturing we choose scrupulously. What we say about Ribbon Dental Cream is as conscientiously examined as what we put into it. Efficiency with safety marks the making; efficiency with truth is the aim of the advertising. Every advertisement is written with the hope that after reading you will test the truth of the statement. As you do so, you have our word that it is *true*.

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream does six things—

and does them well.

1 Checks the growth of decay germs.
2 Corrects an acid condition of the mouth.
3 Delights by its delicious flavor.
4 Cleans thoroughly without injurious chemicals.
5 Polishes the teeth to natural whiteness without harmful grit.
6 Leaves the mouth wholesome and the breath pure.

Ribbon Dental Cream is a complete dentifrice—you too should use it.

TO DENTISTS—send for complete information on our precipitated chalk.

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Dept. P, 199 Fulton St., New York
Established 1806
Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Soap—luxurious, lasting, refined

THE DOOMDORF MYSTERY

(Concluded from Page 10)

The firelight flickered past her to the box on the benches in the hall, and the vast, inscrutable justice of heaven entered and overcame him.

"Yes," he said. "Go! There is no jury in Virginia that would hold a woman for shooting a beast like that." And he thrust out his arm, with the fingers extended toward the dead man.

The woman made a little awkward curtsy.

"I thank you, sir," Then she hesitated and lisped. "But I have not shoot him."

"Not shoot him!" cried Randolph. "Why, the man's heart is riddled!"

"Yes, sir," she said simply, like a child. "I kill him, but have not shoot him."

Randolph took two long strides toward the woman.

"Not shoot him!" he repeated. "How then, in the name of heaven, did you kill Doomdorf?" And his big voice filled the empty places of the room.

"I will show you, sir," she said.

She turned and went away into the house. Presently she returned with something folded up in a linen towel. She put it on the table between the loaf of bread and the yellow cheese.

Randolph stood over the table, and the woman's deft fingers undid the towel from round its deadly contents; and presently the thing lay there uncovered.

It was a little crude model of a human figure done in wax with a needle thrust through the bosom.

Randolph stood up with a great intake of the breath.

"Magic! By the eternal!"

"Yes, sir," the woman explained, in her voice and manner of a child. "I have try to kill him many times—oh, very many times!—with witch words which I have remember; but always they fail. Then, at last, I make him in wax, and I put a needle through his heart; and I kill him very quickly."

It was as clear as daylight, even to Randolph, that the woman was innocent. Her little harmless magic was the pathetic effort of a child to kill a dragon. He hesitated a moment before he spoke, and then he decided like the gentleman he was. If it helped the child to believe that her enchanted straw had slain the monster—well, he would let her believe it.

"And now, sir, may I go?"

Randolph looked at the woman in a sort of wonder.

"Are you not afraid," he said, "of the night and the mountains, and the long road?"

"Oh no, sir," she replied simply. "The good God will be everywhere now."

It was an awful commentary on the dead man—that this strange half-child believed that all the evil in the world had gone out with him; that now that he was dead, the sunlight of heaven would fill every nook and corner.

It was not a faith that either of the two men wished to shatter, and they let her go. It would be daylight presently and the road through the mountains to the Chesapeake was open.

Randolph came back to the fireside after he had helped her into the saddle, and sat down. He tapped on the hearth for some time idly with the iron poker; and then finally he spoke.

"This is the strangest thing that ever happened," he said. "Here's a mad old preacher who thinks that he killed Doomdorf with fire from Heaven, like Elijah the Tishbite; and here is a simple child of a woman who thinks she killed him with a piece of magic of the Middle Ages—each as innocent of his death as I am. And yet, by the eternal, the beast is dead!"

He drummed on the hearth with the poker, lifting it up and letting it drop through the hollow of his fingers.

"Somebody shot Doomdorf. But who? And how did he get into and out of that shut-up room? The assassin that killed Doomdorf must have gotten into the room to kill him. Now, how did he get in?" He spoke as to himself; but my uncle sitting across the hearth replied:

"Through the window."

"Through the window!" echoed Randolph. "Why, man, you yourself showed me that the window had not been opened, and the precipice below it a fly could hardly climb. Do you tell me now that the window was opened?"

"No," said Abner, "it was never opened."

Randolph got on his feet.

"Abner," he cried, "are you saying that the one who killed Doomdorf climbed the sheer wall and got in through a closed window, without disturbing the dust or the cobwebs on the window frame?"

My uncle looked Randolph in the face.

"The murderer of Doomdorf did even more," he said. "That assassin not only climbed the face of that precipice and got in through the closed window, but he shot Doomdorf to death and got out again through the closed window without leaving a single track or trace behind, and without disturbing a grain of dust or a thread of a cobweb."

Randolph swore a great oath.

"The thing is impossible!" he cried. "Men are not killed to-day in Virginia by black art or a curse of God."

"By black art, no," replied Abner; "but by the curse of God, yes. I think they are."

Randolph drove his clenched right hand into the palm of his left.

"By the eternal!" he cried. "I would like to see the assassin who could do a murder like this, whether he be an imp from the pit or an angel out of Heaven."

"Very well," replied Abner, undisturbed. "When he comes back to-morrow I will show you the assassin who killed Doomdorf."

When day broke they dug a grave and buried the dead man against the mountain among his peach trees. It was noon when that work was ended. Abner threw down his spade and looked up at the sun.

"Randolph," he said, "let us go and lay an ambush for this assassin. He is on the way here."

And it was a strange ambush that he laid. When they were come again into the chamber where Doomdorf died he bolted the door; then he loaded the fowling piece and put it carefully back on its rack against the wall. After that he did another curious thing: He took the blood-stained coat, which they had stripped off the dead man when they had prepared his body for the earth, put a pillow in it and laid it on the couch precisely where Doomdorf had slept. And while he did these things Randolph stood in wonder and Abner talked:

"Look you, Randolph. . . . We will trick the murderer. . . . We will catch him in the act."

Then he went over and took the puzzled justice by the arm.

"Watch!" he said. "The assassin is coming along the wall!"

But Randolph heard nothing, saw nothing. Only the sun entered. Abner's hand tightened on his arm.

"It is here! Look!" And he pointed to the wall.

Randolph, following the extended finger, saw a tiny brilliant disk of light moving slowly up the wall toward the lock of the fowling piece. Abner's hand became a vise and his voice rang as over metal.

"'He that killeth with the sword must be killed with the sword.' It is the water bottle, full of Doomdorf's liquor, focusing the sun. . . . And look, Randolph, how Bronson's prayer was answered!"

The tiny disk of light traveled on the plate of the lock.

"It is fire from heaven!"

The words rang above the roar of the fowling piece, and Randolph saw the dead man's coat leap up on the couch, riddled by the shot. The gun, in its natural position on the rack, pointed to the couch standing at the end of the chamber, beyond the offset of the wall, and the focused sun had exploded the percussion cap.

Randolph made a great gesture, with his arm extended.

"It is a world," he said, "filled with the mysterious joinder of accident!"

"It is a world," replied Abner, "filled with the mysterious justice of God!"

Peaceful Gander

GANDER BOYD lives in Bonham, Texas, and refuses to get excited over anything but a nine-inning tie. At the time the newspapers were full of war possibilities and Governor Colquitt was bombarding Washington for an army, a man asked Gander whether he was going to fight the Mexicans.

"Hell, no!" said Gander. "I ain't mad!"

Sense and Nonsense

The French for Hotel

ONE of Messmore Kendall's friends took a trip to Europe not long ago—his first trip abroad. After he reached London unexpected business took him to Paris. Upon his return he was telling Kendall about his experiences.

"I don't speak any French," he said, "and I didn't know the name of any Paris hotels. So when we landed at Calais I bought a lot of postal cards of Paris views, because I figured there'd be a picture of one of the big hotels anyhow. Sure enough I found a postcard showing a great big stone building with flags on it, and it was called 'Hotel de Ville.'

"'That'll do for me,' I says to myself. So when we got to Paris I climbs into a taxi and says 'Hotel de Ville' to the driver.

"Do you know where he took me? The derned fool drove me to the city hall."

Safety in Frills

TWO East-Siders were making their first trip to Europe. On the first night out the sea grew rough and the liner pitched like a chip in the big waves.

One of the travelers, coming to his stateroom to retire, found his friend just getting into bed, and was astonished to note that the second man wore a woman's frilly nightgown and had a lace-and-ribbon-trimmed boudoir cap tied upon his head.

"For heaven's sake, man," he gasped, "what's the idea?"

"Well," said his friend, "you know the rule: In case of disaster, women and children first."

Cordially Indorsed

BAYARD VEILLER, the playwright, says a candidate for citizenship came to the naturalization bureau in New York to take out his final papers. The applicant was a Pole who spoke broken English and was apparently eager to become a voter in the shortest possible time. With him was a friend and sponsor from the East Side.

Under examination the candidate betrayed a tremendous lack of knowledge of national history and institutions and public men. Finally the examiner turned to his companion:

"Here," he said testily, "this man's ignorance is appalling. Take him away and explain something to him about the government of the United States and of the state of New York. Don't bring him back until he is better qualified."

The East-Sider led his crestfallen fellow-countryman away. Within twenty minutes they both returned. "Hello," said the examiner; "back so soon?"

"Everything is all right," stated the East-Sider. "I took my friend out and read him the Constitution, and he says he likes it first-rate."

Suspicions Well Grounded

AN ENGLISH caretaker was showing a party of American visitors through an ancient English cathedral.

"Be'ind the altar," he said, "lies buried Richard the Lion-'earted. In the churchyard outside lies Queen Rosamun'. And 'oo"—halting above an unmarked flagging in the stone floor and addressing a man from Pittsburgh—"'oo do you think, sir, is a-lyin' 'ere on this spot?"

"Well," said the American, "I don't know for sure, but I have my suspicions."

Of the Gentler Sex

THERE is a man in New York who breeds Great Danes for the bench shows. He was walking along Fifth Avenue with an especially handsome dog in leash when two women halted him.

"What a magnificent animal—a Great Dane, isn't it?" said one.

"Yessum," said the breeder.

"I presume you call him Hamlet then," put in the second woman.

"No'm—Ophelia."

A Proper Handicap

A WELL-KNOWN comedian who is noted, among other things, for his ability to stow away highballs without outward evidences of the same was standing before a New York bar stirring the ice in his glass.

Another actor, who cannot take many drinks without showing the effects, drifted in.

"Hello, Hank," he hailed. "How about you and I taking a drink or so together?"

"Charley," said the other, "I'll spot you five."

A Dual Personality

THE President was talking about a statesman who was annoying him with a proposition he could not consider.

"The trouble with him," he said, "is that he seems to be half gentleman and half mule."

He paused and looked out of his office window at a magnolia tree in bloom on the White House lawn.

"It is very difficult," Mr. Wilson continued, "to treat the mule half with the consideration demanded by the gentleman half."

Misinformation

THERE was a dance in the lobby of one of the big apartment houses in Washington. A man who rents an apartment came in, saw the crowd, and asked one of the negro elevator boys:

"What's going on out there?"

"Why," the boy replied, "that is a dance given by one of the maternities of Georgetown University!"

PUBLIC OWNERSHIP

(Concluded from Page 12)

to which his system of efficiency was applicable—for all the railroads of the United States, was $405,434,797. Of this over fifty-nine million dollars was charged to depreciation under the Interstate Commerce Commission rules, leaving less than three hundred and forty-six million dollars—out of which Mr. Brandeis would save three hundred and sixty-five million dollars!

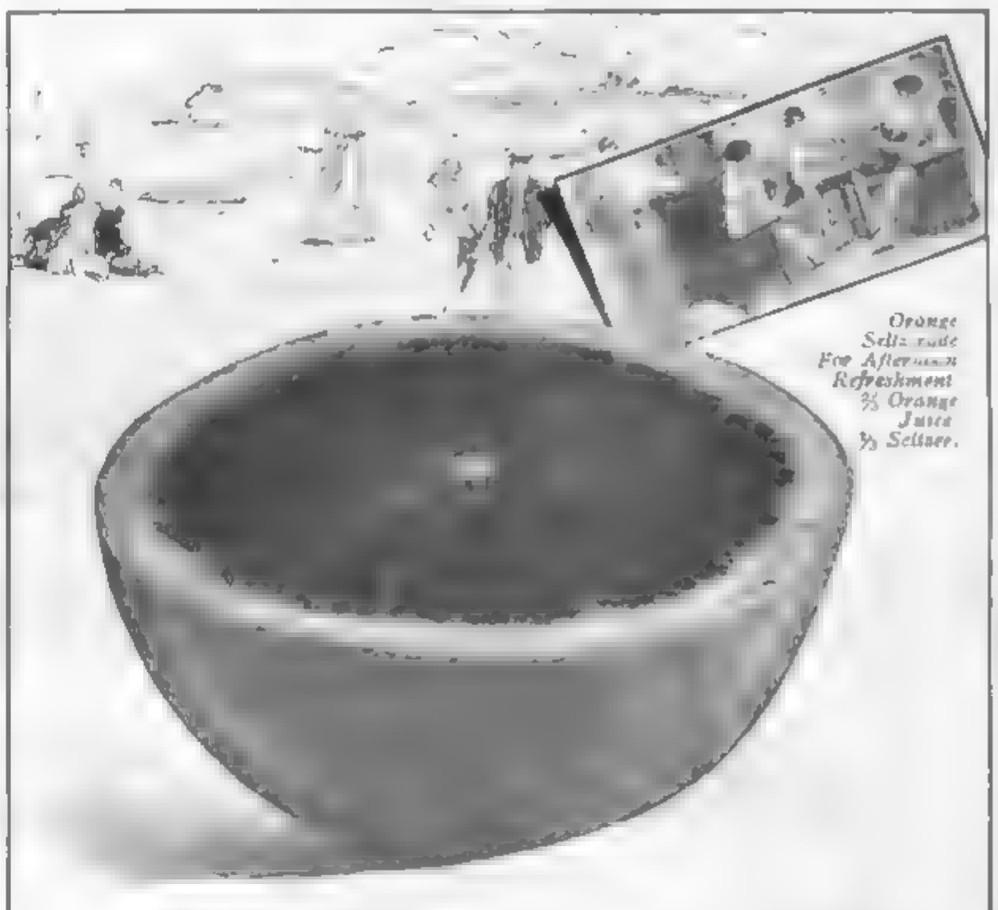
Ex-Governor Stubbs makes the ingenious but not ingenuous suggestion that the Government might acquire a monopoly of all the railroads in the United States, taking over "a dozen of the greatest railroad systems of the country at a valuation of not much more than three billion dollars." The control of these roads by the Government, he says, would mean virtual control of the railroad business of the entire country. Perhaps it would; but would control so acquired and so exercised be any improvement morally, financially or economically over the business control against which ex-Governor Stubbs inveighs so bitterly?

Moreover, where does he get his idea that the dozen greatest railroad systems in the United States could be bought for three billion dollars? These dozen comprise more than one hundred and twelve thousand miles of the most valuable railroad mileage in the country, and no fair and reasonable appraisal would place their value at less than fourteen billion dollars, or two-thirds of the total valuation of the railroads in the United States.

Nor would the control of the railroads of the Republic—much less of the neighboring Dominion—go with a purchase of the dozen greatest railroad systems of the United States.

The foregoing is merely intended to show up the sort of figures and arguments that are being used by this class of political economists, who write on railroad matters with the maximum of assurance and the minimum of information. So far as the general question of Government ownership of railroads is concerned, the plan has to commend it all the advantages of a monopoly—namely, the elimination of competition and the expense incident thereto.

Whenever the American people want that condition they can have it; but they should not be deceived into the belief that the Government will furnish transportation of a more superior class than now prevails, and they must be prepared to witness political conditions of which they have never dreamed and which can hardly fail to overthrow their Government.



Queen of Summer Fruits

Here is an orange, called the Sunkist *Valencia*, that is picked fresh every day in California from *May* until *November*.

A luscious, sweet, juicy orange, practically without seeds—full of that rich "native California flavor."

Have you tried it for breakfast—have you served it in the evening as a delicious, cool dessert?

Do that tomorrow. See what the family says.

Oranges are most beneficial in summer, and this *Queen* of summer oranges is now the finest obtainable.

We ship Valencias by fastest freight to every market, and see that all dealers are supplied. Tell your dealer you want them. Prices are low. Don't miss this perfect orange this summer.

Some Valencia skins are very light in color, but the *meat* of them *all* is a *deep red*—a sign that they're fully ripened. You have never tasted a better orange.

California *Valencia*

Sunkist Oranges

Sunkist Lemons

Get these lemons, also. Sunkist Lemons look best to serve with iced-tea, salads, fish or meats. They make the best lemonade. And the juice, in place of vinegar, is the secret of "the connoisseur-touch" in scores of dishes for which hundreds of chefs are famous.

California Fruit Growers Exchange

Dept. H, 139 N. Clark St., Chicago

Mail us this coupon and we will send you our complimentary 40-page recipe book, showing more than 110 ways of using Sunkist Oranges and Lemons. You will also receive our illustrated premium book which tells you how to trade Sunkist wrappers for beautiful table silver.

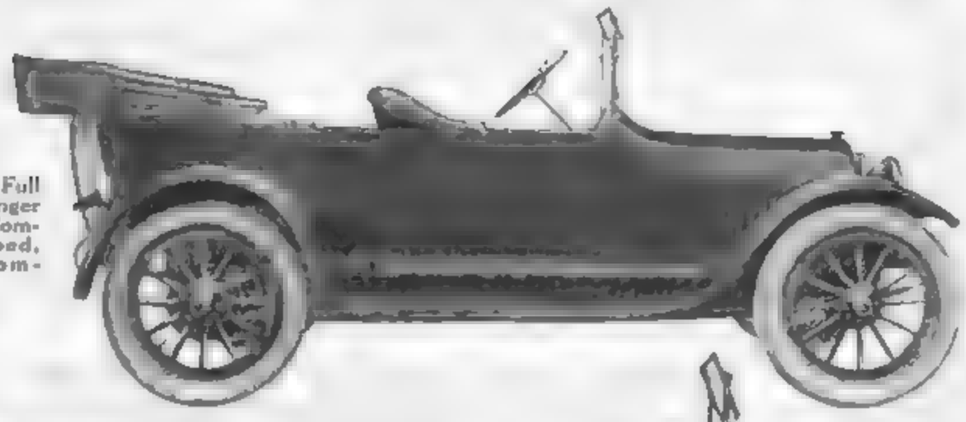
1206

Name

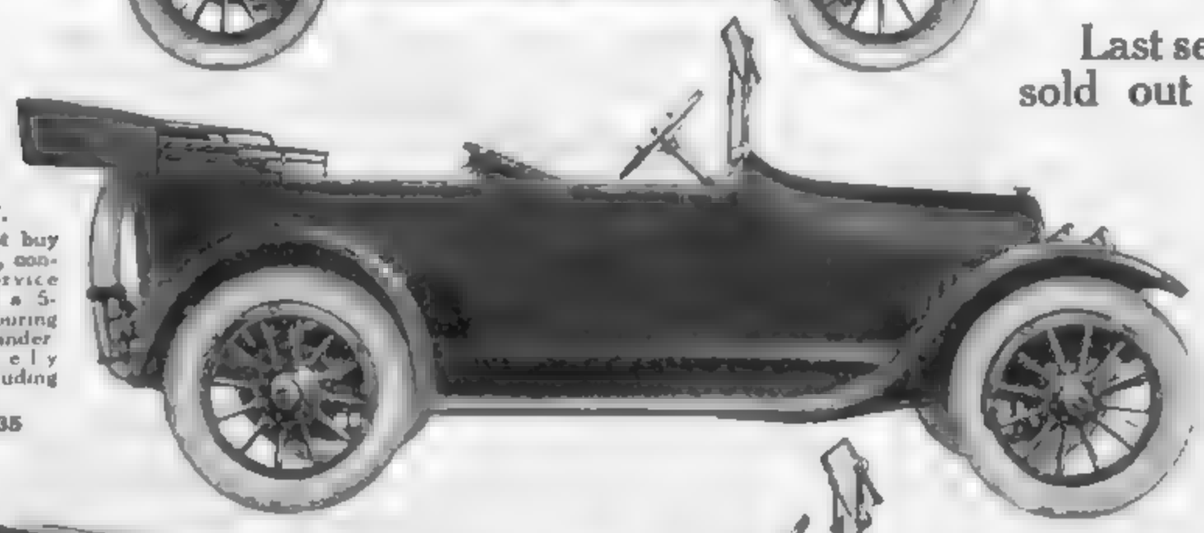
Address

1915 Buick *Valve-in-head* MOTOR CARS

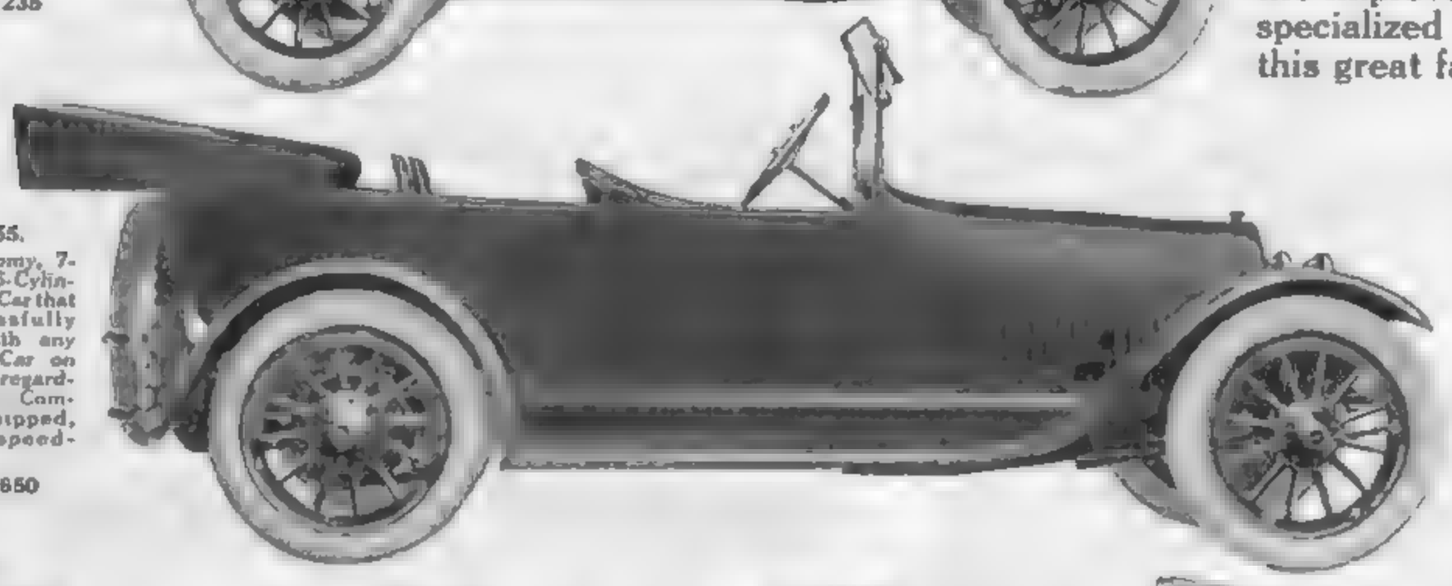
The Car of Power, Speed,



Buick
Model C. 25.
Four Cylinder. Full sized 5-Passenger Touring Car. Completely equipped, except speedometer
Price $950



Buick
Model C. 37.
Money cannot buy more comfort, convenience, service and style in a 5-Passenger Touring Car Four cylinder Completely equipped, including speedometer.
Price $1235



Buick
Model C. 55.
A large, roomy, 7-Passenger, 6-Cylinder Touring Car that will successfully compete with any 6 Cylinder Car on the market, regardless of price. Completely equipped, including speedometer
Price $1650

THE vital factor that has built up such an enormous demand for Buick cars is the Valve-in-Head motor, together with the dependability and durability of construction, comfort and great fuel economy.

Last season the output of 33,200 cars was completely sold out early in March. This endorsement of the Buick by the buying public has justified us this season in *increasing our output and lowering our prices.*

At the same time the 1915 Buick models actually offer greatly increased value. This reduction of price is possible because of the volume of business, the improved factory methods and because of the specialized labor and knowledge of the experts in this great factory.

The Buick plant is the largest automobile factory in the world and here practically all parts for the Buick cars are made. This means economy of manufacture, unified effort and centralized engineering supervision.

Every man, every machine, every brain is attending solely to the work of making Buick cars.

1915 Buick

Valve-in-head MOTOR CARS

Dependability and Durability

THE 1915 Buick has all the fundamental Buick principles with the addition of *every improvement* that has stood the Buick tests of worth. In fact, the three chassis, while the same in all essentials as last year, have been improved in every particular where improvement was possible. Many important innovations this season are added to increase the value of the cars:

The new Delco system of starting, lighting and ignition with an increased generating capacity of 35% and automatic spark advance.

Tungsten steel valves.

Carburetor supplied by Stewart-Warner gravity feed vacuum system.

Controls conveniently located on instrument board in the cowl.

Non-skid tires on rear wheels.

Improved quality of leather for the upholstering and finer finish.

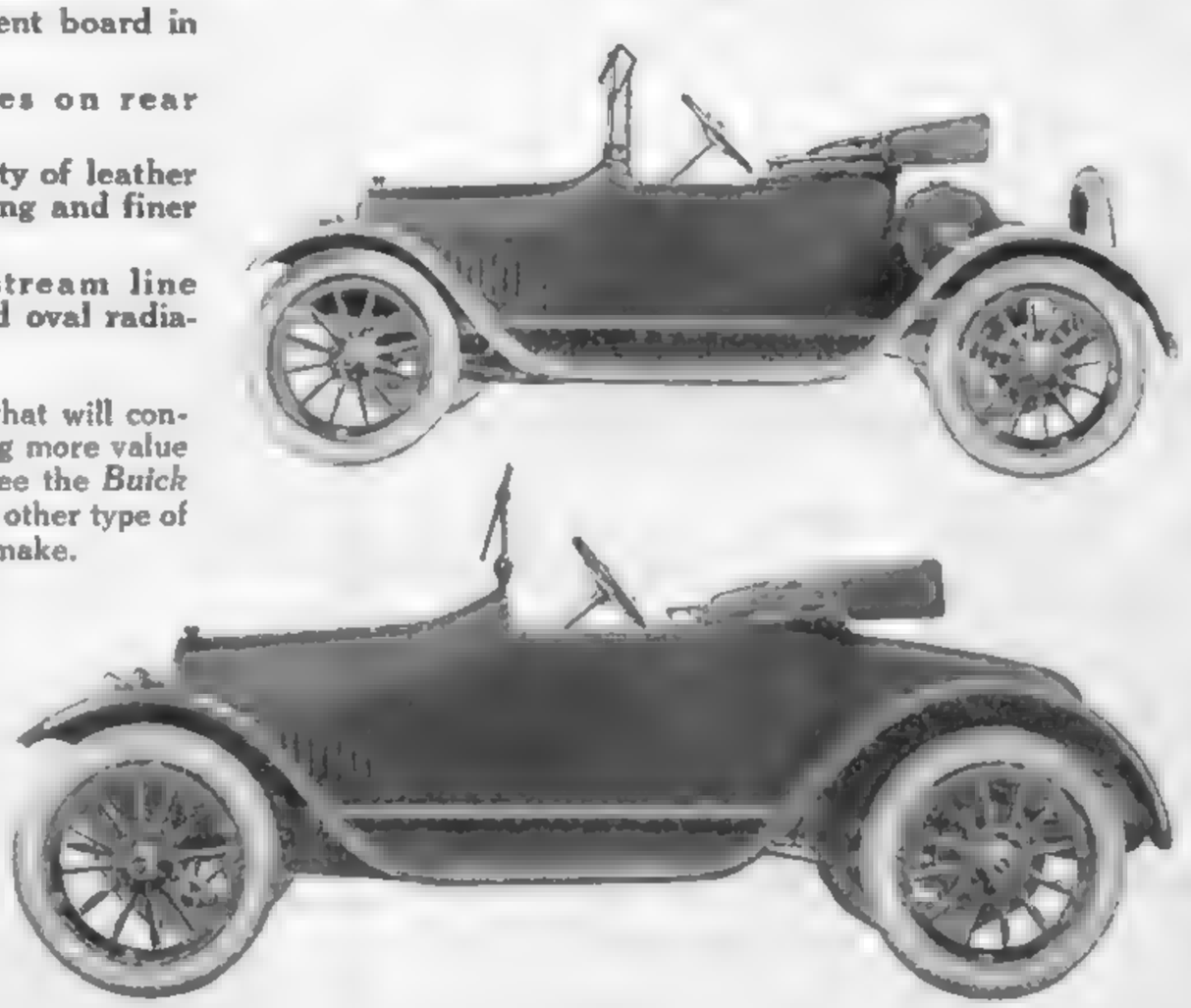
High grade stream line bodies, hoods and oval radiators.

These are but a few of the Buick improvements that will convince the buyer that, regardless of price, we are giving more value than ever before. *We always have and still* guarantee the *Buick Valve-in-Head motor* to develop *more power* than any other type of *automobile motor* of equal size, *American* or foreign make.

Only responsible men who stand well in their communities are acceptable as Buick dealers and we are glad to negotiate with such men where territory may be open. *Any Buick dealer will tell you that a Buick contract is a big asset.*

The 1915 Buick line includes three chassis and six models. Advance catalogues now ready for distribution—sent immediately upon request. Deliveries of cars will begin in July.

Buick Motor Company, Flint, Mich.



Buick Model C. 24.

The business man's ideal car. 4-Cylinder, 2-Passenger Roadster. Completely equipped, except speedometer.

Price $900

Buick Model C. 36.

The handsomest roadster on the market. Very fast, extra wide seat. 4-Cylinder. Completely equipped, including speedometer.

Price $1185

"The Girard Smile"
As conceived by Anton Otto Fischer

Most men who smoke at all smoke at least an hour a day. How important it is then that you should determine the one cigar which best suits you. So we ask you merely to try

GIRARD Cigars

We do not ask you to keep on smoking them. The cigar itself will do that. We only point out in advance that you will find them full-flavored yet "easy on your nerves"—the result of the unique Girard blend.

The Girard Cigar is made in 14 sizes and shapes; from 3 for a quarter to 20c. straight.

Antonio Roig & Langsdorf
Philadelphia
Established 1871

This Hose Can't Kink

Here's a hose that won't kink when you cross over from one part of the lawn to the other.

That means no intermittent stream—no strain on the hose—no bursting, no impaired hose.

The wonderful construction of Goodyear Lawn Hose prevents all trouble. This hose follows you everywhere—in and out among the trees, around sharp corners, over gravel paths and velvet lawns. Yet no kinking can happen. The six heavy ribs that run its full length keep the hose "normal" at all times.

These ribs also add to the outer wearing quality. Your hose *glides*. The ribs take all the hard knocks and abuse so that the hose remains intact.

Other Features

In all, Goodyear Hose has five layers of finest quality rubber and braided staple cotton. These are all cured into one durable unit for unusual service.

And Goodyear Hose has ten per cent *more* rubber. It will stand the sun, water and strain and will be in service long after inferior hose has been discarded.

That's where you save. For when you buy lawn hose you pay for *service*—not for just so much rubber and fabric. Think that over.

Buy Hose Wisely

Say "Goodyear." That means years of service—and better service. The trade-mark on every foot guarantees both quality and quantity.

If your dealer happens to be out of Goodyear Lawn Hose just send us his name. We will see that you are supplied promptly. Prices: ½-inch, 20 cents a foot; ⅝-inch, 2½ cents a foot; ¾-inch, 3c a foot.

We recommend the ½-inch. You will find its size and weight best for average use.

GOODYEAR

Lawn Hose

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

Dealers Everywhere (1708) Write Us on Anything You Want in Rubber

THE SMART ALECK

(Continued from Page 5)

Vague, formless thoughts of reprisal, of vengeance exacted an hundredfold when opportunity should fitly offer, flitted through his numbed brain. Meantime adventure beckoned; half a mile away or less a Great White Way and a street fair awaited his coming. That saffron flare against the sky yonder was an invitation and a promise. Sighing, he shifted his valise from one hand to the other.

The Belt Line car, returning stationward, bore him with small loss of time straightway to the very center of excitement; to where bunting waved on store fronts and flag standards swayed from trolley poles, converting the County Square into a Court of Honor, and a myriad lights glowed golden russet through the haze of dust kicked up by the hurrying feet of merrymaking thousands. Barkers barked and brass bands brayed; strange cries of man and beast arose, and crowds eddied to and fro like wind-blown leaves in a gusty November. And all was gayety and abandon. From the confusion certain sounds detached themselves, becoming intelligible to the human understanding. As for example:

"Remembah, good people, the cool of the evenin' is the time to view the edgycated ostritch and mark his many peculiarities!"

And this:

"The big red hots! The g-e-r-reat big, juicy, sizzlin' red hots! The eriginal hot-dog sandwich - fi' cents, halluf a dime, the twentieth part of a dollah! Here y'are! Here y'are! The genuwine Mexican hairless Frankfurter fer fi' cents!"

And this:

"Cornfetti! Cornfetti! All the colors of the rainbow! All the pleasures of the Mardi Gras! A large full sack for a nickel! Buy cornfetti and enjoy yourselves."

And so on and so forth.

The forlorn youth, a half-fledged school-teacher from a back district, who had purchased the county rights of a patent razor sharpener from a polished gentleman who had had to look at the map before he even knew the name of the county, stood on a dry-goods box at the corner of Second and Yazoo, dimly regretful of the good money paid out for license and unsalable stock, striving desperately to remember and enunciate the patter taught him by the gifted promoter. For the twentieth time he lifted his voice, essaying his word-formula in husky and stuttering accents for the benefit of swirling multitudes, who never stopped to listen:

"Friends, I have here the Infallible Patent Razor Sharpener. 'Twill sharpen razors, knives, scissors, scythe blades or any edged tool. If you don't believe it will ——" He paused, forgetting the tag line; then cleared his throat and improvised a finish: "If you don't believe it will—why, it will!" It was a lame conclusion and fruitful of no sales.

How different the case with a talented professional stationed half a block down the street, who nonchalantly coiled and whirled and threw a lasso at nothing; then gathered in the rope and coiled and threw it again, always at nothing at all, until an audience collected, being drawn by a desire to know the meaning of a performance seemingly so purposeless. Then, dropping the rope, he burst into a stirring panegyric touching on the miraculous qualifications of the Ajax Matchless Cleaning and Washing Powder, which made bathing a sheer pleasure and household drudgery a joy.

Never for one moment abating the flow of his eloquence, this person produced a tiny vial, held it aloft, uncorked it, shook twenty drops of its colorless fluid contents on the corrugated surface of a seemingly new and virgin sponge; then gently kneaded and massaged the sponge until—lo and behold!—lather formed and grew and mounted and foamed, so that the yellow lump became a mass of creamy white suds the size of a peck measure, and from it dripped huge bubbles that foamed about his feet and expired prismatically, as the dolphin was once believed to expire, leaving smears upon the boards whereon the operator stood.

Thereat dimes flowed in on him in clinking streams, and bottles of the Matchless flowed from him until, apparently grown weary of commerce, he abandoned his perch, avowedly for refreshment, but really—this being a trade secret—to privily rub shavings of yellow soap into the receptive pores of a fresh sponge and so make it ready against the next demonstration.

Through such scenes Gash Tuttle wandered, a soul apart. He was of the carnival, but not in it—not as yet. With a pained mental jolt he observed that about him men of his own age wore garments of a novel and fascinating cut. By contrast his own wardrobe seemed suddenly grown commonplace and prosaic; also, these city dwellers spoke a tongue that, though lacking, as he inwardly conceded, in the ready pungency of his own speech, nevertheless had a saucy and attractive savor of novelty in its phrasing. Indeed, he felt lonely. So must a troubadour of old have felt when set adrift in an alien and hostile land. So must the shining steel feel when separated from the flint on which it strikes forth its sparks of fire. I take it a steel never really craves for its flint until it parts from it.

As he wormed through a group of roistering youth of both sexes he tripped over his own valise, and a wadded handful of confetti struck him full in the cheek and from behind him came a gurgle of laughter. It was borne in on him that he was the object of mirth and not its creator. His neck burned. Certainly the most distressing situation which may beset a humorist follows hard on the suspicion that folks are laughing—not with him, but at him!

He hurried on as rapidly as one might hurry in such crowded ways. He was aware now of a sensation of emptiness which could not be attributed altogether to the depression occasioned by his experience at the First Chance Saloon; and he took steps to stay it. He purchased and partook of hamburger sandwiches rich in chopped onions.

Later it would be time to find suitable lodgings. The more alluring of the pay-as-you-enter attractions were yet to be tested. By way of a beginning he handed over a ten-cent piece to a swarthy person behind a blue pedestal, and mounting eight wooden steps to a platform he passed behind a flapping canvas curtain. There, in company with perhaps a dozen other patrons, he leaned over a wooden rail and gazed downward into a shallow tarpaulin-lined den where a rather drowsy-appearing, half-nude individual, evidently of Ethiopian antecedents, first toyed with some equally drowsy specimens of the reptile kingdom and then partook sparingly and with no particular avidity of the tail of a very small garter snake.

Chance, purely, had led Gash Tuttle to select the establishment of Osay rather than that of the Educated Ostrich, or the Amphibious Man, or Fatima the Pearl of the Harem, for his first plunge into carnival pleasures; but chance is the hinge on which many moving events swing. It was so in this instance.

Osay had finished a light but apparently satisfying meal and the audience was tailing away when Gash Tuttle, who happened to be the rearmost of the departing patrons, felt a detaining touch on his arm. He turned to confront a man in his shirt-sleeves—a large man with a pock-marked face, a drooping mustache and a tiger-claw watch charm on his vest. It was the same man who, but a minute before, had delivered a short yet flattering discourse touching the early life and manners and habits of the consumer of serpents—in short, the manager of the show and presumably its owner.

"Say!" began this gentleman.

"Say yourself," flashed Gash, feeling himself on safe ground once more; "your mouth's open."

The man grinned in appreciation of the thrust—a wincing grin, as though owning himself beaten in the very first sally.

"All right, old scout," he said jovially, "I will. Come back here where nobody can't hear me while I say it." He drew the younger man to the inner side of the platform and sank his voice to a confidential rumble. "Soon as I seen you comin' in I says to myself, 'That's the party I'm lookin' for.' You don't live here in this town, do you?"

Gash Tuttle shook his head and started to speak, but the big man was going on. Plainly he was not one to waste time in idle preliminaries:

"That's the way I doped it. You're in the profesh, ain't you? You've been workin' this street-fair game somewhere, ain't you?"

"No," Gash Tuttle confessed, yet somehow at the same time feeling flattered.

Champion "X" Spark Plugs

are factory standard on all

Ford cars

Four years ago we were making 4,000 Champion Spark Plugs per *month*. Now we are turning out 25,000 "Champions" *every day*. They are snapped up as fast as we can produce them—to supply *all* Fords, Overlands, Studebakers, Metz, Maxwells and 48 other leading makes (at the factories) and to supply thousands and thousands of car owners. Champion *quality* has won this overwhelming popularity. There is a "Champion" for every gasoline engine. See your dealer.

Champion Spark Plug Company
World's largest makers of spark plugs
R. A. Stranahan, Pres. F. D. Stranahan, Treas.
118 Avondale Avenue, Toledo, Ohio

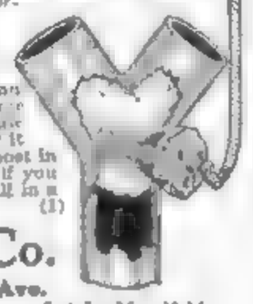
Six More miles per gallon—

A Speedler on your car will give you an average of 6 more miles from every gallon of gasoline. Try this test: Put on a Speedler for 30 days free trial. Set the gasoline throttle at the 10-mile notch. Then touch the Speedler Control, and watch the speedometer jump to 15 miles. You get 5 miles extra speed without an extra drop of gas. The Speedler air spray does it.

Speedler

"Less Gas—More Mileage"

Gives you extra power from the gasoline by mixing extra air in the mo[illegible] finger tip. *Over 50,000 auto[illegible] their cars with Speedlers last year.*



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"Well, that just goes to show how a guy can be fooled," said the Osay man. "I'd 'a' swore you was on to all the ropes in this biz. Anyway, I know just by the cut of your jib you're the party I'm lookin' for. That's why I braced you. My name's Fornaro; this here is my outfit. I want somebody to go in with me—and I've made up my mind you're the party I'm lookin' for."

Once bitten, twice shy; and Gash Tuttle's fifteen-dollar bite was still raw and bleeding. He started to pull away.

"I wouldn't choose to invest in anything more until I'd looked it over," he began. The large man grasped him by his two lapels and broke in on him, drowning out the protest before it was well started.

"Who said anything about anybody investin' anything?" he demanded. "Did I? No. Then listen to me a minute—just one minute. I'm in a hurry my own self and I gotta hand you this proposition out fust."

Sincerity was in his tone; was in his manner too. Even as he spoke his gaze roved past Gash Tuttle toward the tarpaulin draperies which contributed to their privacy, and he sweat freely; a suetlike dew spangled his brow. There was a noise outside. He listened intently, then fixed a mesmerizing stare on Gash Tuttle and spoke with great rapidity and greater earnestness:

"You see, I got some other interests here. Besides this pit show, I'm a partner in a store pitch and a mitt-joint; and, what with everything, I'm overworked. That's the God's truth—I'm overworked! What I need is a manager here. And soon as I seen how you handled yourself I says to myself, 'That's the party I want to hire for manager.' What did you say your name was?"

"Tuttle—Gashney P. Tut——"

"That's enough—the Tuttle part will do for me. Now, Tuttle, set down that there keister of yours—that gripsack—and listen. I gotta go down the street for a half hour—maybe an hour—and I want you to take charge. You're manager while I'm gone—the joint is yours till I git back. And to-night, later on, we'll fix up a deal together. If you think you like the job we'll make a reg'lar arrangement; we'll make it permanent instid of temporary. See?"

"But—but ——"

"But nothin'! I want to find out if my first judgment about you is correct. See? I want to make a test. See? That's it—a test. You ain't goin' to have much to do, first off. The nigger is all right s'long as he gits his dope." He motioned toward the canvas-lined retreat where Osay now dozed heavily among the coils of his somnolent pets. "And Crummy—that's my outside man—kin handle the front and make the spiel, and take in what money comes in. I'll mention to him as I'm leavin' that you're in charge. Probably I'll be back before time for the next blow-off. All you gotta do is just be manager—that's all; and if anybody comes round askin' for the manager, you're him. See?"

His impetuosity was hypnotizing—it was converting; nay, compelling. It was enough to sweep any audience off its feet, let alone an audience of one. Besides, where lives the male adult between the ages of nine and ninety who in his own mind is not convinced that he has within him the making of a great and successful amusement purveyor? Still, Gash Tuttle hesitated. The prospect was alluring, but it was sudden—so sudden.

As though divining his mental processes, the man Fornaro added a clinching and a convincing argument.

"To prove I'm on the dead level with you, I'm goin' to pay you for your time—pay you now, in advance—to bind the bargain until we git the details all fixed up." He hauled out a fair-sized wad of currency and from the mass detached a frayed green bill. "I'm goin' to slip you a she-note on the spot."

"A which?"

"A she-note—two bones. See?"

He forced the money into the other's palm. As Gash Tuttle automatically pocketed the retainer he became aware that this brisk new associate of his, without waiting for any further token of agreement on his part, was already preparing to surrender the enterprise into his keeping. Fornaro backed away from him and dropped nimbly down off the back of the platform where there was a slit in the canvas wall; then turned and, standing on tiptoe to bring his

The New 1915 R-C-H

$900

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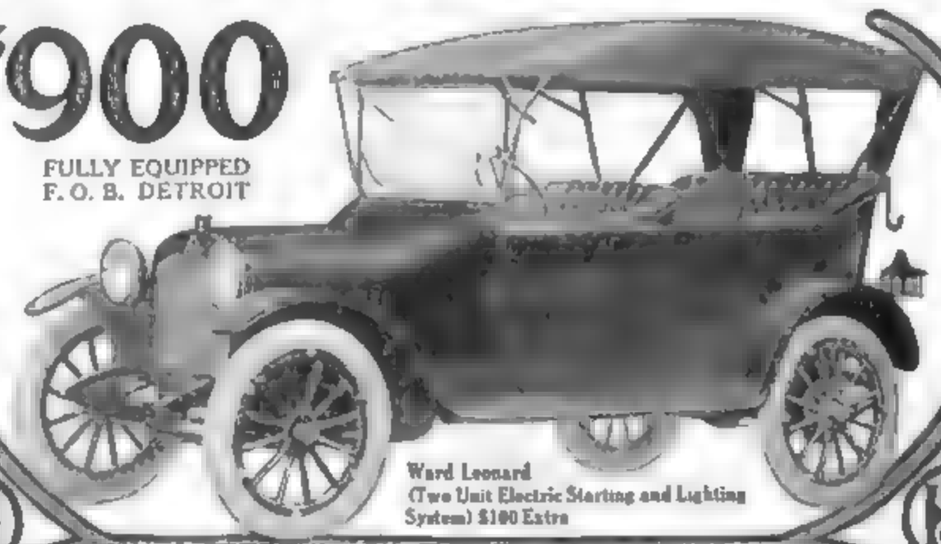

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Choose the car that will give you the greatest measure of motoring pleasure at the right price. That question is answered in the new 1915 R-C-H. New features and complete equipment makes this the most advanced in its class—the real 1915 car. Here is a large roomy touring car that will take you anywhere with comfort, power and economy.

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A Car of Ample Power

The long stroke motor of the new R-C-H develops more than sufficient power to meet all conditions. The winners of the Indianapolis Speedway drove cars with long stroke motors. Over high hills, through bad roads you can drive on high in the new R-C-H.

A Comfortable Car

You will be delighted with the easy riding qualities of the new R-C-H. The body is roomy and fitted with deep upholstery—more than room enough for five passengers. Practical spring suspension makes every road alike to the new R-C-H.

New R-C-H Features

Motor—Long Stroke, 3½" bore, 5" stroke, 50% oversize crank shaft. Valves enclosed.

Springs—Front—Semi-elliptic. Rear—Full-elliptic, on swivel seats.

Wheelbase—110 inches.

Axles—Front I-beam drop forged. Rear—Semi floating. Large inspection covers.

Transmission—Sliding Gear selective type. Three speeds forward and reverse. New construction.

Body—Full streamline. Cowl dash. Extra wide seats. Full "U" shaped doors, concealed hinges. Five passenger capacity.

Lighting—Full electric head and tail lamps.

Ignition—Bosch High Tension Magneto.

Speedometer—Sears-Cross. Flush Installation on dash.

Rims—Demountable. Extra Rim and Holder included.

Windshield—Ram-vision, Ventilating.

Top—One man mohair top with Jiffy Curtains.

A Car of Beauty

Every curve of the new R-C-H bespeaks beauty and harmony of design. From the handsome rounded radiator to the end of the tonneau, the full streamline body is pleasing to the eye. You can be doubly proud to drive a new R-C-H.

A Car of Economy

Motor car upkeep drops to a minimum in the new R-C-H. Light but strong is this car—tire mileage increased. The economical R-C-H motor will take you 20 to 25 miles on a gallon of gasoline. Staunch and sturdy construction, together with a liberal use of drop forgings—fortifies you against repair expense.

No Car More Severely Tested

Regardless of price no car receives more rigid tests than the new R-C-H. The motor, the transmission and rear axles are doubly tested before being put together. Then the car is road tested three times, through heavy sand and over steep hills, and each time by a separate crew.

$900 fully equipped

Comparisons of motor car values make you wonder how we build this car at the price—convince you of the superiority of the new R C H. Bosch Magneto, One Man Mohair Top with Jiffy Curtains, Sears Cross Speedometer, Electric Lights with storage battery—and other features show the wonderful value of the new R C H. Ward Leonard two unit electric starter $100 extra.

Write for R C H descriptive matter. Get the real facts about the new R C H before you buy a motor car. Ride in this car. See the R C H dealer in your locality. Let him take you for a real Motor car ride. Get your 1915 car now and be a year ahead.

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mouth above the level of the planking, spoke the parting admonition in hasty tones:

"Remember now, you're the boss, the main guy, the whole cheese! If anybody asts you tell 'em you're the manager and stick to it."

The canvas flapped behind him and he was gone. And Gash Tuttle, filled with conflicting emotions in which reawakened pride predominated, stood alone in his newfound kingdom.

Not for long was he alone, however. To be exact, not for more than half a minute at the very most. He heard what he might have heard before had his ears been as keenly attuned as the vanished Fornaro's were. He heard, just outside, voices lifted conflictingly in demand, in expostulation, in profane protest and equally profane denunciation of something or other. A voice which seemed to be that of the swarthy man denominated as Crummy gave utterance to a howl, then instantly dimmed out, as though its owner was moving or being moved from the immediate vicinity with unseemly celerity and dispatch. Feet drummed on the wooden steps beyond the draperies. Something heavy overturned or was overthrown with a crash.

And as Mr. Tuttle, startled by these unseemly demonstrations, started toward the front entrance of his domain the curtain was yanked violently aside and a living tidal wave flowed in on him, dashing high and wide. On its crest, propelled by irresistible cosmic forces, rode, as it were, a slouch-hatted man with a nickel-plated badge on his bosom, and at this person's side was a lanky countryman of a most threatening demeanor; and behind them and beyond them came a surging sea of faces—some hostile, some curious, and all excited.

"Who's in charge here?" shouted the behadged man.

"Me—I am," began Gash Tuttle. "I'm the manager. What's wanted?"

"You are! I 'rest you in the name of the law for runnin' a skin game!" the constable whooped gleefully.

And with these astounding words he fixed his fingers, grapple-hook fashion, in the collar of the new manager's coat; so that as Gash Tuttle, obeying a primal impulse, tried to back away from him, the back breadth of the coat bunched forward over his head, giving him the appearance of a fawn-colored turtle trying to retreat within its own shell. His arms, hampered by sleeves pulled far down over the hands, winnowed the air like saurian flippers, wagging in vain resistance.

Holding him fast, ignoring his muffled and inarticulate protests, the constable addressed the menacing countryman:

"Is this here the one got your money?"

"No, 'tain't. 'Twas a big ugly feller, with mushtashes; but I reckin this here one must've helped. Lemme search him."

"Hands off the prisoner!" ordered the constable, endeavoring to interpose his bulk between maddened accuser and wriggling captive.

He spoke too late and moved too slowly. The countryman's gouging hands dived into Mr. Tuttle's various pockets and were speedily out again in the open; and one of them held money in it—paper and silver.

"Here 'tis!" barked the countryman, exultant now. "This here two-dollar bill is mine—I know it by this here red-ink mark." He shuffled out the three remaining bills and stared at them a moment in stupefaction, and his yelp of joy turned to a bellow of agonized berserk rage. "I had two hundred and twenty-eight dollars in cash, and here ain't but seventeen dollars and sixty cents! You derned sharper! Where's the rest of my mortgage money that yore gang beat me out of?"

He swung a fearsome flail of an arm and full in Gash Tuttle's chest he landed a blow so well aimed, so vigorous, that by its force the recipient was driven backward out of his coat, leaving the emptied garment in the constable's clutches; was driven still further back until he tottered on the rear edge of the platform and tumbled off into space, his body tearing away a width of canvas wall and taking it along as he disappeared.

Perhaps it was because he fell so hard that he bounced up so instantaneously. He fought himself free of the smothering folds of dusty tarpaulin and turned to flee headlong into the darkness. He took three flying steps and tripped over the guy rope of the next tent. As he fell with stunning violence into the protecting shadows he heard pursuit roll over the platform past Osay, thud on the earth, clatter on by him and die away in the distance to the accompaniment of cheers, whoops and the bloodthirsty threats of the despoiled countryman.

If one has never stolen a ride on a freight train the task presents difficulties and dangers. Still, it may be done, provided one is sufficiently hard pressed to dare its risks and risk its discomforts. There is one especially disagreeable feature incident to the experience—sooner or later discovery is practically inevitable.

Discovery in this instance came just before the dawn, as the freight lumbered through the swampy bottoms of Obion Creek. A sleepy and therefore irritable brakeman found, huddled up on the floor of an empty furniture car, a dark heap, which, on being stirred with a heavy boot-toe, moved and moaned and gave forth various other faint signs of life. So, as the locomotive slowed down for the approach to the trestle, he hoisted the unresisting object and with callous unconcern shoved it out of the open car door on to the sloping bank of the built-up right of way—all this occurring at a point just beyond where a white marker post gleamed spectrally in the strengthening light of the young summer day, bearing on its planed face the symbol, S–3—meaning by that, three miles to Swango Junction.

At sunup, forty minutes later, a forlorn and shrunken figure, shirt-sleeved, hatless and carrying no baggage whatsoever, quit the crossties and, turning to the left from the railroad track some rods above the station, entered, with weary gait, a byway leading over the hill to the town beyond. There was a drooping in the shoulders and a dragging of the mud-incrusted legs, and the head was bending low.

The lone pedestrian entered the confines of Swango proper, seeking, even at that early hour, such backways as seemed most likely to be empty of human life. But as he lifted his leaden feet past the Philpotts place, which was the most outlying of local domiciles, luck would have it that Mr. Abram Philpotts should be up and stirring; in fact, Mr. Philpotts, being engaged in the milk and butter business, was out in his barn hitching a horse to a wagon. Chancing to pass a window of the barn he glanced out and saw a lolled head bobbing by above the top of his back fence.

"Hey there!" he called out. "Hey, Gash, what air you doin' up so early in the mornin'?"

With a wan suggestion of the old familiar sprightliness the answer came back, comically evasive:

"That's fur me to know and fur you to find out!"

Overcome, Mr. Philpotts fell up against his stable wall, feebly slapping himself on the legs with both hands.

"Same old Gashney!" he gurgled. "They can't nobody ever git ahead of you, kin they, boy?"

The words and the intent of the tribute reached beyond the palings. Their effect was magical; for the ruler was in his realm again, back among his loyal, worshipful subjects. The bare head straightened; the wearied legs unkinked; the crushed and bruised spirit revived. And Gashney Tuttle, king of jesters, proceeded jauntily on his homeward way, with the wholesome plaudits of Mr. Philpotts ringing in his gratified ears and the young sun shining, golden, in his face.

Hospital Efficiency

A HIGHLY developed efficiency system in saving time and trouble for the staff has been installed in a new London hospital. Indicators bearing the names of the officials, house doctors and some of the staff doctors are located in many rooms and hallways, and these indicators show at all times whether or not any one of the officials is in the hospital and available for consultation. When each doctor comes into the building a button is pressed that makes it known on all the indicators that he has arrived; and when he goes out the indicators are made to record that fact.

The indicators also show the word "engaged," which means that the official or doctor is not to be disturbed—a push on a button in the official's room accomplishing this. Thus, in any part of the hospital, at any time, each doctor knows and each nurse knows when the various officials and doctors may be asked to give attention to any matter.

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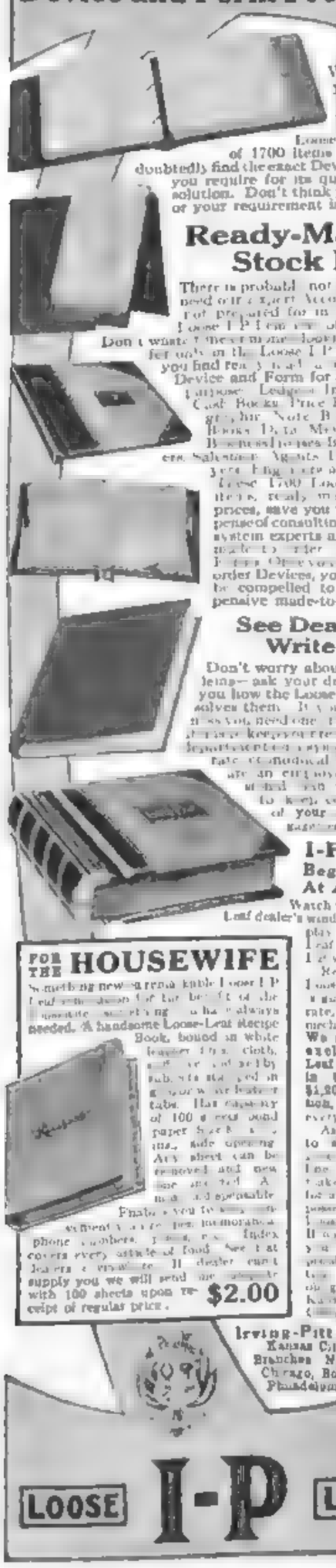

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Something new—a remarkable Loose-Leaf Household Book that will be of the greatest assistance to you—that you have always needed. A handsome Loose-Leaf Recipe Book, bound in white leather-like cloth, size 7½ x 9½ inches, filled with 100 sheets of best quality paper ruled in blue lines, side opening. Any sheet can be removed and new ones added. A most valuable and indispensable addition to the well-appointed kitchen. Enables you to keep with your recipes memoranda of excellent dishes, menus, etc. Index covers every article of food. See that your dealer has it in stock. If dealer can't supply you we will send one postpaid with 100 sheets upon receipt of regular price. **$2.00**

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NEW RULES FOR THE ROAD

(Continued from Page 8)

decent talk to the people. I want you to run a black line at the top and bottom of my stuff, stating that it is paid matter, not news. It will carry my signature as an agent of the I. R. B. You can use your editorial column to controvert everything I have to say if you want to. Make out the contract and let's sign up; I have other papers to see to-day."

The editor smiled. The manager caught the smile and reached for his contract blanks.

In one of the smaller newspaper offices the editor-manager winked and said:

"Take three columns of space a day and watch the editorial page confine itself strictly to affairs in the bleeding Balkans."

"Two columns daily meets my requirements," Avery answered him; "but I'll pay you the price of three on condition that you keep right on abusing us as you have in the past. The surest thing about this campaign is that it is on the square."

The first I. R. B. article that appeared simultaneously in one hundred newspapers gave the sagebrush state something new to laugh about. The papers themselves led the laughing. Pleasant editorials called attention to the new advertiser and ended with the hilarious statement that the railroad, having discovered an unkicked spot on its own anatomy, was issuing printed invitations to the public boot to step up and complete a worthy job.

Avery's opening declaration was that the people of the state were going to smash something in a way they had never smashed anything before. He, the paid agent of the I. R. B., would present day by day certain facts that he hoped would aid the people in landing the smash where it belonged.

In a week the merriment had died away. There was something curiously interesting about a railroad agent who repeatedly stated that he asked nothing of a hostile people but a sincere expression of conviction. He told the people they were drawn as a mighty jury. Such a jury could not err. The people were drawn to sit in judgment—not on the railroad, for which they were not morally responsible, but on their own laws, for which they were.

Avery called on old Judge Tuttle. The lawyer's name and fame had been linked with this region ever since barbed wire began to inclose the desert. In his time he had killed men to maintain order. For years he had been chief attorney in his state for the I. R. B.

"I want you to head my bureau of speakers," Avery told him. "I am arranging meetings of citizens in theaters, schoolhouses, cattle sheds, and in the open air. All I ask is that you present the plain facts just as you would to a jury, so that the people ——"

Judge Tuttle banged open a drawer of his desk and lifted from its nesting place a six-shooting forty-five.

Avery on the Stump

"This weapon," he explained, "has a hair trigger and its action is reliable. If I wished to bring my career in this glorious land of long-tailed toads and long-range citizens to an end I should hold this instrument carefully behind my right ear and squeeze it with my index finger. That method would be just as sudden as the one you propose and it wouldn't make my friends afraid to follow my poor remains to the cemetery."

From Judge Tuttle's office Avery went to see a score of lawyers who had drawn fat fees from the I. R. B. He was closeted with some of them for minutes, with others for hours. A few wanted two days to make up their minds. When the last answer of the last lawyer had reached Avery he filed this telegram to Mr. Congdon:

"Send me private car and engine to haul it. Am going to do all the speechmaking myself."

Morgan Avery's speeches were his articles made animate. His mass meetings were actual gatherings of masses. Male and female, big, little and medium, the people turned out to make the unanimity of their opposition seen, heard and felt. Always it was the audience that spoke first. Avery would mount the platform and sit down. After ten minutes of unbroken catcalls, jeers and shrieks he would rise to his feet. He never attempted to hurry or to subdue the audience. He knew the people were not thinking of him or of the laws. They were thinking of the railroad and the past. Avery sympathized. Sometimes he wanted to add his jeers to theirs.

When his hearers were quite ready he talked to them without resentment and without fear. His sincerity saved him from being mobbed. He had the eloquence of one who wished to lead his hearers to the light and who wished to do so more for their sakes than his own. He knew the people were just, he said; justice was all he needed or asked.

"'Justice!'" mocked a whiskered giant in one of the crowds. "Your rotten road has treated us with injustice for twenty years! We'll show 'em!"

When the roar of approval subsided Avery replied:

"How is my rotten road going to learn that there is a better way unless the people point it out? You are talking spite, but you don't believe in spite. You know the day of spite has gone forever. You are going to consider the railroad laws for what they are. If you find them unjust you are going to tear them off the statute books; if you find them just you are not going to let any power on earth prevent you from approving them with your votes."

Fifteen times in one day Avery made a declaration of this kind from the platform of his car; next day it appeared in his space in a hundred papers. One of the papers reached Amos Michael Bull at I. R. B. headquarters. He read the declaration and staggered into the vice-president's office with the paper in his hand.

A Cowboy Audience

"The man is crazy!" moaned Mr. Bull. "Can't you do something to choke him off?"

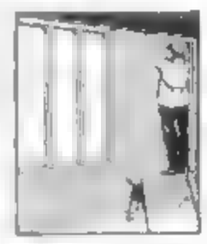
"Perhaps you are right," Mr. Congdon said as he scanned the paragraph rapidly. "The man may be crazy, but we won't choke him off. From the beginning our one hope has been that he might drive the people crazy too."

Avery brought out the fact that the six railroad measures had been framed by men discharged by the I. R. B. He analyzed the laws. That one requiring electric headlights of specified candle power made compliance all but impossible and excluded the use of a more satisfactory light of the nitrogen type. The law limiting train length to forty cars allowed neither the freight crew nor the locomotive to operate at a reasonable capacity. The full-crew bill, adding another trainman to trains already cut down to forty cars, increased expense with no comparable increase in safety or efficiency. The three-cent-fare law would not affect the main line, but it would close down branch lines by which the company was seeking to open new country. The law requiring that a special train be started out on schedule whenever a regular train was more than thirty minutes late took no cognizance of the inescapable hazards of railroading. The law prescribing a full stop at every desert station meant practically the abolition of through trains and the certainty that most trains would be more than thirty minutes late.

The newspapers did not discuss the merits and demerits of the laws except to a limited extent; instead, they showed their independence of the daily I. R. B. ads they carried by bombarding the road for its ancient deeds and policies. Avery was not disconcerted by this. He believed hatred to be an outworn weapon of the past—that was one of the facts he had undertaken to establish. Yet there was no doubt that the bombardment incensed the people against his approach.

One morning he found his car plastered over with copies of a particularly vicious cartoon. Another day, when the special was in the range country, a flock of cowboys, waving copies of a paper that had inflamed them, emptied their revolvers into the roof of the private car. Avery snatched at the bell cord, brought the train to a standstill, and then backed up until he had the cowboys, sitting their saddles in amazement, for an audience.

"If I thought what you fellows think I'd probably do just as you have done," Avery assured them. "The trouble is that you are misled. Turn over to page seven of that newspaper you are carrying and you will learn that it isn't my railroad which is on



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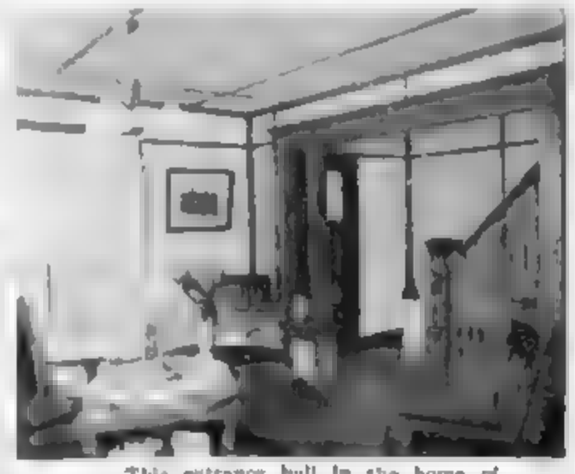

This entrance hall is the home of Mr. L. W. Smith, Patchogue, N. Y., shows what can be done with BEAVER BOARD

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TOOTH PASTE

Pebeco does more. It keeps teeth sound because it protects them from "acid-mouth" as nothing else can. By keeping teeth sound, it helps to preserve digestion and health. Try the Pebeco smile every morning.

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trial at this time, but yourselves. Now, if you are on the level don't do anything to make the world think you are locoed."

Twenty minutes later Avery gave the go-ahead signal and the cowboys whooped along with the train. They kept order while Avery spoke at the next station and cut in with a round of cheers, the very unaccustomedness of which made him lose the thread of his plea.

As the campaign he had waged day and night for three months drew to its close Morgan Avery went through seasons of utter weariness and doubt. Often the night passed with his berth unoccupied. He would pace the car or dictate steadily to the stenographers. He knew he was right about the tidal wave that had rolled across the nation and swept a new justice into the people's hearts, but did not the bitter signs make it plain that here in the desert the tidal wave had been swallowed by the sand? In the finishing days of his great fight Avery knew that he wrestled with the people, not that they might know the truth about the laws, but that they might know the truth about themselves.

On the evening of election day Vice-President Congdon sat in his office and smoked black, heady cigars while waiting for dispatches that would tell how things had gone down in the sagebrush. The door opened without a knock and Morgan Avery drooped in.

"Closed the campaign in the capitol town last night," he mumbled as he took the vice-president's hand, "and ordered the special to start home at once. Been busy all the way dictating letters and messages to finish matters up. In an hour the news will be coming in. Excuse me if I put off our powwow until afterward."

Avery collapsed on a leather couch. Immediately he was sleeping. Mr. Bull came in. Mr. Congdon warned him with a finger. In silence the two smoked. After a time boys began to slip into the room with typewritten sheets of tissue. Mr. Congdon looked at the dispatches; then Mr. Bull looked at them; then the men looked at each other. They gave no heed to the exhausted sleeper; perhaps they forgot that he waited their rousing touch. When the silent reading of the messages had gone on for two hours Mr. Bull got weakly to his feet and held out his hand.

"Where are you going?" Congdon asked.

"To my ranch in the foothills," Amos Michael Bull replied. "Anybody who wants to find me hereafter will have to hunt round among the cows. Just tell the boy for me that I don't blame him for the loss of my job. You never intended to keep up my department anyway. Do you mind confessing?"

"Amos," answered Congdon kindly as he held the other's hand, "let there be no secrets between friends. You and I belong to different ages in railroading. I guess the boy there outstrips us both. I had expected to pension you immediately, because your work belongs to the past. I knew we must have new reckonings and new rules; but I confess I did not know what they would be like until the youngster there ——"

"How—how—how'd she go?"

The figure on the couch was struggling to come to life. Mr. Congdon leaped over and knelt by the couch to take Morgan Avery in his arms.

"Hurrah!" cried the vice-president. "Hurrah for the people—and justice—and you! You lammed 'em, my boy! How you lammed 'em! All down and out except the headlight law, and Judge Tuttle wires he has already demanded a recount on that!"

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SKIN varnish, completely covering the hands, is being used by some surgeons instead of rubber gloves during surgical operations. So cleverly is the varnish made that it cannot be washed off with water or any liquid likely to be met in the course of an operation; nor can it be scraped off except by scraping off the skin itself, and yet it is about as pliable as very thin rubber.

The purpose in using it instead of rubber gloves is to preserve the sensitiveness of the touch and make it easier to handle materials such as catgut. The varnish looks like honey. It is rubbed on the hands after they have been washed as thoroughly as possible, and quickly dries. To remove it the hands are washed in another chemical solution.

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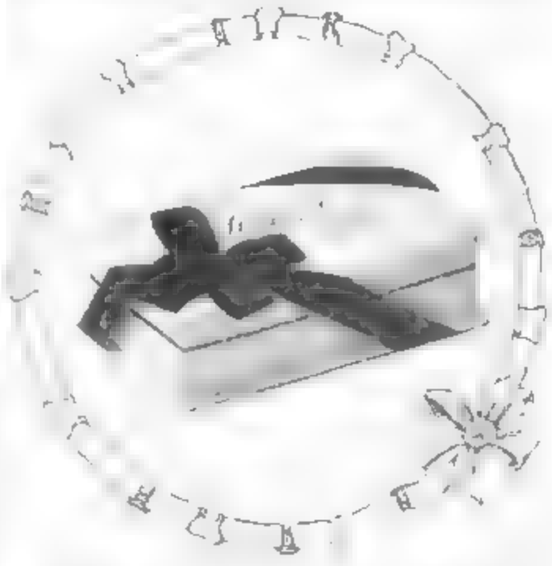

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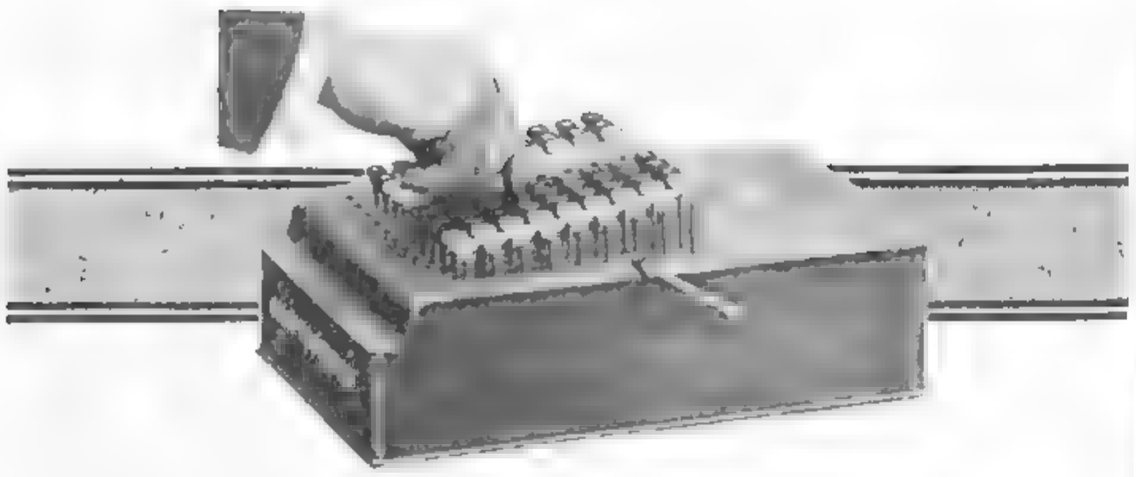

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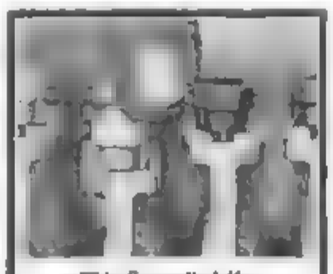

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MAJOR MILES AND THE GRIM REAPER

(Continued from Page 15)

There was distrust and surprise in the avenger's face as he followed the girl up the flight of stairs to the Major's sleeping apartment. He had a premonition that he was being led into ambush. To some extent the cordiality of his reception was disarming him, though he did not know why; and he felt at a disadvantage. At the head of the stairs his guide paused. A stream of light was pouring from an open doorway.

"That's the Majah's room, Cunnel. Walk right in!" she said.

The Major's apartment was a thing of beauty and a joy forever. Nothing that might add to the comfort of its occupant was omitted.

The Major was half sitting and half reclining on a couch, his plump form liberally supported by soft pillows. Above his head hung a reading lamp of extra candle power, its reflector turned full on the door. The blinding beams struck Colonel Bill Davis full in the face and made him blink. His right hand stole nervously underneath his coat to the harnessed holsters that lay on his chest—and remained there.

As he made the movement—it may have been mere fancy—the Colonel thought he recognized the ominous glint of a weapon lying on the coverlet beside the Major. The latter was entirely in shadow, but it seemed to the visitor that his hand was in undue proximity to that weapon. For an instant the Nelson County man stood staring.

Had Bill Davis been a mind reader, and cognizant of the workings of the Major's inner consciousness, the very fringes of his heart might have rattled. Never before in the course of a variegated career had the backer of the future book been in such desperate straits. Ever since Derby Day he had been gambling wildly, with everything against him. The horses of his choice staggered home in the heel of the hunt; the Major was absolutely broke.

As his visitor bulked in the doorway the Major recognized that he was facing a crisis. The panorama of Colonel Bill's sanguinary past flashed before the Major in swift review, every red detail magnified. Bill Davis had always exacted an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. He was not a man who might be trifled with.

Major Agamemnon Miles was not a coward in any sense of the word, but his natural inclinations were all for following the line of least resistance. He realized that the majesty of the law was not with him. Where could a jury be found to convict the slayer of one who had made a welshing book on the Kentucky Derby? Certainly not south of the river!

"He nevah fo'-flushed in his life!" thought the Major as from the shadow that enveloped him he scanned his visitor's face. "If I kin alibi till mawnin' somethin' may happen. If I cain't I'll have to give him a run fo' his money—an' that's all he'll git fo' it."

For the second time since his arrival Colonel Bill Davis felt that things were not well with him. The road to his revenge would be no smooth one. As he halted, the voice of the Major broke the silence:

"Bill Davis, as I live! Why, what on earth brought you to Looeyville? I thought you'd be so uppety ovah winnin' that stake race that yo'd nevah come to see yo' ole friends again! Why, Cunnel, I ain't seen yo' since Derby Day! To tell yo' the truth, if my health permitted it I was aimin' to make yo' a little visit down to Nelson County. Yes, suh; just the day befo' yestiddy I says to myse'f, says I: 'I'll take a little holiday an' hunt up my ole friend ——'"

The Major was rattling along at top speed, but the man at the door felt the need of something more than words. He must get into action.

"Yo' know dinged well why I come up!" he said. "Yo' know dinged well, yo' ole scoundrel! I learnt all about that thievin' book yo' was makin'. I have the figgahs an' the facts, suh! Yo' cain't trade me no conversation fo' real money! Yo' was runnin' that book, an' yo' know it! I come to c'lect my money an'—yo' listen to me say it—I'm agoin' to git it!"

Over the Major's face stole the look of one who has received the most surprising information.

"What are yo' talkin' about?" he retorted. "Ain't yo' been drinkin', Cunnel? Fo' goodness' sake, whah did yo' git that info'mation?"

"I got it straight. I got it from old Borey Tank. The young lady stenographer yo' employed was his niece. She exposed the whole dinged plot. I'm hyuh to git my money. You-all know what'll happen if I don't!"

By neither look nor gesture did the Major disclose the fact that this incombatable argument disturbed his equanimity.

"From Borey?" he interrogated. "From Borey Tank, eh? Why, that old superannuated fossil! If he evah caught himself tellin' th' truth, or had an idea worth anything, he'd run to a doctor to find out what was the mattah with him. He won't nevah lay th' foundation fo' a race of philosophers Borey won't. But, since yo' mention it, I suppose I am to some extent responsible. Th' young lady yo' mention probably connected me with th' ownership of th' book because on one or two occasions, out of goodness of heart, I endeavored to help th' young man who was runnin' it. He was a likable chap and I'm sorry he went wrong. I used to go down occasionally and help him regulate his prices, besides givin' him a little friendly advice. I did caution him in especial not to take too much money on Aristides.

"Of course if that connects me with th' proprietorship of th' book, as a man of honah I feel bound to make good—at least, so far as my close personal friends are concerned. . . . Why don't yo' come in, Bill, an' set down? What are yo' standin' thah in th' do'way fo', with yore hand on yore fowlin' piece? Come in an' set down, Bill. Act like real folks! Yo' always was goin' round courtin' death anyway. Come in, and tell me yore troubles. If yo' feel that I'm at all responsible fo' yore losses I'll make good. What's a few paltry dollahs when stacked up against th' friendship of yeahs?"

The man in the doorway shifted uneasily, but when he spoke his tone had lost something of its belligerency.

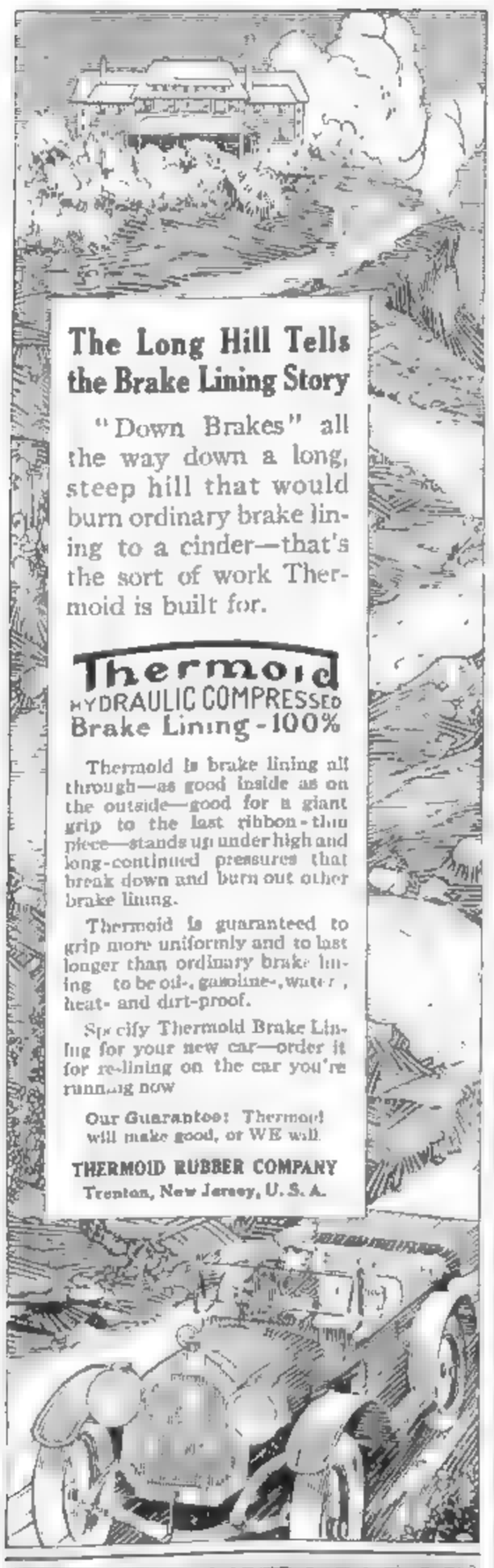
"I came fo' my money an' I want it!" he retorted briefly.

"Well, ain't yo' agoin' to git it?" replied the Major with a rising inflection. "Ain't yo' agoin' to git it? Did any one staht to give yo' an argument? Ain't I willin' to do everything an honahable gentleman can do to clear my skirts in th' mattah? Come ovah an' set down. Have yo' got so big-feelin' since yo' won the Derby that yo' won't accept th' hospitality of my po' house? Yo' must stay an' spend th' night with me. I'll take no excuse. In th' mawnin' we'll step down to th' bank and I'll get yo' th' money. Sit down in that easy chair ovah thah. I just had my girl brew me a toddy. Put away yore artillery, Cunnel, an' don't act foolish."

On the stand beside the Major's bed was a massive cut-glass-and-silver pitcher, filled to the brim with the nectar of the gods. Its lips were garnished about with the tenderest shoots that ever a mint bed afforded. Its enticing aroma permeated the whole room and played on the olfactory nerves of Colonel Bill Davis, even as on a harp of a thousand strings. It was the last straw! The man from Nelson County was human. He advanced slowly and took the proffered seat close to the bed. For the time being, at least, the Major knew that the Colonel was as clay in the potter's hand. As he filled the glasses generously he burst forth in eulogy:

"Hyuh yo' are, Bill! Thah ain't a headache in a barrel of it! Fo' old friends it's th' most fittin' companion fo' a reunion. A mint toddy is like th' cool fragrance of lilacs driftin' through a June mawnin'. It's Nature's most compellin' witchery. I always held that a bed of spearmint was th' exact spot whah memory loves to lie an' dream. It's th' natural spice tree of Dixie. Even th' mockin' bird exhausts th' sorcery of his art pronouncin' its eulogy. It's th' myrrh an' frankincense of eternal summah. In its ma'velous magic rise th' shrines of th' past, an' hospitality unveils huh most familiah rites!"

The Major was in his element now. Into the hand of his visitor and erstwhile executioner he pushed a brimming goblet, with



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the hoarfrost of artistic icing clinging to its edges. Colonel Bill Davis sighed contentedly as one who had evaded an unpleasant task. He drank long and deep. His conquest, for a short period at least, was complete.

From time immemorial one mint toddy has always paved the way for another. Long before midnight the silver pitcher had been emptied and replenished. Colonel Davis' sporting blood began to assert itself.

"Ain't thah nothin' stirrin' in th' town, Majah?" he inquired. "No entertainment fo' a pair of gentlemen like yo' an' me? Ain't they dealin' th' bank no place?"

"Not on this side of th' river, Bill," replied the Major, waking to sudden animation as one who quickly grasps a situation that might solve a problem. "Thah ain't nobody dealin' on this side; but Jim McCreary, I understand, is turnin' fo' ten an' twenty-five ovah to Jeffersonville. He's gettin' quite a play, they tell me."

"Let's go ovah, Majah. Let's go ovah an' twist th' old tigah's tail."

"I'd like to—I'd like to, Bill; but I ain't got much money in th' house. About fifty dollahs, I reckon, an' that wouldn't be worth while."

"Shucks, Majah!" replied the man from Nelson County. "Ain't yo' my friend? I've got fo' or five hundred with me and yo' can have any part of it. Come on and git yo' clothes on!"

For an individual who was under the physician's care, the Major rose and donned his apparel with extraordinary vigor and haste. A few moments thereafter the two men were rolling in a hack toward the Indiana side of the river.

Once inside the gambling house, the Major, as a matter of course, assumed direction of affairs. It was he who purchased five stacks of yellow chips with the combined resources of the firm, and he sat down to keep cases while his companion watched with an air of drunken gravity. For a few deals fortune smiled on the Major's efforts, then she turned her face away. One stack after another found its way from his side of the table to the rack. At the close of the third deal the last chip was gone, as was also the Major's watch; but it is fair to state that Colonel Davis' timepiece was in the cash drawer too.

"Let me have a fifty-dollah stack on credit, Jimmy," whispered the Major in a swift undertone to the dealer as he leaned halfway across the table.

"Nothin' doin', Majah!" responded that official with an air of finality.

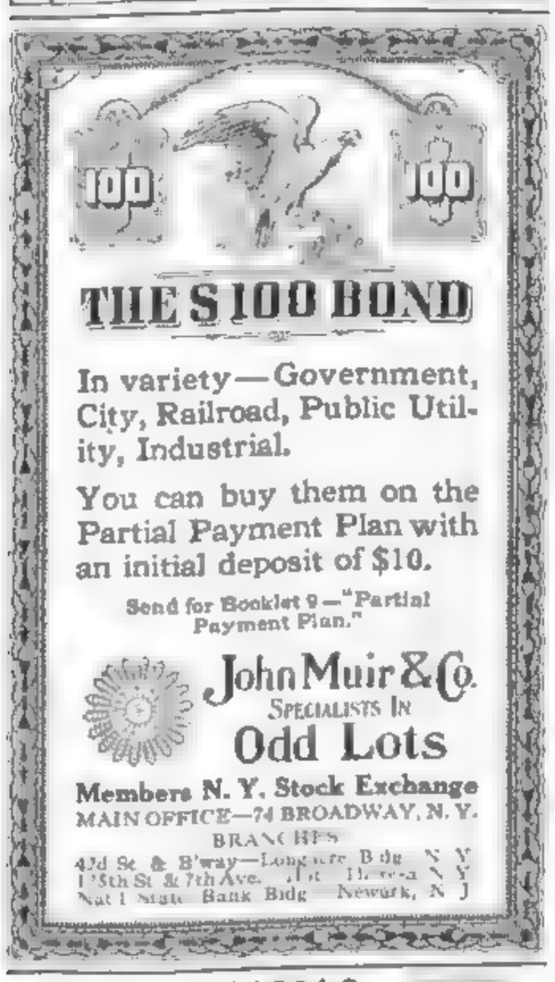
Major Agamemnon Miles cast up his resources quickly. The three pigeon-blood ruby studs still glistened on his expansive chest. Through storm and sunshine they had been as much a part of the Major's make-up as the very clothes he wore. Bereft of them he might as well announce to the world that he was absolutely down and out. As the Major settled back in his chair he felt the impact of the gun in his hip pocket. It was a costly weapon of the most approved make. He might dispense with it, but that would leave him at the mercy of the man from Nelson County, and the Major did not propose to be led like a lamb to the slaughter. In the event of the worst coming to the worst he wanted an even break.

He glanced quickly at his erstwhile partner, who in half drunken stupor was sitting doubled up in a capacious armchair. His coat was flung back, disclosing the harness that contained the Colonel's shooting irons; and the Major shivered slightly as the thought flashed on him how swift they would be to deal death and destruction in the capable hands of their owner! Full well he knew, too, what the consequences would be when Bill Davis gained his normal equilibrium and discovered he had been further despoiled. It was no time, however, to split hairs. The three guns were the only articles of commerce left, the one last chance. The Major rose and shook his companion into a state of semi-consciousness.

"Listen to me, Bill! Listen to me!" he ejaculated. "That old gun harness yo' have on must be givin' yo' a lot of misery. I'm agoin' to take it off and leave it with Jimmy till the mawnin'. These all-fired pernicious gamblers nowadays don't take nobody's word fo' nothin'. We're in fo' hundred an' fifty dollahs an' we've got to keep her agoin'."

He leaned over to unstrap the weapons, but the man from Nelson County, with a drunken gesture, waved him off.

"Don't yo' touch my shootin' irons!" he mumbled as he straightened up with a partial gleam of intelligence. "I need 'em in



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my business. I nevah let anybody lay hands on 'em except myself. Take anything else, but don't touch the guns!"

"Now, now, now, Bill! Now, now!" responded the Major soothingly. "Anybody'd think, to heah yo' talk, yo' was agoin' to start to shoot up th' whole town to-night. Ain't I yo' friend? An' didn't yo' force me into comin' ovah with yo' this evenin' to buck th' tiger? That ain't no way to do! Who evah accused Bill Davis of wantin' to quit in th' stretch?"

The man in the chair stiffened momentarily as he hiccuped:

"Who says I'm not game, Majah? Thah ain't nobody round hyuh got nerve enough fo' that! I'll roll 'em as high as they want. Who says I won't play till th' last dog's shot? Take whatevah yo' want—only don't worry me. I'm agoin' to have a nap."

He settled down again. His eyes closed and he drifted off into a drunken slumber ten thousand fathoms deep. With deft fingers his partner unbuckled the straps that held the pistols in place. He passed them across the table to the dealer, receiving, after considerable parley, half a stack of chips in exchange. Then the Major sat down to fight the beasts at Ephesus.

V

IT WAS high noon on the following day when Colonel Bill Davis struggled back to consciousness. He sat up in bed, rubbed his eyes and looked about him; he was in a strange room. He passed a trembling hand over a forehead that burned and throbbed and endeavored to rally his scattered senses; but try as he would he could not remember how he got there. The last twenty-four hours was a blank, so far as he was concerned. He rose on shaky limbs and staggered over to a water pitcher. It was full of cracked ice and he drank like a man who had just reached the edge of Death Valley. An old-fashioned bell cord hung from the wall. Colonel Bill Davis gave it a vigorous jerk and retired again to the sanctity of the blankets to await results.

A little negro maid opened the door and popped in a woolly head.

"Did yo' ring, Cunnel? An' what can I do fo' yo'?" she inquired.

"I'm all turned round, gal," responded the owner of Aristides. "Whah am I at? That's what's puzzlin' me. Whah am I at, an' how did I git hyuh?"

"Why, Cunnel," the girl responded, "this is Majah Miles' house an yo' is in th' guest chamber. Yo' and the Majah was out nearly all night. Yo' must hev ovahslept yo'se'f."

Like a flash the events of the previous evening rose up before the man from Nelson County. He remembered his mission and in a half-dazed way the disastrous session at McCreary's. With rapid fingers he explored the pockets of his clothes; but the search resulted in his finding nothing of value—money, watch and everything else were gone.

His eyes roved about the room, seeking the holsters that contained his pistols. They also were missing. Dark clouds of suspicion began to envelop Colonel Bill Davis. Again he felt at a disadvantage. He had been outwitted and undone.

Almost underneath the window of the Colonel's room a stout man was standing beside a mint bed, humming softly to himself. Occasionally he stooped to cull an extra-tender shoot and add it to the bunch he was holding in his left hand. All about him was the drowsy odor of the old-fashioned rose trees which lined the pathway. He drank in their incense with appreciation. There was not a cloud in the sky and there was not a shadow on the Major's broad countenance. To all appearances he had no more important mission on earth than to pluck the tenderest leaves his mint bed afforded and pull each vagrant weed which invaded that sacred territory.

"When a man tells me there ain't nothin' in luck," soliloquized the Major, "it's like proclaiming to th' world he's a candidate fo' a lunatic asylum. He's just dangerous to be at large. Who'd have thought that I'd have made Jimmy McCreary turn his box ovah, an' win his bank roll clean away from him last night after havin' to pledge Bill's artillery fo' th' last stack of chips! It was fo' million dollahs to a copper cent that I wouldn't git away with it; but I did. It just goes to show how th' wind is tempered to th' shorn lamb.

"I wondah how ole Bill Davis feels this mawnin'. He certainly was totin' mo' than he could carry last night. It's about time fo' him to be stirrin'. I'll just take him up a mawnin's mawnin' in the shape of a toddy. Lawd! Lawd! To think of me puttin' such a crimp in Jimmy McCreary's bank account—eight thousand dollahs off a shoe string! I'll bet that gambler won't cool out till snow flies. Well, I'm on earth again—that's one comfort."

A few minutes thereafter the door of the guest chamber opened and the Major entered, bearing in his hand a tray containing a couple of mint toddies. On the bed, partially dressed, was Colonel Bill Davis; his brows were as dark as a thundercloud.

"Whah's my shootin' irons?" he bellowed. "Whah's my guns? Yo' damned ol' pirate, yo' have picked me as clean as a Thanksgivin' turkey! Yo' can't get away with it. Just as soon as I'm able to be about, th' undertaker will drive up for yo'."

The Major paused a moment to arrange the mint that garnished the glasses, as he did so regarding the man on the bed with a tolerant smile. His whole being breathed an atmosphere of conscious rectitude.

"Bill Davis," said he, "yo're th' most triflin' rascal I evah saw! Yo' come to town an' move her fo' or five inches; then yo' sleep all day. Yo' have one great failin'—yo' cain't carry yore liquor like a gentleman. Why, last night at McCreary's, just as the game was commencin' to get interestin', yo' went sound asleep and nevah woke up even when I undressed yo' an' put yo' to bed. I had an awful time, Bill; but before I quit I got our money back. I didn't like to wake yo' this mawnin'; so I went down to the bank and got the money yo' won on the Derby. Hyuh it is; an', furthermore, hyuh's the money yo' lost last night against the bank. If yo' look in the drawer of that bureau yo'll find yore watch an' shootin' irons. I guess yo' know whah I stand now, Bill! I may hev made a mistake in my associations, but I'm willin' to pay for it."

The owner of Aristides eyed with intense appreciation the plethoric roll of bills that Major Miles pushed toward him. There were tears in his voice as he rose to the occasion.

"Thah ain't nothin' I can say, Majah," he commenced apologetically. "Thah ain't nothin' I can say to squa' myself with yo'. I guess yo' have treated me like a gentleman an' made me feel like a whipped hound puppy. I feel just like as though yo' was my very onliest brothah. But I'm agoin' to try an' get even. I'm agoin' back home on th' afternoon train; an' if yo' don't come down an' spend a couple of weeks with me I'll nevah speak to yo' again as long as I live! No—nevah!"

The full roster of the Sons of Rest met the evening train from Louisville. The newsboy aboard was unwittingly about to reap a harvest. There would be the glaring headlines, with all the harrowing details of the Major's taking off. It would be a story worth reading.

"Th' Majah is a native of Maury County, ain't he, Captain?" inquired Judge Dougherty of old Borey Tank.

"No, suh. He was born in Gallatin, Tennessee," replied the oracle. "He was runnin' a little sto' there befo' th' wah. Some of his folks live there yet. I expect th' funeral will be held at that place."

When the smoke of the engine rounding the last curve rose, an air of suppressed excitement permeated the gathering. The Sons of Rest moved as one marr to the lower end of the platform, each one intent on being the first to follow in the wake of the news. As the engine slowed down and came to a final stop expectation was written on every countenance; and as the passengers commenced to appear on the platform each face was eagerly scanned. Joy of all joys! The tall form of Colonel Bill Davis could be seen standing just inside the door.

The owner of Aristides shuffled down the steps without even casting a passing glance at his expectant townsmen. As he reached the platform he turned about to lend a helping hand to a stout, red-faced gentleman, who bowed with courtly grace as he accepted the kindly offices. The reception committee of the Sons of Rest rubbed its collective and individual eye. The millennium had arrived! It was not an occasion for words. The air was full of nothing but thought, and quaint mosaics of near-despair decorated the atmosphere. They had been victimized—that was all!

And then, even while the chivalry and representative citizenship of Bardsville looked on and wondered, Colonel Bill Davis linked his arm in that of his rotund companion and the two gentlemen made a dignified progress up the main street together.

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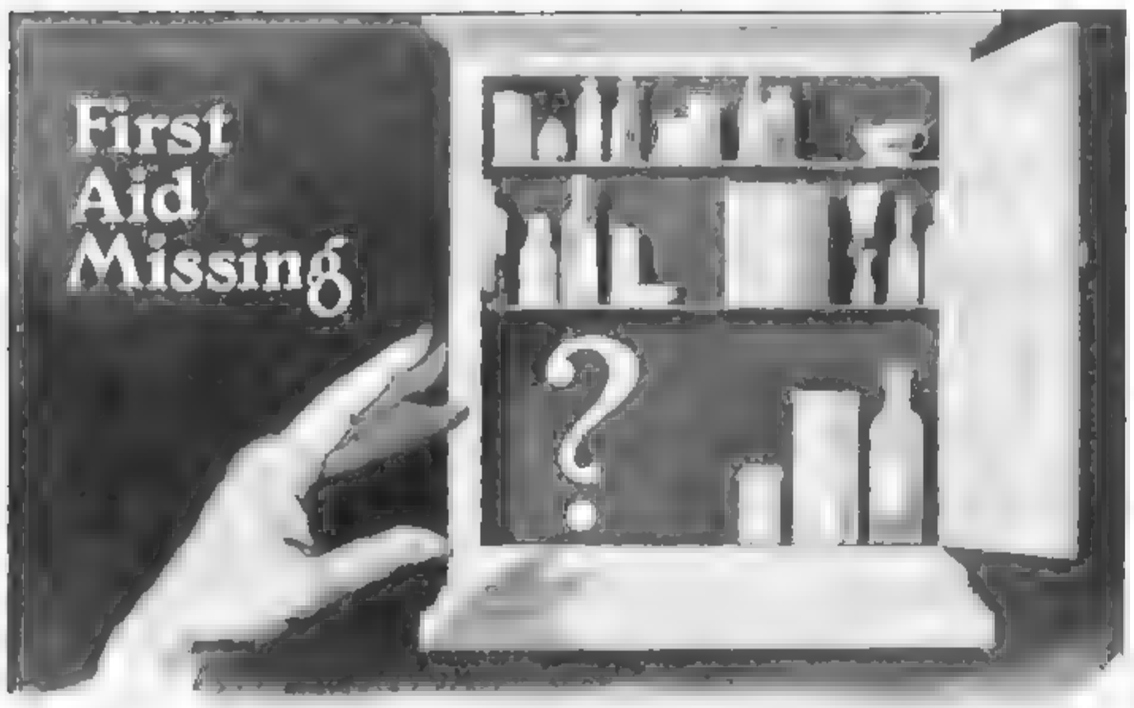

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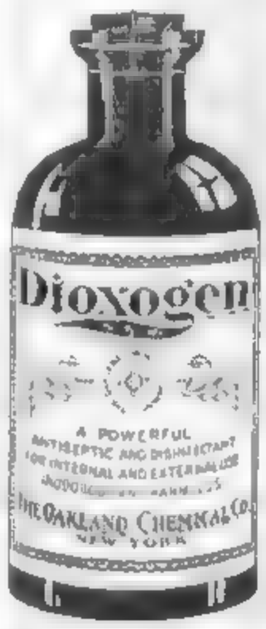

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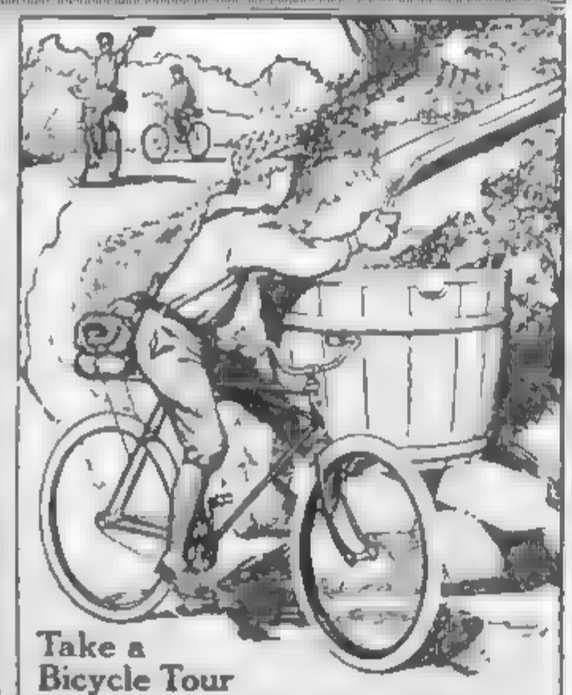

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THE GAY AND FESTIVE CLAVERHOUSE

(Continued from Page 21)

the back of it with his lips in the most approved foreign manner. He finished by drawing up a chair for himself and sitting down between them.

"Where have you been?" asked the countess. Lady Wythe didn't ask. She remembered his "Wouldn't you like to know?"

But he didn't repeat that to the countess.

"Got in from the *côte-d'azur* last evening," he told her.

"You heard, of course, about poor Vyvie?"

Claverhouse nodded. "Too bad," he said perfunctorily. "Decent fellow, Beck!"

The ladies exchanged glances.

"And you?" queried Lady Wythe pointedly. "Your health, I mean?"

Claverhouse laughed. "Fine old nincompoop, Sir William!" he sneered. "Just spent two hours with Sir John Hardy. Says I'm right as ninepence. Every organ perfect. Likely to beat out Methuselah's record."

Again the ladies exchanged glances gravid with significance.

"I'm so glad," said the countess.

"How wonderful!" exclaimed the other.

"Yes, isn't it?" said Claverhouse. "Now that I have my life back it's rather puzzling what to do with it. You see I'd arranged everything to die at the end of six months at the longest. I wonder how a monastery would do?"

Lady Wythe's hands went up. "Horrors!" she cried. "Isn't one in the family enough?"

"One in the family?" Claverhouse queried as if he didn't know.

"Madeleine," said the mother, watching him sharply. "She's set on becoming a Carmelite nun."

"Oh, she mustn't," he declared with feeling. "She really mustn't. We can't let her." To the countess he said: "Yes, two lumps."

"But I can do nothing with her," Lady Wythe made clear. She was quite satisfied by her observation.

Claverhouse took his cup and sipped it for a moment in silence. Neither of the ladies spoke.

"Do you mind if I try?" he suggested at length. "She has always listened to me."

Lady Wythe leaned forward and laid an entreating hand on his knee. "Oh, Ernest," she purred softly, "if you only would!"

"I'll be glad to," he said, gulping his tea. "Where is the bally place? My car's at the door. I'll go at once."

Eagerly Lady Wythe furnished the address. When he was on his feet the countess said: "Our best wishes go with you."

Madeleine's mother walked with him as far as the entrance hall. There she caught his hand and wrung it. She was agitated, nervous.

"If you persuade her to give up the vocation," she whispered, "I'll never forget you. I'll adore you."

Claverhouse was smiling as he gave directions to his chauffeur. Once seated in his car he muttered through a grin: "I would have wagered my hopes on it. Oh, Claudia, Claudia, was there ever a more transparent lady!"

But of the task before him he was not sanguine. The Pushkin matter was likely to prove his stumblingblock.

■■■

"YOUR mother!" murmured Claverhouse impressively, his breath bated. They were the first words he had for her, and the girl blanched at them. He and Madeleine stood facing each other in the little convent parlor. His handsome face was very serious. Even the pallid, sweet-faced old prioress, standing off a few paces but listening with all ears, knew that there was something dread behind this visit of the tall, good-looking young gentleman. The daughter spoke:

"She—she is ill!" It wasn't a question; it was a conviction.

"It—it is very——" But apparently out of consideration for her he left the sentence unfinished.

Tears dimmed her eyes. Bravely she brushed them away.

"I've come to fetch you," he added gravely.

"Ernest!" It was all she could say.

The Reverend Mother stepped to her side; laid a hand on her shoulder. "You must go, my child," she said kindly. "One of the lay sisters will help you dress. Hurry!"

Claverhouse bowed his head twice in solemn approval. "Yes, make haste," he echoed. And he followed with his eyes, under bent brows, the dour slim figure retreating to the inner door.

How pretty she was in her postulant's garb—the plain black merino frock, the prim little cape, her fair hair hidden beneath the white cap and her veil!

"I hope," ventured the prioress when the door closed behind her novice, "that Lady Wythe is not——"

The somber face of the young man gave little encouragement.

"We are all hoping," he said. "Still——" And he let it go at that.

Now the cousins were together in the tonneau of his car, which was gliding at stirring pace along the Fulham Road. Madeleine's eyes were dry, but her lips were very firm set. She was gripping herself hard.

"When—when was she taken?" she managed to stammer presently.

"Taken!" repeated Claverhouse in apparent perplexity. "Who? Where to?"

Madeleine turned upon him sharply. To her amazement he was smiling.

"You don't mean it's one of your ghastly jokes?" Her blue eyes were flashing.

"Aren't you glad?" he asked. "Would it please you better to know that your devoted mother was——"

But Madeleine couldn't wait to make sure. "She isn't ill, then?"

"Of course not. Never was better. What ever gave you the idea?"

"Ernest!" Her lovely countenance was all alight. "You said she——"

"I beg your pardon. I said 'Your mother,' nothing more. It was you who said 'She is ill.'"

"But you let me think so. You said you'd come for me."

"I had come for you. She sent me. She told me if I could persuade you to leave that hole of a convent she'd adore me to her dying day."

"Ah, but you didn't persuade me. You tricked me. And I haven't left. I shall go back at once."

Claverhouse looked at her and thought of that terrible Pushkin affair and what he should ever say to—— And then all at once he caught something ineffably tender and yielding in the gaze that met his, and before he knew it he was saying:

"You're never going back! You're going to marry me! I love you!"

His hand held hers; he was leaning very close to her; there was worship in his eyes. For a breath her cheeks paled, then flushed. Beneath her coat her bosom rose and fell quickly.

After a little moment her gaze dropped. She did not speak. Instinctively he knew of what she was thinking.

Parson's Green had slipped by; they were taking the curve at Percy Cross; just ahead lay the sharp turn to Walham Green Station. A misty rain was falling.

"I'm keeping to my bargain," Claverhouse ran on, the mischief in this overgrown boy asserting itself at the first gleam of surety. "I said I might make the woman my wife who kept me alive from day to day. I gave you reason to hope. I gave you reason to believe what you had always predicted—that some day you'd save me, and that then I'd love you passionately and we'd be happy forever after. You've saved me and I'm not going to have you disappointed."

Madeleine lifted her gaze again. Her eyes were wells of living light. The man had never perceived before how beautiful they were.

"You—you're well?" she asked, her tone all joy.

"I'm perfect," he answered. "Barring accidents I'll live to be a hundred. Sir William is in his dotage. He can't tell yes from no."

"Then you shan't marry me from any sense of honor," she decided rigidly. "I didn't save you. It was just a mistake. You didn't need saving. You must marry the woman you really love. The woman 'who can really understand a man'—your Olga."

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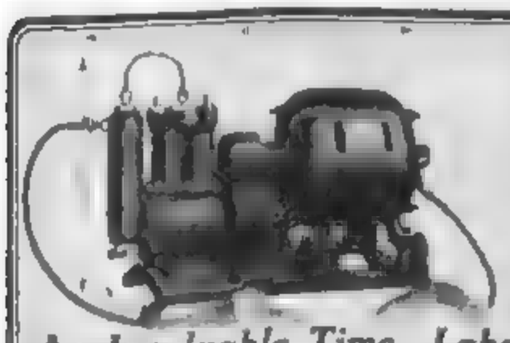

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Claverhouse laughed. "I don't want that kind," he said. "I want the woman who couldn't understand because she loved too much."

Her lovely long lashes fanned her cheeks for an instant. She didn't understand at all; less now than ever.

"You—you mean," she groped, "that you knew all the time that you weren't really ill—that it was just another of your jokes?"

Somehow he loved her more for that. He didn't in the least know why; but he did. It may have been the helplessness of it. She was trying so hard; yet flying so wide.

"Silly!" he smiled fondly. "You are at sea! I never doubted that I was booked for the place bad men go to. That is, I never doubted it until after I left Yewstones and knew that I'd been feeling better every day, every minute, and that, wanting to die, I couldn't. No, Madeleine, I was square with you that time, if I ever was square in all my riotous, roaring life. But I knew you couldn't help me at Yewstones. I didn't mean to let you."

And now she was more perplexed than ever. "Then why——"

"Ah, why!" he echoed.

The grim workhouse of St. George's Hanover Square was on their right now, and before them the road stretched straight to Pelham Crescent. The hood shielded them in a measure, but even if it hadn't what was there to care! Claverhouse's arm went about the girl's supple waist and she offered no resistance. Holding her thus, he made answer:

"I think every one must have known but you; it was so manifest. I have been rather a rotter, but I wanted to do something worth doing before facing old Saint Peter, and I chose to tear out of your dear heart every last lingering bit of regard for me before that day. I wanted you to be free to marry Beck and get all that would come when he fell into the title. That's what I was after. And, Lord, how I did struggle to make myself obnoxious! It made your poor mater fairly writhe, I could see that. But it was hard to put you out, God bless your sweet temper! And so I went from bad to worse, stopping at nothing to make you bitter, to annoy, to enrage, to humiliate you. I wanted you to rise up in indignation, in wrath, and say: 'Go, leave me in peace! Die! You're not worth saving.' It would have made you so much happier after I did die, you see. But you wouldn't say it. Even at the last you wouldn't say it. And what a brute I was to you!"

Madeleine clapped a slim gloved hand over his mouth.

"You weren't," she denied fiercely. "You weren't. You were a martyr. Oh, Ernest, I never, never believed you could be so good!"

The young man took a closer grip on her waist, smiled happily and observed:

"No one but you has ever given me credit for a spark of sentiment, a spark of feeling for any one in the world but myself. And I've never taken the trouble to contradict them. If I had died, as I was expected to, this last little affair at Yewstones would have confirmed a great many in their belief. Even those that thought they knew differently would have been won to the uncharitable view in the end. But you—ah, Madeleine, is it any wonder I love you?—you, in spite of everything, would have gone on worshiping me blindly as long as God gave you breath, now wouldn't you?" he questioned finally.

But Madeleine disappointed him. She wasn't at all sure, she said. She hadn't forgotten those photographs with which he had decorated his sitting room at Yewstones. She couldn't—oh, she just couldn't forget Olga.

There it was. He had known all along that the Pushkin ruse would rise up in the end to thwart his happiness. He would tell her the truth, of course; but would the truth serve? Would she believe him? He had tried to turn her away from him by lies, spoken and acted. Might she not, deep down, feel that in trying to turn her back he had adopted the same reprehensible tactics?

"I'll tell you," he said, putting all the frankness into his tone that he knew how to put there. "From the minute I reached Yewstones until the minute I left I abode not in the truth, for there was no truth in me. I wasn't asleep when I arrived. I wasn't in that car two minutes after the tent had been erected round it. I chose Yewstones because it was a maze of secret passages and I knew every one of them.

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In this wise he continued, going into one detail after another. The car skirted Hyde Park, and he was telling how he had brazenly lied about the garden party and his proposal to the rector's daughter. The only truth in the story was that he had gone into the fountain after a tennis ball. He failed to say that Squiller had gone first and would have drowned but for him. It had been very, very dull, he said, and he did that to wake up the gathering and give himself an excuse for escape. But he didn't have a chill, and the dressing gown and all that followed at the dinner table were merely parts of his carefully constructed scheme of annoyance and disillusion.

There were no noises and no ghost, save those for which he was responsible. He had begun them with the aid of an ancient hunting horn, and he had finished them with the contents of the cases shipped down from London, containing phonographs and diabolical records, together with theatrical devices for thunder-making and other stage noises.

He had crowded them into the secret passages and worked them with the power from storage batteries.

"And I was the ghost in armor," he confessed, "with a skull mask, a pocket electric torch and some phosphorus paint. It was cruel, I know, but the cause was worthy."

"And—and the baths?" Madeleine queried, charmingly pink.

"There weren't any. I had to explain the cases; and that, I knew, would surely get a rise out of your conventional mamma."

She breathed more freely. But what could he say, she asked herself, about those portraits of fair women. "To Ernie, with fondest love from Flossie." As the inscription recurred to her she thought she hated him. But he had got to that now.

"I bought two score photographs before I came down, and I had little Mrs. Watson write things on them which I dictated. It was rather good fun making them up and choosing names. I suppose you saw a lot of them that night. I give you my word there wasn't one in the room that I'd ever met."

She turned on him quite sharply.

"You're forgetting Olga," she reminded.

"Oh, no, I'm not," he came back promptly. "I'd never met her either; I swear it. I'd seen her, of course, and heard a lot of her; but I'd never met her until Conrad introduced me in the hall that morning at three or thereabouts. You see, Olga is Conrad's wife."

For a second she couldn't speak. Her lashes were fluttering again. Then: "Conrad's wife?" she repeated.

And again Claverhouse said very impressively: "Conrad's wife."

"But Conrad's a valet; and she—she's from the Imperial Opera at Petersburg."

"I know; but she was a Polish peasant just the same. And so was Conrad's mother. Now, Olga is quite willing to support him, but he's too proud for that. Besides, he loves me and will never leave me. Odd, that, isn't it?"

The car had turned into Portland Place. It was drawing to a stop before Wythe House.

A footman running across the pavement to open the door saw Miss Wythe's arms go suddenly about her companion's neck. But it wasn't possible for him to hear what she said. That was for the ears of Claverhouse alone.

(THE END)

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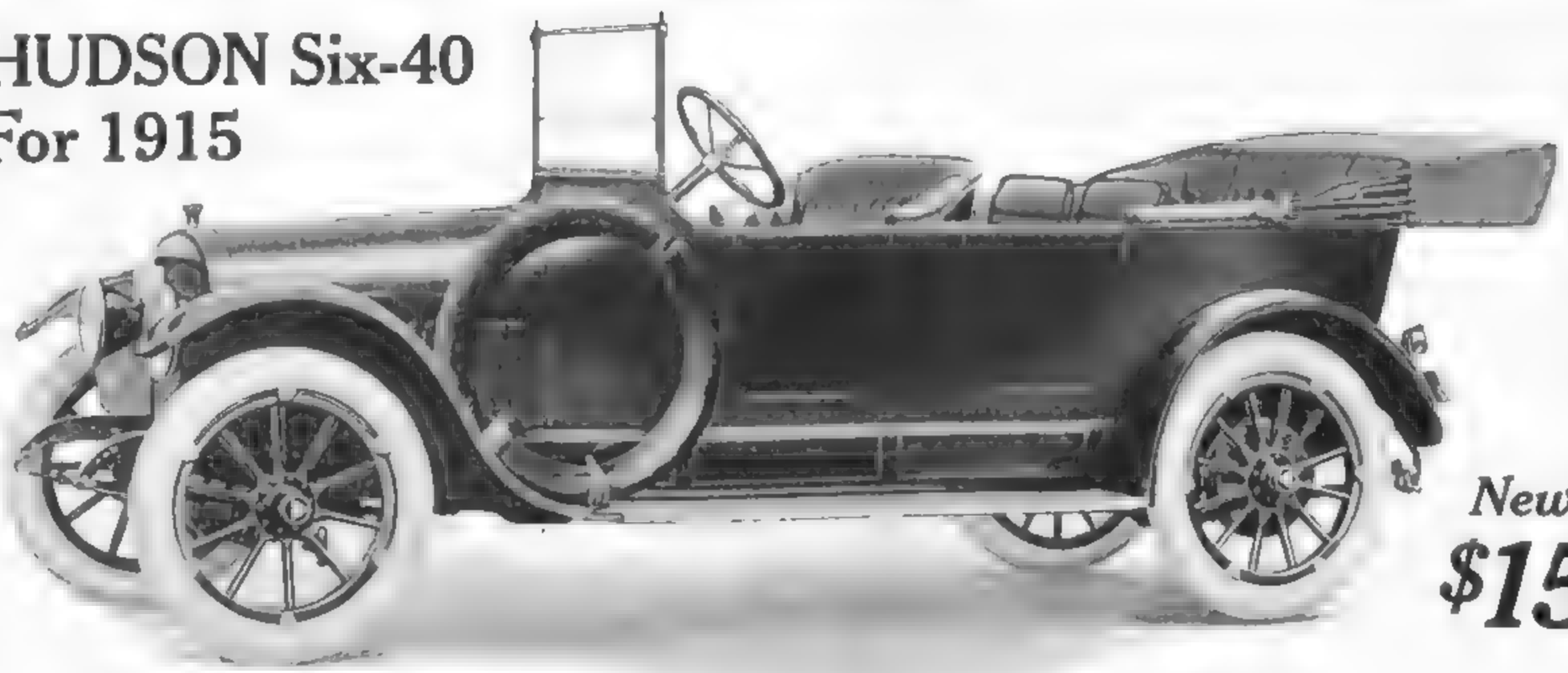

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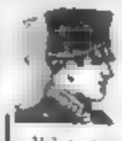

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THE ARGONAUTS

(Continued from Page 11)

my self-respect, I put my boat about and stood back toward the reef.

The girls were crowding into their boat when I reached them. Already the rising tide had covered most of the rocks, and left only the higher ones standing up like islands in a kind of Sargasso Sea of swaying brown weed. Onnie was the last to embark; giving one final shove-off with her foot she slid across the bow of the boat, climbed sternward and took the stroke oar.

Six of the girls rowed, keeping time and stroke with Onnie. When she started a song for them their bodies swung with her music. The breeze had nearly died away. The rowboat, with its sturdy pullers, soon distanced me; but for a long time I heard the girls' songs and fancied that I could distinguish Onnie's voice clear above the others.

In December of that year I saw Onnie Dever again under far different circumstances. It was at the railroad station and it chanced to be the day of the week on which the emigrants start in order to catch the transatlantic steamer at Queenstown. In those days the tide of Irish emigration still ran strong and it was worth the while of even the largest liners to call at Queenstown.

The scene on these occasions at our railroad station is one to which the experience of twenty years has not been able to make me indifferent. The pain and heartbreak of it are as keen to-day as they were when first I saw it. On the platform are women—old women for the most part, mothers and grandmothers—weeping without restraint. Their eyes are swollen; their cheeks are tear stained. Every now and then one of them wails aloud, and the others, catching the sound, wail with her, their voices rising and falling in a weird melody, like the Church's ancient plain song.

The men stand more silent; but very often their eyes are wet too. Their lips, tightly pressed, twitch spasmodically. Occasionally an uncontrollable sob breaks from one of them.

The windows of the railroad carriages are crowded with the faces of boys and girls, all of them weeping with the helpless abandonment of sheer despair. The engine whistles. There is a rush to the carriage windows. Faces and hands are thrust out of them. There is a frenzied pressing of lips to lips, a clinging of fingers intertwined, until some railroad official, mercifully brutal, by main force pushes the people back.

The train moves slowly and gathers speed. A long, sad cry comes from the people left behind, swelling to a pitch of actual agony, until some brave soul somewhere in the crowd chokes down a sob, waves his hat, and makes a pretense to cheer.

That day I saw among the crowd on the platform Tom Dever and his wife. They were both weeping. I looked at the window of the carriage in front of them and saw Onnie.

Alone among the crowd of departing girls she was not crying. Her face was very pale. Her eyes, unnaturally large, seemed full of the sorrow of farewell; but her head was proudly posed. She stood upright while the others stooped or crouched.

I felt a sudden thrill. The girl was going out into a wide, strange world, sad, but not in despair—going to win through, to conquer, not to be beaten. From the carriage in which I sat I heard the last loud cry as the train moved out—the blessing, "God be with you, and good luck!"—the pitiful cheer; and then Onnie's voice, clear above the wailing:

"Good-by! Good-by!"

I bade farewell to Onnie an hour later when I left the train at the station where I had to stop. I asked her whether she wanted to go to America or would rather have stayed at home. Her answer seemed to me characteristic of the fatalism of our people.

"Sure, it was before me anyway," she said; "and it might as well be now as some other time. What was there for me at home?—only the daylight."

There was, of course, more than the daylight. There were lobsters in that cleft of the rock, to be hauled out of it when the tide was low. I reminded Onnie of the lobster she once caught for me and she smiled wanly. There were also periwinkles among the pools on the outlying reef. Onnie remembered them well enough.

"It was out of the price of them," she said, "that I made the money to pay my passage—what was wanted along with what my aunt sent home. I made a deal out of the periwinkles last summer."

So it was for a ticket to America and not for ribbons that the money went; but it must have been hard to save enough!

"I kept what I got," said Onnie; "and along with the few shillings I had in the Post Office Savings Bank I had enough to buy what clothes was wanted. Do you mind the shilling you gave me the day I made the cup of tea for you? Well, that was the first shilling ever I had of my own; and I put it in the savings bank."

"Do you mean to tell me ——" I said.

I got no further, for the train started and Onnie was borne away from me. I am no stranger to the power of saving possessed by the West-of-Ireland peasants. It no longer surprises me to find that some small farmer, who has lived all his life in extreme penury, leaves fortunes of fifty pounds each to his three daughters when he dies—money gathered well-nigh penny by penny through many years; and his at the end by virtue of an amazing power of not spending; but I confess that Onnie's hoarding startled me.

I thought of her laughing among the rocks of the reef, with the sunlight in her hair. I thought of her singing in the boat as she and the others rowed home. I have heard of girls singing blithely over their wheels as they spun flax for their bridal linen; but no man ever yet heard of a girl singing over the making of her shroud! Yet, if Onnie worked all summer in order to make money to take her to America, it must have been for her very like the sewing of a shroud.

It is thus, at all events, that the mothers of our Irish boys and girls think about the emigration to America.

"I've had seven children," one of them will say, "and I've lost five of them. Two of them I buried and three are gone to America."

And yet Onnie sang over the business merrily! I went my way, wondering what the future had hidden in it for her and what America would make of her.

I do not know the end—the final achievement of Onnie Dever; but chance gave me a glimpse of her halfway through her career. I was in one of the large cities of the Middle West, a place that boasts about its progress with boasting which is entirely justified. It is a city that has gone ahead fast in the last fifteen years, and which is destined, I imagine, to go faster yet, and to go very far. My wife was with me, and certain needs of hers took us into a large department store. We found—I ought to say she found—the required garment or something very like it.

There was a question of certain alterations. I, who have no taste for the details of a woman's dress and am useless as an adviser on the hang of a skirt or the set of a frill, retired to some distance. I took my stand beside the gate of the elevator.

Just as I left the scene of action I heard the very grandly dressed young lady who had attended to our wants offering to send for the head of the department. I turned away and found an agreeable employment for my time in explaining to the man who worked the elevator that I did not want to go either up or down.

He passed frequently, for there were many customers in the store, and I had to repeat my explanation every time he reached my floor. He appeared to find it difficult to believe that any one would stand opposite the gate of his cage merely for the fun of watching him, and every time he saw me he stopped and invited me to go with him. After a while he began to lose his temper with me, and I thought it better to turn my back on him and look the other way.

Standing beside my wife, explaining to her the beauties of a certain evening gown, was Onnie Dever Tom. I recognized her at the first glance. A second look made me doubtful. A long stare and some thought convinced me that I must be wrong.

In the first place, the lady who handled the silken flounces of the gown her subordinate held for her looked six inches taller than I remembered Onnie to have been. Long, narrow skirts, especially when very well cut, produce this illusion of height.

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When last I had a good look at Onnie she was wearing a crimson petticoat that reached very little below her knees. She certainly did not look tall then.

The dressing of the hair is also a disturbing thing. Onnie's, even when she was in the train on her way to the steamer, hung down her back in a long, thick pigtail. The fashion of ladies' hairdoing is not to be described by any words in the English language. I suppose I must use a French word and say that the *coiffure* of the chief of this department puzzled me; but most perplexing of all was the look of calm authority on her face.

Onnie Dever, even in her tenderest years, had a masterful way with her. I remembered how she had once lectured me on the management of boats, and how she held the flapping lobster at arm's length; but mere masterful self-assertiveness is a very different thing from settled authority. Most fools are self-assertive; but it is only the few men and women who have some strength of real wisdom in them who can reduce those round them to submissiveness, and it is the power of really ruling others that gives the look of authority to the face.

My reason told me that the young lady before me could not possibly be Onnie Dever; but a shadowy resemblance haunted me. I ventured back to the group round the gown and listened from a little distance to the description of its merits given in a high-pitched, far-carrying American voice—a voice the tones of which were as different as possible from the cooing murmurings of our Connaught speech. Certainly this was not Onnie Dever!

Then she looked up and saw me. There was a sudden flash of recognition in her glance, and I knew that, after all, my first impression was the right one.

"That gown," I said, "would not be at all suitable for going to catch lobsters in."

It was a flimsy affair, with gold beads on it, and a kind of outer skin of very transparent material called, I believe, chiffon. Onnie and her attendant saleswoman both spoke at once in reply to my criticism.

"It would not!" said Onnie. "I'd be sorry for the one that was fool enough to try for a lobster at Carrigwee with a dress the like of that on her!"

This time her voice had the true Connaught intonation. She framed her sentences as all good Connaught girls should. She also grinned. Grin is, of course, a wrong word to use about a stately lady; but I run the risk of using it because her mouth took on the same expression exactly that Onnie Dever's wore when she stood on the shore and watched me run my boat aground.

The assistant saleswoman neither grinned nor smiled—she sniffed.

"This is a dinner dress," she said; "but if madam wants a golfing costume we have some rough tweeds ——"

It is not easy to guess why the mention of the lobster should have suggested golf to this damsel's mind. The word sport no doubt covers many things, and golf among them; but it can hardly be stretched to include the dragging of lobsters out of rocky holes along the shore.

She was never allowed to explain what her idea was. Miss Honoria Dever glanced at her. Without saying another word, without hearing one, the girl laid the dinner dress down on the chair and faded away. Such is the discipline maintained by the competent head of a department in a great store.

Then Onnie Dever Tom, no longer Honoria, turned to me with a flood of questions. I had to tell her a hundred intimate details about men and things—how this one was dead and that one married; how one cottage, known to both of us, was thatched last summer, and another had a new door; what boats caught mackerel, what hookers brought loads of winter fuel. For nearly an hour the business of selling ladies' dresses in that store was either held up or conducted without the knowledge of the head of the department.

When Onnie had finished her questions I began mine, and I heard a very interesting story. It began with the adventures of a girl who did odd jobs of sewing for a man who specialized in the manufacture of cheap shirt waists. It went on with an account of the struggles of a junior assistant taken on one Christmastime to assist at the notions counter. It reached at last the daily life of Miss Honoria Dever, head of the costume department, responsible for the fashion of the clothes of half of the smartest women in the city—leader and

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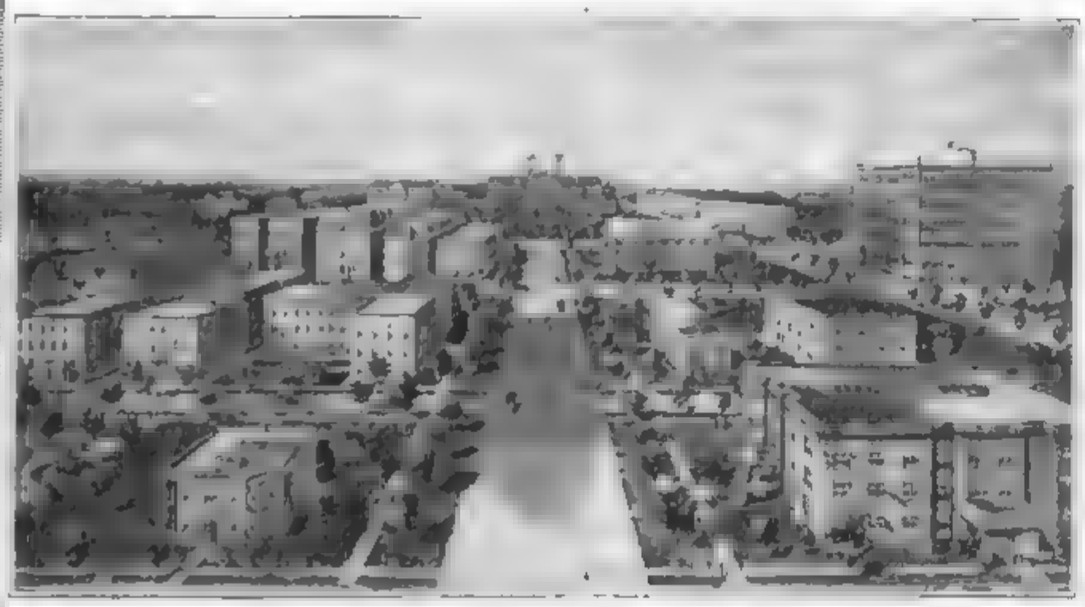

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commander of a regiment of some thirty young women, all bound to sell, to fit, to advise, to sew—even, I imagine, to dress as Miss Honoria bade them.

She told me the salary she earned; and I, dividing her dollars by five, assured her that no man who lived anywhere round the shores of our bay—not the doctor; not the lawyer; not the priest—was earning so much as she was. Then she confided to me that she had not yet reached the end of her career. There were heights to be climbed.

There are buyers who visit New York in the season when the form and color of clothes are decided on by the ultimate, remote authorities who settle those things. There are buyers who go out from New York itself to London and Paris, crossing the Atlantic once or twice a year, who, by virtue of some strange instinct for raiment, can be trusted to guess in December what fabrics American women will want to buy in May.

Some day Miss Honoria will do this work—will, I feel tolerably certain, be at the very head of the elect corps of those who do it; will guess more brilliantly than the others; will buy with more infallible certainty that what she buys will be sold again.

Here I am left wondering! If Onnie Dever had remained at home she would, in the ordinary course of time, have married. In some tiny windswept cabin on an island she would have ministered to the wants of a man who returned to her day after day, wet and weary from toiling on the sea. She herself would have toiled, sometimes standing knee-deep in water beside a stranded boat while the creel on her back was filled with turf.

She would have staggered under her burden up the stony beach time after time, until the autumn darkness closed round her, and built her stack of fuel against the coming of the winter days. She would have baked great brown-crusted loaves in pot ovens. She would have dragged scanty milk from the udders of lean cows. She would have cleaned and salted the fish her husband caught and hung them in the reek of the fire's smoke to dry. She would have patched shirts and trousers painfully until patch was joined to patch and the original fabric was no more than a memory. She would have gone barefooted, with splayed, misshapen feet, down among the bowlders of the upper beach to bring water from a brackish well.

She would have lost the fresh beauty of girlhood very speedily and ceased after a little while to care greatly that her hands were rough, her face weatherbeaten and her figure ungainly. The other life, the one she has chosen, is better than that.

And yet I wonder! Onnie would have borne children. Year after year, for many years perhaps, a fresh baby would have ousted the old one from its cradle. Boys and girls would have clung about her skirts and clamored in her ears. Slapped and kissed, scolded and caressed, they would have been a plague and a joy to her. She would have watched them grow to be men and women brave and strong. She would have known that life, the great insistent need of all the universe, was going forth from her.

Which after all is best? Which achievement gives most satisfaction to look back on after all is over? I said good-by to Onnie—still wondering.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two sketches by George A. Birmingham.

Here and Where

JUST after the terrible disaster to the Empress of Ireland happened in the St. Lawrence River, when the news had leaked down to a little North Carolina town, Negro Sam heard of it and was telling his friend Bill about it. They speculated at length as to the size of the vessel, how the accident occurred, and so on; and then Sam asked Bill:

"Bill, if de good Lord was to call you home to de Promis' Lan' and sez you would hafter be killed on a train or a boat, which one would you take?"

"Nigger, you know I'd ruther be killed on a train dan on a boat."

"Why'd you ruther be mashed up in a train wreck dan to be drownded offen a ship? I's always heard dat you dunno when you dies when you is drownded."

"Well, Sam, it's dissaway: If I's killed on a train dey'll say: 'Here he is!' But if I's killed on a ship dey'll say: 'Whar is he?'"

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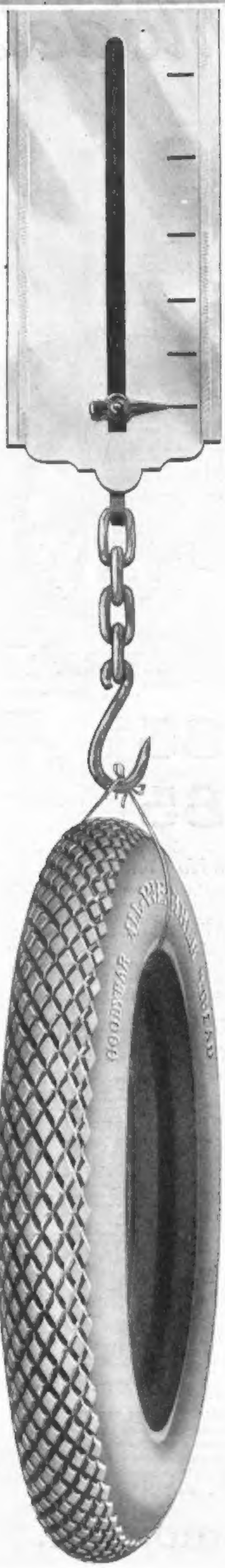

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Toronto, Canada — London, England — Mexico City, Mexico

Dealers Everywhere — Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities — Write Us on Anything You Want in Rubber

(1689)

Apperson Bros. New Models

A Five Passenger Four Cylinder Car weighing less than 2600 pounds, price $1485

A Seven Passenger Six Cylinder Car weighing less than 2790 pounds, price $1785

Elmer Apperson's Greatest Effort

has been put into these two cars. His successful experience of 22 years of actual motor car manufacturing has been concentrated into these two models and the world's greatest automobile critics will find no fault with these cars. Artistically, each is a perfect unit. The stream line bodies, the wheel guards, the wind shields, the new style radiator, the tapered hood and the one-man top all go to make up a beautiful harmonious motor car expressing in its appearance distinction, elegance, great power, speed and endurance. And these cars

Are What Men Want

who have investigated fully all of the up-to-date features found in modern motor cars. Elmer and Edgar Apperson have been the chief engineers in designing these models. They will personally superintend their construction. These two men finished and tested their first motor car on July 4, 1894—more than twenty years ago—and have been putting their best efforts into actual building of cars ever since, and these two models are a culmination of their greatest efforts.

95% Built in Apperson Factory

All of the mechanical parts are built in their own factories. It has long since been found unsatisfactory for the Apperson Brothers to buy engines, axles or transmissions. Every mechanical part of the car proper is made at home from such materials as these two great engineers have decided is best for the purpose.

These Builders of High-Priced Cars

who first built America's highest priced motor car (as early as 1902 they sold motor cars for $5000 and have sold models as high as $11,000) now consent to design and build beautiful models such as these at these prices. They have been five years in designing and perfecting these cars. For five years these Apperson Brothers have been testing metals, experimenting with new things, trying out engines of different designs, Sixes and Fours, and have now produced for men who want Sixes—a motor equal, if not the superior, of any of the famous Apperson Motors which have won such an enviable reputation with lovers of fine motor cars.

They Also Love Fours

For men who want Fours, the 40-horse power will appeal to them with its fine, roomy body, its 116-inch wheel base, with its 2580 pounds weight. There should be no doubt about the Four-Forty these men have built appealing to those who want a good Four. It has the sturdiness, its lines are as beautiful, its machinery as perfect, its upkeep as low as any motor car ever built.

Apperson Dealers will explain this car to you. Write for full specifications if you have no dealer near you.

There Will Be No Competition

Sixes and Fours like these cannot be designed in a season. It has taken these great engineers five years to complete and try out these models. The automobile world is clamoring for light weight and economical upkeep. Competition with cars of such light weight and economical upkeep as these must take time to design and build. They stand unexcelled in their class.

Things Not Usually Found in Cars Selling at These Prices

Exquisite stream line body.
Beautiful new design radiator.
Lightest weight per horse power.
Separate unit starting and lighting system.
Magneto ignition, better than battery ignition.
Tires on rear out of the way.
Seats for six or seven in the Six cylinder.
Seats for five in the Four cylinder.
Wheel base of Six, 126 inches.
Wheel base of Four, 116 inches.
Fine upholstery.
Finest job of painting—22 coats.
Wide seats.
One-man top.
Rain vision wind shield.
Dimmer on searchlights.
Special economical carburetor.
All instruments handy to driver.
Standard roadster same price as Touring Car.
Just a little more power than you need.

DEALERS:

This is 1915's greatest business opportunity. Our dealers must be able to give the kind of service Apperson owners are entitled to. Write or wire at once stating qualifications and asking for our attractive dealer's proposition. Maybe the territory in which you live is still open.

A larger six with longer wheel base and greater power, price $2200
A larger four with longer wheel base and greater power, price $1685

These Cars Are for Men Who Want Large, Powerful Cars With Dashing Individuality

Apperson Bros. Automobile Co., Kokomo, Ind.

"There, now! You've spoiled the whole picnic!"

Because she has spilled the best thing in the basket—the most necessary part of the picnic—the rich, full flavored, unfermented, unsweetened ARMOUR'S GRAPE JUICE—the best thirst quenching refreshment for indoors and out.

Being the pure, undiluted juice of ripe Concord grapes a bottle goes a long way. The most economical drink for picnics.

The Grape Juice with the Natural Flavor

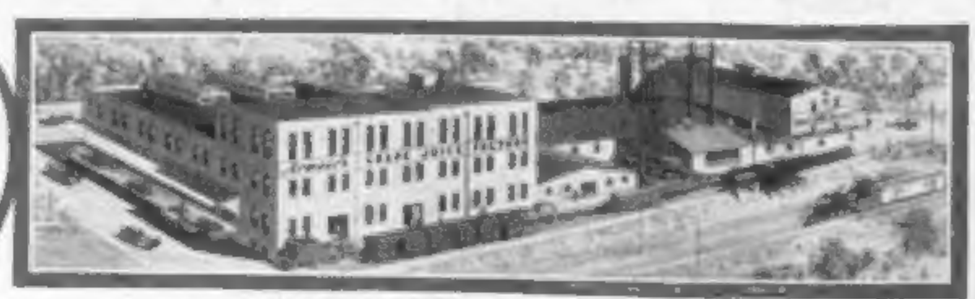
If your dealer is not able to supply you we will send you a trial dozen pints for $3.00 or a dozen quarts for $5.50.

Address **ARMOUR & COMPANY** Dept. A23, Chicago

Armour's GRAPE JUICE

Bottled Where the Best Grapes Grow

Armour's Grape Juice Factory at Westfield, New York



Armour's Grape Juice Factory at Mattawan, Michigan

"Stuffed"

Give your children all the toasted corn flakes they want—provided it's KELLOGG'S. Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes—and only Kellogg's—comes in a "WAXTITE" package—crisp, fresh and tender as it came from our ovens—with the flavor that made it famous. Look for this signature:

W. K. Kellogg